THE PROSPECTS FOR PEACE IN THE OCEANS, by Elisabeth Mann Borgese

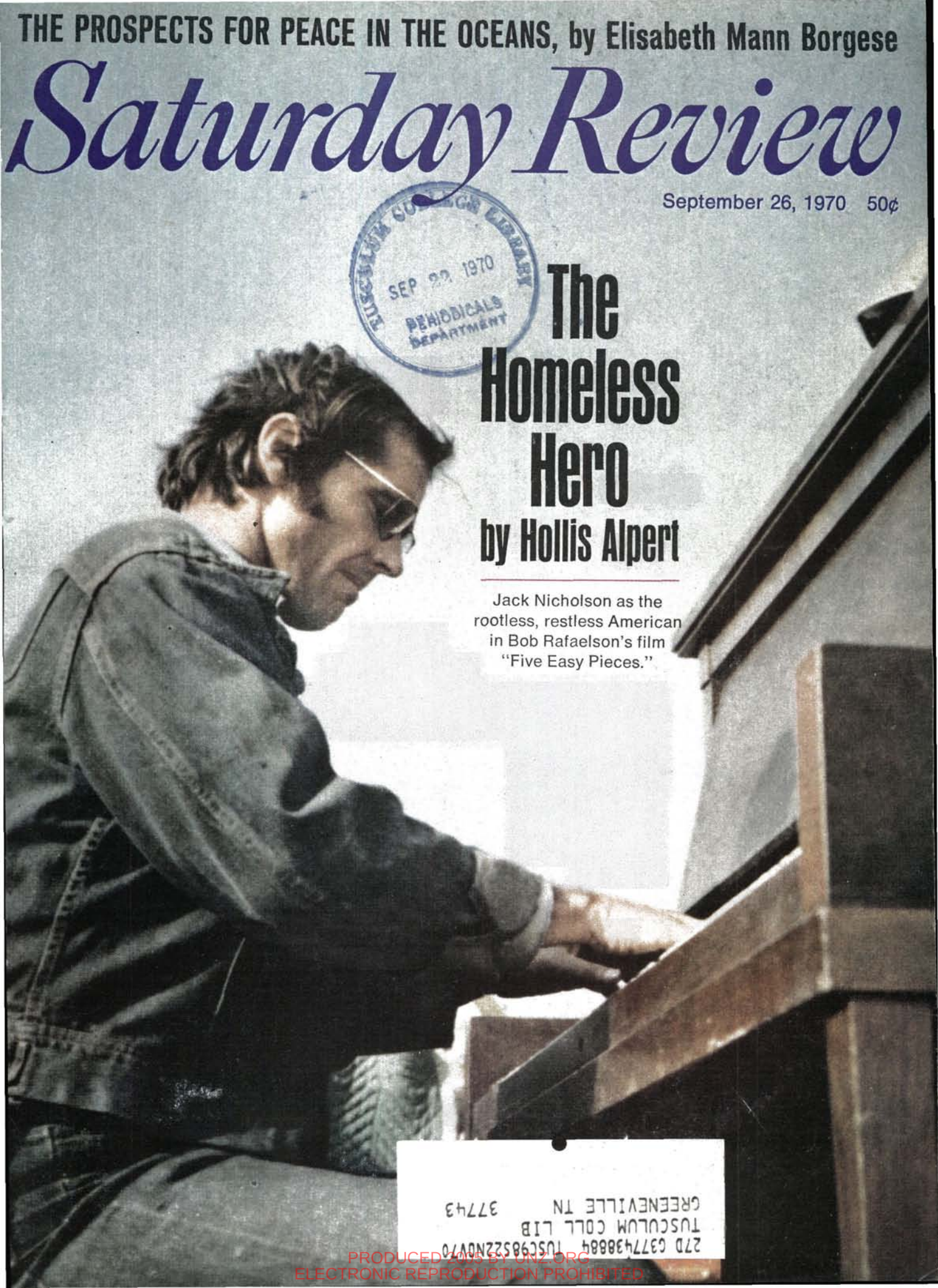
Saturday Review

September 26, 1970 50¢

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
SEP 22 1970
PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

The Homeless Hero

by Hollis Alpert



Jack Nicholson as the rootless, restless American in Bob Rafaelson's film "Five Easy Pieces."

270 C3774388B4 TUSC98S2ZNOV70
TUSCULUM COLL LIB
GREENEVILLE TN 37743

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This bottle is ½ empty.

This bottle is ½ full.

If it happens to be your bottle of Chivas that reaches the halfway mark, you'll probably feel it's half empty.

Whereas, if you're visiting a friend and his bottle reaches the same point, you can relax, knowing that it's still half full.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Man meet road. Road meet man.

You spend a lot of time on the road.

Barrelling over it. Not communicating with it.

With the right car, a spirited well-disciplined machine, you and the road can have a steady dialogue with each other.

There is no small element of joy involved in the sensitive anticipation of changing terrain, curves and traffic conditions.

Enter, the Renault 10. $1725*, 35 MPG, 4-wheel disc brakes and independent suspension. That's all your head has to know for now.

To know how it can be between you and the road, the ride, the feel, the handling, is a matter of touch, a gut reaction.

Your local Renault dealer is ready to introduce you to the road.

*Suggested retail price. P.O.E. Taxes, freight, options (such as whitewalls, radio, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional. Renault Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

ROAD LOVE

RENAULT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

Long before it became a catchword, "confrontation" was a way of life for William Stringfellow. He began a very public career by setting up a free law practice on "the poorest block in Harlem." He has made news as an outspoken defender of the late Bishop Pike, as the author of *My People Is The Enemy*, and as what *The Nation* calls "a radically relevant Christian." A few weeks ago, the headlines told of his confrontation with F.B.I. agents who captured Father Daniel Berrigan at the Stringfellow home on Block Island.

But there were no headlines for William Stringfellow's most important confrontation two years ago, when he came face-to-face with his own death. The disease which almost killed him was subdued by surgery only slightly less dangerous than his illness. "Strange as it may seem," his doctor told those awaiting the outcome of the ten-hour operation, "your friend is alive."

Doubleday has just published A SECOND BIRTHDAY, William Stringfellow's account of that experience. It is an honest narrative of wrong diagnoses, dark misgivings, and an ordeal of pain so unrelenting that Stringfellow recalls that "pain became my work, in quite the same sense that my law practice or writing or household chores would be considered work." No longer able to concentrate even on a newspaper, he spent weeks reading only the *Psalter* and the *Sears, Roebuck Catalog*.

If this is a book "about" pain, illness, and death, I think you will remember it for what it has to say about love, freedom, and faith. When the manuscript first reached my desk, it was accompanied by an editor's report which said, in part, "Stringfellow takes theology out of the seminary, blows the dust off and shows how it has really been a part of all life, full of sweat and tears and very much part of the twentieth century."

It is only by confronting "the fullness of death's vigor and brutality, when a man is exposed to absolute vulnerability," William Stringfellow writes, "that life can be beheld and welcomed as the gift which life is."

L. L. Day

Editor-at-Large

A SECOND BIRTHDAY ($5.95), by William Stringfellow, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Connecticut 06117.

September 26, 1970

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 40

The Homeless Hero

by Hollis Alpert

Cover: Columbia Pictures

IDEAS

15 The Prospects for Peace in the Oceans by Elisabeth Mann Borgese

EDITORIAL

24 Treading Water by Clark M. Eichelberger

BOOKS

27 The Reynolds Price Who Outgrew the Southern Pastoral by Theodore Solotaroff, an essay review of "Permanent Errors" by Reynolds Price

27 Index of Books Reviewed

29 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

32 Pick of the Paperbacks by Rollene W. Saal

39 Criminal Record by Haskel Frankel

RECORDINGS

47 The Symphonic Strike Season by Philip Hart

50 My George Szell by Henri Temianka

52 Recordings in Review

54 Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

56 Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

57 The Hi-Fi Convenience Revolution by Ivan Berger

59 Dvořák's "Requiem" by Kertész by George Louis Mayer

THE ARTS

DANCE

26 Walter Terry apprizes black performers across the country.

MOVIES

40 Hollis Alpert reviews "Five Easy Pieces."

TRAVEL

42 David Butwin beats his feet in Mississippi mud.

COLUMNS

4 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

8 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

GAMES

28 Your Literary I.Q.

41 Wit Twister

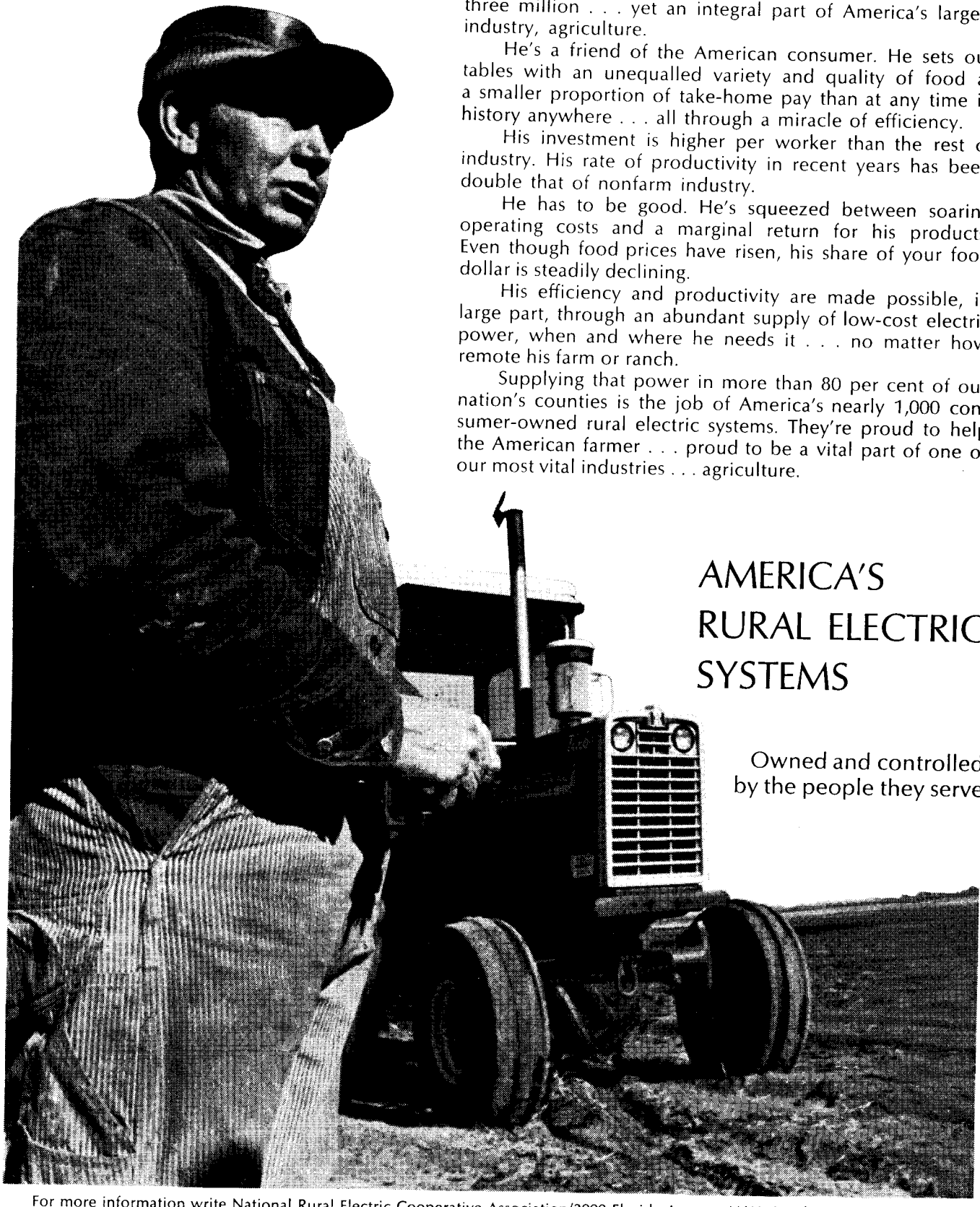
46 Literary Crypt

66 Kingsley Double Crostic No. 1903

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Norman Cousins, President and Editor; William D. Patterson, Executive Vice President and Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Vice President and Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Vice President-Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Vice President-Programs; Joseph S. Iseman, Secretary; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $10 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIII, No. 39, September 26, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1970 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.
Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET A LEADING INDUSTRIALIST



The American farmer. Today, he's one of fewer than three million . . . yet an integral part of America's largest industry, agriculture.

He's a friend of the American consumer. He sets our tables with an unequalled variety and quality of food at a smaller proportion of take-home pay than at any time in history anywhere . . . all through a miracle of efficiency.

His investment is higher per worker than the rest of industry. His rate of productivity in recent years has been double that of nonfarm industry.

He has to be good. He's squeezed between soaring operating costs and a marginal return for his products. Even though food prices have risen, his share of your food dollar is steadily declining.

His efficiency and productivity are made possible, in large part, through an abundant supply of low-cost electric power, when and where he needs it . . . no matter how remote his farm or ranch.

Supplying that power in more than 80 per cent of our nation's counties is the job of America's nearly 1,000 consumer-owned rural electric systems. They're proud to help the American farmer . . . proud to be a vital part of one of our most vital industries . . . agriculture.

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

Owned and controlled by the people they serve

For more information write National Rural Electric Cooperative Association/2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The terrible thing with Mac Baren's is that you might love all 14 blends

Latakia. Norwood. Navy Flake.
Dark Twist. Scottish Mixture.
Symphony. Golden Extra.
Virginia #1. Stockton. Royal Twist.
Special Fine Cut. Club Blend.
Burley. Plum Cake.

MAC BAREN'S
The unhurried tobaccos.

IMPORTED BY
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES INC.
Moonachie, N.J. 07074

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Liberté, Egalité, and Maternité

IF A MERE male still retains his right to vote, my vote goes for the liberation of women. If women insist on equal pay for equal jobs, I say give it to them. And God bless.

What I don't understand is why women, no matter how highly qualified, want equal opportunity for promotion to the high executive jobs now held by men. I hate to be a spoilsport, but if women are under the impression that by rosalindrusselling it in a big executive suite, they will add to their lives, I beg them to read the latest vital statistics pamphlet issued by the insurance companies.

A male's life expectancy, it states, is 67.0. A female can live to the ripe old age of 74.2. Although the Declaration of Independence proclaims all men to have been created equal, somewhere along the way the male has lost 7.2 years of life to the female.

Any physician will tell you (if you go to his office; they don't make house calls any more) that male executives —pushing and being pushed around in the market place, being hounded by competitors bent on taking the food out of the mouths of their children or the minks off the backs of their wives, or awaking a sleeping ulcer when the big boss doesn't say "good morning" in the office hall—will find their life spans shortened to 67.0.

On the other hand, there is the unliberated woman, whose hands are busy vacuuming as she watches *As the World Turns* on TV, who has to experiment with blue and white detergents on the family wash, who has to make certain her furniture polish has enough lemon in it, and who phones the grocer to ask why he didn't credit her with 6 cents for the three empty Coke bottles —this woman will statistically attain the age of 74.2.

One cannot but admire a woman who, for the sake of equality with men, is willing to give up 7.2 years of her life. The obvious reasoning is that it's a small price to pay to obliterate man's image of women as sex pots, pussycats, second-class citizens, and *Playboy* centerfolds with stapled chests.

To dramatize their demands, thousands of women recently marched down Fifth Avenue in New York. In the interest of research I went over to follow along. It was, for the most part, a peaceful and happy demonstration.

It got out of hand for a moment, however, when several men heckled insultingly, and some of the girls went at them tooth and manicure. This seemed unseemly to me, who thinks that women should always be ladies. Or at least be gentlemen.

The march wound up at a park, and I listened to speeches of the leaders. I was won over by the logic of most, but confused by Betty Friedan, organizer of the National Organization for Women, who said: "Men are not our enemy, but the kind of society men have constructed is."

That's pure feminine logic, if you'll pardon my giving logic a gender. It's like one woman gushing to another: "I have a secret I can't tell. Not that I think you'll tell it to anyone, but the people you tell it to might tell it."

Nevertheless, women are off to a grand start. In due time, they will be seated in upper-level, lavish, penthouse offices, making like high executives. Now, I hate to get back to this gnawing worry, ladies, but here's how it's going to work out that you lose your extra 7.2 years of expectancy. Life expectancy, of course.

Chasing a handsome, young, male junior executive around your lavish private office takes a lot of running. That will easily take off 2.3 years.

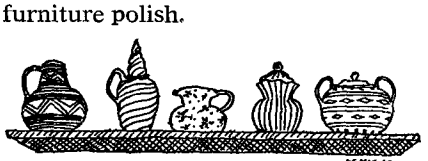
Having your secretary burst into your office without knocking and finding that junior executive on your lap will knock off another 1.1 years.

Taking out an important, big-money client in Manhattan to dine and drink, and having him insist you take him downtown to the Off-Broadway production of *Oh! Calcutta!* will subtract another 1.2 years.

Having an after-theater nightcap in a nightclub, then pouring him into his hotel room at 2 in the morning, and maneuvering to escape a fate worse than death will check off another 2.6 years of life.

Don't bother adding it. I've done it for you. But with no male chauvinism. I know women can add and subtract, as well as multiply.

It all comes out to a shorter life span. But just between us men, ladies, a merrier one. Right? Even that one junior executive up there beats looking for that lemon in all those bottles of furniture polish.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'RE BEING ROBBED!

Virtually every time that you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques that include Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal,fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammery is rife throughout the nation and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative, new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth.**

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their ingenuity); and it counsels you on the management of your personal finances (telling not only how to gain maximum return on your investments and savings, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, Moneysworth is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneysworth for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Fully Insured)

How to Buy A Car for $125 Over Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account

The New U.S.-Made Minicars: An Evaluation

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"— **Moneysworth** takes aim at companies that are defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height—A comparison of the safety records of America's airlines.

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

Free Land and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

Send Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative—Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that **Moneysworth** subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?—An amazingly simple chart gives you the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons— Mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials,Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee

The Economics of Being Black

Cashing In on Canada's New "Floating" Dollar

Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

How to Buy Art Without Getting Framed

Critics' Consensus—A regular feature of **Moneysworth** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

"Unit-Pricing"—The most revolutionary development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Effect of Air Pollution on Potency

The Great Odometer Gyp—How rent-a-car companies take the American public for a $10-million-a-year ride.

"No Load" Mutual Funds—A list of 45 funds that return the equivalent of an 8% profit at the very moment of investment.

12 Ways to Put the Touch on Friends—And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance Without Trauma

The Encouragement of Reckless Driving by GM, Chrysler, and Ford—Verbatim quotes from their souped-up ads in hot-rod magazines.

Taking Stock of Your Stockbroker—Nine ways to probe his probity.

Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes

Co-ops and Condominiums Explained

"The Safest Car of 19_"—A new series of annual awards by the editors of **Moneysworth.**

How to Break a Lease

Land Investment in Australia—At $1.20 an acre, land down under rates high among speculators.

How to Sue Without a Lawyer

The Impending Ban on Leaded Gasoline—How it should affect your next car purchase.

A Guide to Legal Abortion—Including the costs in different states.

And Now, Microwave Pollution—An exposé of the damage wrought to humans by radar, electronic ovens, and TV transmission.

Social Security's Special Rules for Women

How Metrecal Hurts Your Diet

Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle—A Hartford actuary tells why he believes that "more than 90% of American policies are sold through misrepresentation, deceit, and fraud."

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money—Without having him *over*value it.

How to Handle Computerized Dunning Letters

Taxproof Money—A collection of highly creative, little-known, perfectly legal gimmicks.

How to Distinguish Health from Hokum at the Health-Food Store

Blindness Caused by Contact Lenses

Don't Buy U.S. Savings Bonds—Why they make a terrible investment, how they undermine sound government fiscal planning, and why one leading investment counsellor says, "They are palmed off mostly on rubes and financial boobs."

G.E.'s New Synthetic Diamonds: Will They Ruin the Value of Real Diamonds?

The Truth about Cut-Rate Gasolines

"No-Fault" Insurance Clarified

Checking Up on Your Social Security Account

That's the Spirit—Big bargains in booze, beer, and brandy.

Stop Chewing the Fat—How to read the new labels on frankfurters.

Free Checks—A list of 200 banks that allow unlimited writing of personal checks.

Bootleg Birth-Control Pills

When in Doubt, Deduct—The ten most common forms of income-tax overpayment.

$99 Fares to Europe

In sum, Moneysworth is a hip, trustworthy financial mentor. It reflects the quintessence of consumer sophistication.

In format, Moneysworth is a newsletter. It is designed for instantaneous communication and easy reference when you're shopping. It is published *fortnightly.* This ensures you that the information in Moneysworth will always be up-to-the-minute. Product ratings will appear precisely when you need them most (automobiles and sailboats will be rated in the spring, for example, and Christmas gifts and ski equipment in the fall.)

In style, Moneysworth is concise, pragmatic, and above all, useful. It is also completely forthright. Moneysworth does not hesitate to name brand names (whether to laud or lambaste them), to identify big corporations when they gouge the public, and to quote the actual prices and discounts that you are entitled to and should be getting. **Moneysworth** can afford to be this candid because *it carries no advertising whatsoever; it is beholden to no one but its readers.*

The editors of **Moneysworth** are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. Moneysworth's publisher is Frank R. Brady, generally regarded as one of the publishing industry's shrewdest financiers. Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is Moneysworth's art director. Together, these men will produce the first—and only—consumer magazine with *charisma.*

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. Its price is $10 a year. However, right now you may order a special introductory Charter Subscription for ONLY $5! This is HALF PRICE!!

Moreover, we are so confident that Moneysworth will prove indispensable to you that we are prepared to make what is probably the most generous subscription offer in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that* **Moneysworth** *will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15%—or we'll refund your $5.00 IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, we'll guarantee that **Moneysworth** will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*—or you get your money back. As you can see, a subscription to **Moneysworth** is an absolutely foolproof investment.

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: Moneysworth, 110 W. 40th St., New York, New York 10018.

We urge you to act at once. Stop being robbed and start getting your Moneysworth.

MONEYSWORTH

110 W. 40 ST. N.Y., N.Y. 10018

I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to Moneysworth, the authoritative new consumer newsletter. I understand that I am paying only *HALF PRICE!* Moreover, Moneysworth guarantees that it will increase the purchasing power of my income by at least 15% *or I will get my money back IN FULL.*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

©MONEYSWORTH 1970. T. M. REG. PEND. msr3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO MEN WITH A SLICK IDEA WORTH $2.5 MILLION

The idea concerned the telephone wire that runs through the walls of homes and offices.

The wire has to be strong enough to be pulled through conduits running up several stories.

Sam Martin, Senior Staff Engineer at our Baltimore plant, and Nick Cogelia of Bell Telephone Laboratories reasoned that if it was more slippery, it could be pulled through more easily.

It could be thinner and lighter and wouldn't have to use so much material. Developing "slick wire" took two years. But when we started manufacturing it, we found it saved us $2.5 million a year. And it was so much easier to use that Bell telephone companies saved another $15 million a year.

Cutting costs is a way of life at Western Electric; last year alone our engineers took $45 million out of the cost of products we make for the Bell System. That's why overall price levels on our products are now only 2% higher than they were 20 years ago — despite soaring labor and material costs.

That's why the price of telephone service has gone up much less than the cost of most other goods and services.

Western Electric: The people who make communications equipment for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell company.

Western Electric

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The summer is over, but readers are still sending in the immortal review by Clive Barnes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Stratford, Connecticut, as performed in the early editions of *The New York Times* of Friday, August 28:

> The Theseus/Oberon and Hippolyta/Titania of Alan Howard and Sara Kestelman are special pleasures, and the mechanicals with the terrible tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe" are the best I have ever seen, with David Waller's virile bottom particularly splendid.

These days, the theater being what it is, it's a wonder anybody noticed anything wrong.

Our Advertisement of the Week was uncovered by John Pelkey of Rochester, New York. He found it in Adler's Foreign Books Germanic Philology catalogue, *Deutsches Worterbuch*—offered unbound for $975, bound in half-leather for $1,275. Beneath was the note:

> After more than one hundred years' work the "Deutsches Worterbuch" (Dictionary of the German Language) by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm has been completes.

Back to the drawing board, we say—see you in 2070.

Have an idea:

> The electorate is "unyoung, unpoor, unblack." Seven of ten American voters are neither young nor poor nor black. . . .
>
> The University of Michigan Survey Research Center polls show that three out of five of the *McCarthy* supporters in New Hampshire believed that the Johnson administration was wrong on Vietnam because it was not hawkish *enough*, not because it was *too* hawkish. . . .
>
> The most hawkish group in the entire country is under thirty.

As you've probably guessed, these ideas—or rather these facts of political strife—are all from the pages of *The Real Majority* by Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg. Mr. Scammon, formerly director of the Census Bureau and now head of the Elections Research Center, is a large man; Mr. Wattenberg, former aide and speech writer for President Johnson, is a more typical writer type. "I'm the quiet one," he said. They had previously collaborated on *This U.S.A.*, an interpretive report about the census. How, we wanted to know, could *any* two people write together?

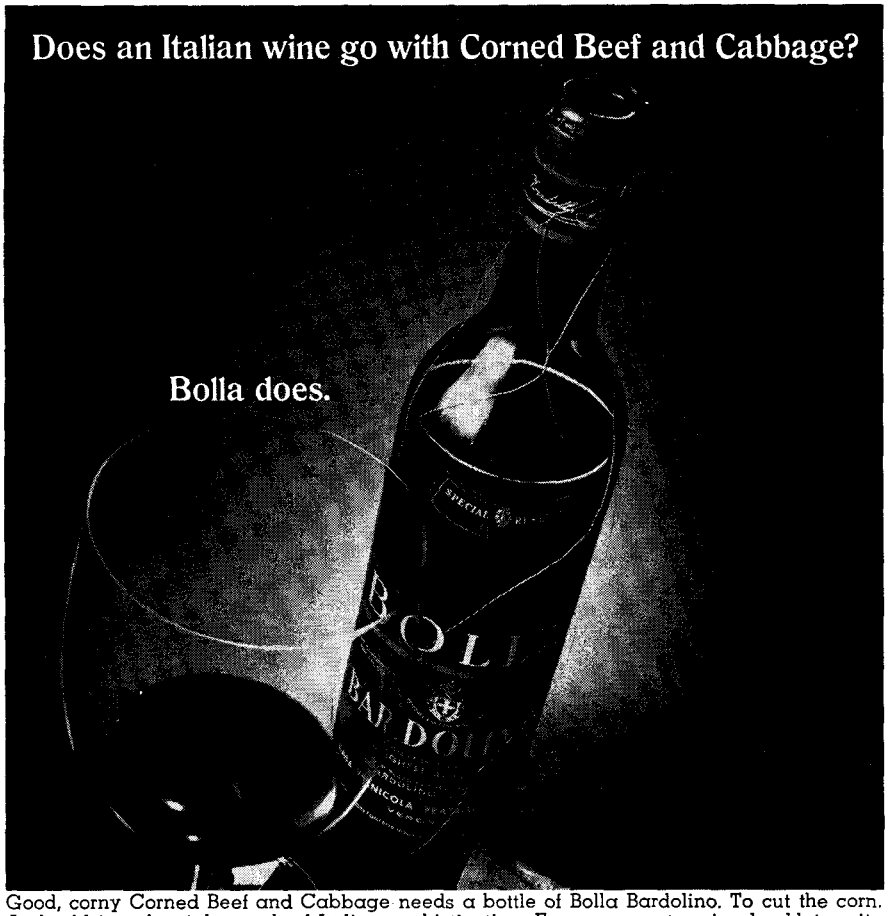
Mr. Scammon batted first. "My paragraphs," he said, "are idea paragraphs. I'm pedantic and heavy—personally and in my writing. Ben said he would like to write the way I sound—not the way I write. I write for the majority, I suppose. After all, we're working in a factual context that's the same for both of us. So, within that context, if you put two pickles in a barrel with the same amount of salt and the same amount of vinegar, they will come out pretty much the same."

"Now that," Mr. Scammon concluded, "is a hell of a note to give you." We ignored this. In any case, it was Mr. Wattenberg's turn. "Dick knows more about election data," he said, "than anybody else in the world. But Dick has not run for office, and he hasn't worked in the White House. Actually, though, it turned out in our collaboration that there was a lot of movement toward the center. There was only one place where I felt I couldn't go along with the way Dick felt. And we put in the disagreement, too."

"I think Johnson," Mr. Scammon broke in again, "deteriorated faster than Eisenhower did. Ben doesn't. I would doubt he ever could have been elected President if he hadn't been there to begin with."

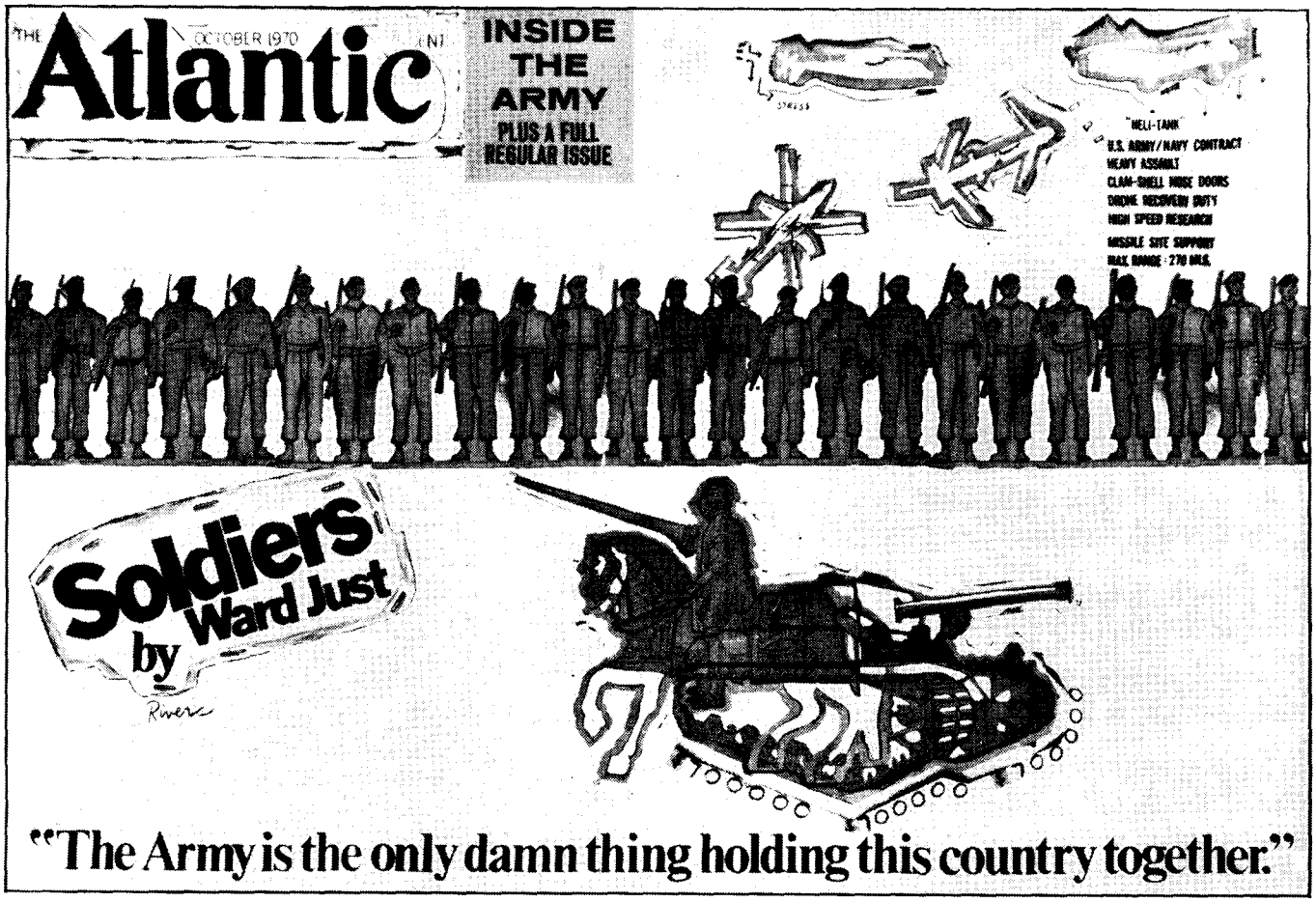
It was Mr. Wattenberg's turn to interrupt. "I would doubt what he doubts," he said. But Mr. Scammon was not to be stopped. "Johnson had too narrow a base. He was basically a legislative politician, rather than a popular politician." "I disagree," Mr. Wattenberg disagreed. "He is an absolutely brilliant guy."

It was now our turn to disagree. We decided to turn the discussion to Nixon. "Nixon?" Mr. Scammon said. "I would say this is the professional President—the G.S. 100. I think he does not have the charismatic appeal of a Jack Kennedy or an Eisenhower, but I think he has good respect—in a sort of *Godfather* sense. The people generally supported him on Cambodia. After all, he's one man *Life* magazine will never write a scandalous article about." "I would not disagree," Mr. Wattenberg said. "Although I worked for Johnson and I'm now working for Humphrey's Senate campaign, I find



Good, corny Corned Beef and Cabbage needs a bottle of Bolla Bardolino. To cut the corn. And add just the right touch of Italian sophistication. For a gourmet recipe booklet, write Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., Box S9, 555 Madison Ave. NYC 10022 © 1969, The Jos. Garneau Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE Atlantic
OCTOBER 1970
INSIDE THE ARMY
PLUS A FULL REGULAR ISSUE
Soldiers by Ward Just
Rivera
"The Army is the only damn thing holding this country together."

Says a West Point Cadet, one of hundreds of men who pour out their frustrations, ideas, ambitions, and gripes to one of America's best reporters. "SOLDIERS" by Ward Just.

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN BROODS:
"There are two boats which are sinking today, the military and the church, and I have a foot in both."

A LIEUTENANT COLONEL MOURNS:
"Victories. Heroes. They must mean something different to Americans now."

A WEAPONS MAN EXPLAINS:
"Keep the General Accounting Office and the Bureau of Budget off your back and keep running."

AN OFFICER'S WIFE COMPLAINS:
"When my girls were growing up, I had to tell them that because their father was an officer that didn't make him different . . . now because of the war and what you read and hear, I have to *defend* who he is and what he does."

A GENERAL SAYS:
"I will be damned if I will permit the U.S. Army, its institutions, its doctrines and its traditions to be destroyed just to win this lousy war."

In two special issues, in October and November, The ATLANTIC presents a remarkable portrait of the U.S. Army – 1970. Mr. Just reports on an institution proud and embattled, dedicated, yet embittered, trapped in a war it cannot win but already planning bigger weapons and adventurous strategies for the future.

Six months of research in Washington, at West Point, at big Army bases, and on the ground in Vietnam resulted in this picture of the Army as institution, as tradition, as discipline, as bureaucracy, as weapons and machines, but, most of all, in its time of crisis and change . . . the men themselves, from Joint Chiefs down to draftee privates.

Americans in uniform or out will find "Soldiers" the best combination of reporting and writing between magazine covers today.

Mail the coupon below for 8 months of The ATLANTIC *at exactly half price* starting with the October issue.

THE Atlantic

Dept. Z-56
Subscription Dept.
125 Garden Street
Marion, Ohio 43302

I don't want to miss the October ATLANTIC. Start my eight-month trial subscription with the October "SOLDIERS" issue.

☐ Enclosed $3.17 for eight issues at half-price.

☐ Bill me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He knows all about schedules, baggage, ticketing, tariffs, tours and passenger handling. And he's one of the most likeable know-it-alls you'll ever meet. He's Bob Standard, ticket agent. Another Delta Air Lines professional.

Delta is ready when you are.

it difficult to work up all those partisan juices against Nixon. But what has Nixon done to take people to the mountaintop? On inspiration he bats zero. And that's the number one job of the President. After all, what is the conclusion of the National Goals Report? That the country needs a dialogue on the issues. *Dialogue*, for God's sake."

We were back to agreeing again. "I don't say," Mr. Wattenberg went on, "Nixon's waffled on all the issues, but Johnson had vision." Mr. Scammon was obviously disagreeing again. We asked him if he had helped Mr. Wattenberg when the latter had run in two local elections in Stamford. "I never drink my own stuff," he stated. "I called you," Mr. Wattenberg said, "and you said, 'move to the center,' or something equally profound. Anyway, I lost both elections."

"I like to think," Mr. Wattenberg concluded, "that we are the new new journalism—journalism which is not subjective but which is becoming more objective than ever before. We've got the tools now—census, polls, election results—that can give us precision, that tell us so much about people. Yet at precisely the time when these tools have become so exact, the damn New Journalists have become so introspective that they're staring at their navels. The difficulty is that when you put tables in, you bore people. Yet when I was in the White House, knowing what was going on, reading the new journalists was like reading fairy tales. They wrote political impressionism."

After Mr. Scammon and Mr. Wattenberg had left, we read again the last two paragraphs of their book:

> We recommend to would-be leaders of the people that they trust the people and listen to the people before leading the people. Listen to the center before leading the center.
>
> Those who listen best can lead best.

Somehow it left us vaguely uneasy. We liked both men and were even prepared to admit they probably constituted the real majority. But we were still a long way apart on just what constituted real leadership.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1902)

(STUART W.) LITTLE AND (ARTHUR) CANTOR:

THE PLAYMAKERS

The concept of the actor as rogue and vagabond—shiftless, irresponsible, immoral, irreverent, unstable, improper—has persisted. In story and song, in TV and film, he comes through as the eternal outsider, childlike and egomaniacal and not worthy of trust.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're helping put certain friendly corner druggists out of business.

We don't mean legitimate pharmacists.

We mean pushers selling drugs to our kids–to teenagers and even younger.

The spreading use of drugs by our kids must be stopped. To do this nationwide, communities must understand the problem so they can take meaningful action.

A series of drug seminars

We're helping by funding a series of drug seminars in selected communities, to be conducted by the Institute for the Advancement of Criminal Justice.

These seminars, designed to tell entire communities how to cope with the drug threat, feature a panel of psychologists, sociologists and medical experts, each a recognized drug-control authority.

Most drug-control programs are concerned with treatment of addicts. These seminars are aimed at prevention: determining the extent of the problem, how to analyze community conditions that contribute to addiction, how to identify symptoms of addiction, how to prevent addiction's further growth.

But the seminars are only a beginning. To completely eliminate the drug threat requires the cooperation of government, educational institutions, industry and communities–and, most of all, parents and their children.

Helping with other problems

To help ease the critical housing shortage, our Levitt subsidiary has broken ground for a pilot factory that will produce sectionalized houses. (The concept was extensively tested in a Levitt townhouse project.) Quality will be maintained while costs will be less than those for conventional building.

To help minority-group Americans lead productive lives, we have recruiting and training programs that enable us to employ a significantly higher percentage of minority-group Americans than the reported national minority employment rate.

We are sponsoring a Minority Enterprise Small Business Investment Corporation (MESBIC), in cooperation with the Commerce Department's Office of Minority Business Enterprise, to provide venture capital and modern management acumen to qualified minority businessmen.

ITT and you

We don't pretend we can do it all. But we are helping.

Migratory workers in Florida are being trained for assembly line work. We support the national and the New York Urban Coalitions. We are studying malnutrition problems in poverty areas. We are conducting research in air and water pollution control.

As *Business Week* magazine pointed out in a December 6 editorial last year: "The great American corporation is perhaps the most effective device ever invented for getting things done in a free society. When there are jobs to be done, the American people turn instinctively to the corporations to do them."

And when the corporations respond, that's good for you and people everywhere.

Drug pushers excepted.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Fiftieth Anniversary 1970

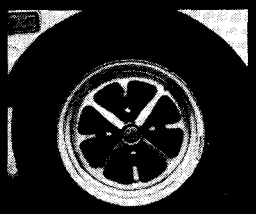
ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MGB/GT

It's like the man who drives it. The exception rather than the rule.



Here's the one GT that isn't aimed at the ordinary man. Its new mag-style wheels, radial-ply tires, and sophisticated recessed grillework reflect someone who intuitively understands the grand touring spirit. Someone who looks for luxuries like molded bucket seats and pile carpeting. And driving features that make the rules. Like the 1798 cc. MG engine, rack-and-pinion steering, and race-proven suspension. That's the MGB/GT '70. The exceptional car for the exceptional man.

MG AUSTIN

For overseas delivery information, write British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia N.J. 07605.

BRITISH LEYLAND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On June 28, 1970, at Valletta, Malta, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions convened an international convocation of experts from fifty-one nations devoted to clarification of urgent issues raised by impending exploitation of the ocean deeps for military and commercial purposes.

The center titled the convocation Pacem in Maribus ("Peace in the Oceans") to establish its continuity with two previous international gatherings. The series was undertaken initially in response to the call for a new exploration of means of ending the cold war contained in the late Pope John XXIII's notable encyclical *Pacem in Terris*.

The convocation was arranged by Elisabeth Mann Borgese, daughter of Thomas Mann, widow of Italian philosopher G. A. Borgese, and director of the center's studies in international relations. In 1968, after Ambassador Arvid Pardo of Malta introduced proposals that led to creation of the forty-two-nation U.N. Seabed Committee, Mrs. Borgese proposed a model for an ocean regime that attracted wide attention. This model served as the focus for five preparatory meetings arranged in conjunction with U.N. and other concerned agencies.

At the conclusion of Pacem in Maribus, the steering committee announced formation of a Continuing Group for Policy Research under international auspices, of which Mrs. Borgese will serve as secretary general. At the official level the proposals for the creation of an ocean regime, including those put forward by President Nixon, are before the U.N. Seabed Committee, which met in Geneva in August [see this week's guest editorial by Clark M. Eichelberger, page 24].

The implications of the Malta conference go far beyond the immediate scientific, technical, military, legal, and political issues raised by man's impending advent into territory over which no nation has a traditional claim of sovereignty. —THE EDITORS.

THE PROSPECTS FOR PEACE IN THE OCEANS

by ELISABETH MANN BORGESE

THREE YEARS AGO, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions concluded that the technological and biological transformations that shape our age had brought mankind to the brink of what could only be characterized as a marine revolution. This, in turn, seemed to demand consideration of the impact of present and imminent changes in the ocean environment on democratic institutions and international relations. Thus, on the theory that oceanography had become too important to be left to oceanographers, the center embarked upon a series of studies reaching across and outside the disciplines.

Two primary considerations encouraged an approach on such a scale. The ocean problem has been singled out and separated, at least operationally, from the complex issues of the deteriorating human environment as a whole. And rapidly expanding technological opportunities for exploiting the hitherto inviolate ocean depths have produced new, explosive national claims to offshore boundaries, upsetting centuries of presumably settled precedent in maritime law.

Thanks to the bold, imaginative initiative of the government of Malta, these issues were joined before the United Nations in 1968. A forty-two-nation Seabed Committee, which met this summer at Geneva, has been given a mandate to propose to the General Assembly a set of principles to support the legal framework and functional structure of an international ocean regime. Thus the need for action has been recognized, and pioneers on the frontier of evolving political theory can address themselves to a ready forum.

In its effort to determine the intellectual and practical dimensions of the great changes in the sea, the center sponsored five major conferences of international authorities on disarmament, development, maritime law, ocean ecology, and ocean enterprises. The concluding Pacem in Maribus Convocation reassembled the key experts at Malta and brought the strands together on the assumption that the endeavor had reached the point of passage from theoretical research to consideration of the operational questions that confront those who have the authority to take political action. (These discussions were focused on a proposed model set forth in *The Ocean Regime*, a center occa-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sional paper. Single copies may be obtained without charge. Write The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, California 93103.)

Out of the mass of data, its interpretation, and the argument that followed, there emerged a set of operating principles governing the development of an ocean regime. These were summarized by the center's president, Harry S. Ashmore:

> The ocean environment is an indivisible whole.
>
> Vast areas of seabed and ocean floor are, and must continue to be, beyond the limits of national jurisdiction, and their protection and conservation cannot wait for the settlement of present boundary disputes.
>
> In the coastal zones the threat of pollution and the necessity of conservation constitute a common threat to mankind. The problem begins at the water's edge and extends inland through estuaries, the land around them, and the air above. In terms of this new reality traditional claims of sovereignty over offshore waters have been rendered obsolete.
>
> Ocean resources are not static but are the product of a rapidly changing marine technology.
>
> The oceans are the common heritage of mankind; they must not be appropriated by individuals or states, and benefits derived from them must be shared equitably. Their management must be based on participation by all nations and all peoples.
>
> Such ocean management requires systemic planning—functionally rather than territorially directed—and the ecological units to be dealt with do not correspond to political divisions.
>
> Planning will require a continuous flow of information, and this will require coordination of activities presently engaged in by states, intergovernmental organizations, and national and international scientific agencies. There must be sufficient flexibility to accommodate sources of information yet to be created—and to respond to requirements of rapid technological change not yet foreseen.
>
> Planning must take into account the interfaces between scientific research and commercial exploration; industrial and military development; the needs of the developing nations for growth and the concern of the developed nations for stability and conservation; and the requirements of private and public enterprises, and of socialist and capitalist economic systems.

It was the intent of the Pacem in Maribus Convocation that this agenda, formidable as it may be, demands urgent priority in the deliberations of those who have the authority to act. The sense of urgency was coupled with recognition that the very conflicts of national and ideological interest demonstrate that the issues necessarily are global and will not respond to national remedies applied piecemeal. Yet, even in the U.N. Seabed Committee, the approach has not yet risen above a conventional effort to balance and adjust a variety of conflicting national claims.

The necessary new approach to the marine environment demands a progression in terms of legal and political institutions, and this requires a new outlook. "In discussions and confrontations over the delimitation of the zones of national jurisdiction," Ambassador Mojsov of Yugoslavia said in the course of Pacem in Maribus, "we often follow the analogy of arguments used in the delimitation of national boundaries among different states and powers—arguments of geography, geology, and military advantage, which only follow the old nationalistic, ethnical, racial, religious, or ideological patterns. . . . If we continue along this line we shall, in the end, arrive at the proclamation of seabed colonies or seabed states." Another warning against a carry-over of terrestrial thinking into the maritime environment was sounded by the American economist and business management expert Neil Jacoby: "It would be incongruous to create, in effect, new nation-states in the oceans at a time in history when those on land are rapidly becoming an archaic form of political organization."

Not only boundaries and real estate, but enforcement measures and peace-keeping operations are drastically altered when the territory at issue may be many fathoms under water. The "sea guards" that have been proposed to protect operations in international waters are an antiquated concept in the experienced view of General Said Uddin Khan of Pakistan, who has headed U.N. peace-keeping missions. In the oceans violators are armed with highly sophisticated equipment, and sonar provides the only effective means of undersea detection; as the industrial use of the oceans increases, so will the noise background against which detection becomes ever more difficult. "You have to invent something quite new," General Khan said. "People in blue hats in boats will be quite helpless."

The Scientific Dilemma

The new world that is opening up beneath the once impervious seas springs from the Pandora's box that produced nuclear weapons and the invasion of space. Here, too, scientists whose speculations and research spawned the marine revolution are appalled by many of the results that followed once technologists began to convert their theories into hardware.

As was the case with the physicists and space experts, the marine scientists find themselves moving in lockstep with the military. Their cherished freedom of inquiry is imperiled on one hand by security requirements and perverted on the other by the irresponsible drive for commercial exploitation of marine resources.

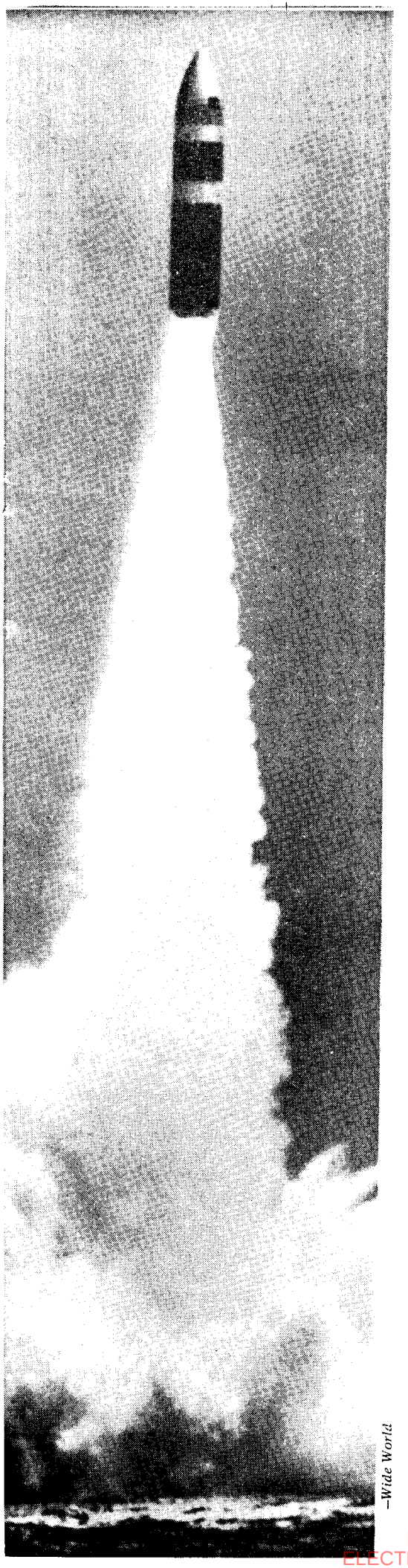
The distinguished company of scientists who participated at various stages of Pacem in Maribus agreed that the present state of ocean development has precipitated them into a new era. One immediate result is that researchers, who have freely roamed the seas since Darwin's day, now encounter severe restrictions arising from growing nationalism compounded by the fear that scientific investigation in the most remote waters might lead to exploitation by foreign commercial interests.

Professor Warren S. Wooster, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, attempted to establish a hard line between scientific and commercial exploration. But Dr. John Craven, the U.S. Navy's top underseas expert, who is now at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, stated, without reserve, that *any* scientific exploration inevitably yields advantages both to the military and to industry.

In an effort to counter these inhibitions, Professor Milner Schaefer, director of the University of California's Institute of Marine Resources, announced that the United States soon will declare, unilaterally, freedom of scientific research on the seas and seabeds adjacent to its own shores, even within the limits of national jurisdiction. Other coastal nations would be urged to join in providing offsetting guarantees to states accepting research crews in their waters. These would include full participation by their own experts in the exploration, the sharing of all data and samples, and the publication of all results. This dispensation, unfortunately, is largely meaningless to developing countries with extremely limited research capacities and a dearth of scientific personnel.

The theory that science is the common heritage and social property of mankind is congenial to scientists, but they tend to balk at the corollary that society has the right and duty to control its priorities and direction to make sure it is not used for purposes opposed to society's legitimate requirements. Here arises the fear, borne out by much unhappy experience, that national or international control simply provides a different source for the admittedly corrupting pressures of commerce and military strategy. There was general agreement at Malta, however, that it is no longer possible to cling blindly to the old concept of science as confined to passively observing and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Wide World

The Basic Questions

—Photos by Leinie Schilling Nagel

Is the aim of man "development" of the oceans? Should the aim not be at least in part "conservation"? Even in respect to oil, should not marine sanctuaries be established in areas where geological faults bar all drilling?

Oil, of course, is only one of the riches the ocean contains. Will the search for them end with the prizes going to those nations most advanced in the technological sense? Is that what people mean when they speak of the "free ocean"?

Is it possible to achieve a consensus that the ocean floor is the common heritage of mankind, that it should be administered jointly for the account of all, that "conservation" should be the main aim, that where there is "development" there should be a joint and just distribution of the benefits?

—Justice William O. Douglas, opening the Pacem in Maribus Convocation.

The Issue Is Survival

Technology can unite and it can divide. It can elevate and it can degrade. It can create a new civilization of abundance; it may destroy all civilization and life on this globe. The speed of technological innovation is accelerating. Its scale and cost is increasing in geometrical proportions, imposing a heavy burden on even the richest countries. This not only imposes upon us an unprecedented effort of adaptation and imagination but also threatens to make of that part of the world that cannot sustain the pace of technological change a submissive object of manipulation. Thus by the end of the present decade, we will face the most momentous crisis ever experienced by man. The problems basically are how to control technology and its impact and *who* will control.

—Ambassador Arvid Pardo.

A Pell-Mell Scramble

It was a great historic event when Ambassador Arvid Pardo of Malta unveiled his dream before the United Nations General Assembly. It had the impact that all great ideas have when their time has come—of a tidal wave. In response the General Assembly announced the Ocean Decade and appointed a committee to develop proposals for peaceful uses of the seas. Unhappily, this genial initiative of Ambassador Pardo's had a most unhappy side effect. It started a pell-mell scramble into the seas in which each nation sought to stake out its sovereign claims to the unclaimed waters and the seabeds that lie below them.

—Clare Luce.

The Arms Race Has Gone Underwater

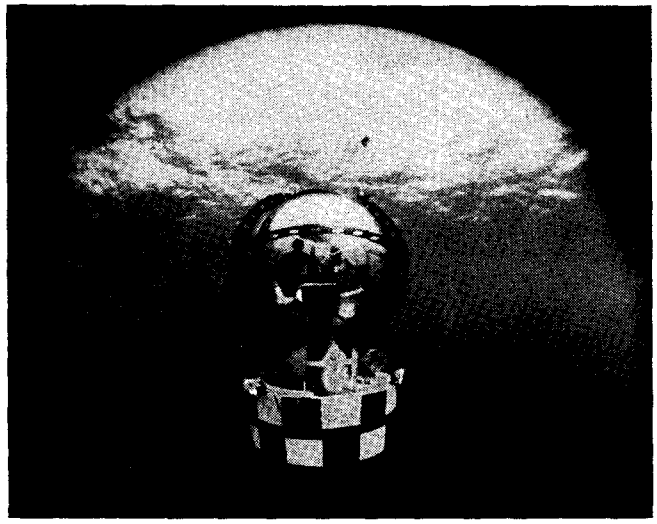
Every hour of every day we are reducing the options of our posterity—and our immediate posterity at that. What we discussed on disarmament was neither satisfactory nor encouraging. What it did do was to make clear the impingement of the armament or militarization question on the whole of the law of the sea; on the attitudes of governments toward setting boundaries; and on the interaction between military technology and peaceful uses of technology.

It was clear that practically the whole of military operations strategy is being transferred to the sea and below its surface. Obviously, if surveillance satellites have made surface installations vulnerable, the thing is to get them on the move, to hide them under the opaque cover of the sea.

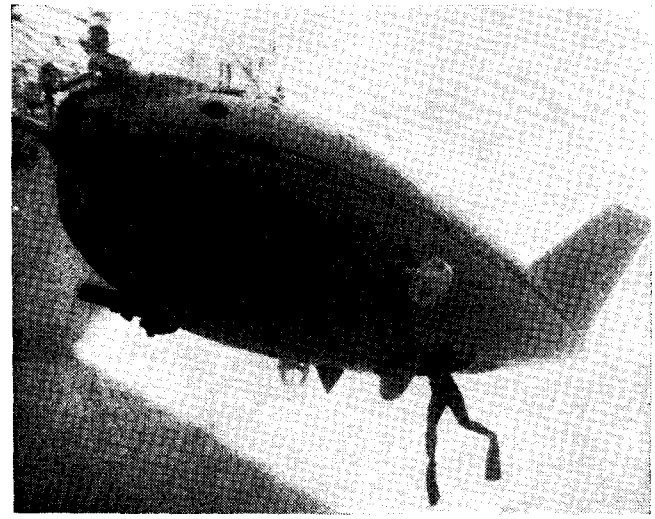
We realized that the question of emplacement or implanting weapons of mass destruction on the seabed, which was the basis of the American and Russian renunciation in their draft proposal to the eighteen-nation Disarmament Committee, was irrelevant. It merely confirmed what some of us had already suspected: that the strategy of the superpowers did not require fixed emplacements. Thus our exercise on disarmament or demilitarization reinforced the fact that we could not consider either the ocean bed or its subsoil in detachment from the superjacent waters, and the surface, and, indeed, the air above it. We were facing the fact that military operations, the threat of war, the demands of defense, and so on complicate (very much so) any considerations of the peaceful uses of the seabed, while at the same time accelerating, through military appropriations, the technology that can be used in the industrialization of the ocean bed.

—Lord Ritchie-Calder.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Flip Schulke, Black Star



—North American Rockwell

Naval undersea laboratory (left) and civilian submersible (right)—"scientists moving in lockstep with the military."

describing nature. Under modern conditions this creates a catastrophic gap between knowledge and action, and constructive impulses die away in a proliferating bureaucracy.

In one smaller marine-oriented area scientists are setting policy with reasonable effectiveness. Dr. Alf Nyberg of Sweden, president of the World Meteorological Organization, noted that the operating principles of his organization provide that plans be made jointly by the professional members—that is, internationally, cooperatively, by consensus; this kind of functional federalism has worked, though the implementation of these plans, operationally and financially, is left to member nations.

This procedure, however, is limited to forecasting, and Professor Wendell Mordy of the United States pointed out that once the weather modification that is widely predicted is undertaken problems of a different order will arise. These can only be dealt with "through a broader-based political, administrative, scientific type of deliberation—something different from what we have been accustomed to in the past."

The Harvest of the Seas

At the most practical level those concerned with present and prospective economic resources of the seas find themselves wrestling with new concepts to which existing precedents simply do not apply. Fishing, the traditional harvest of the oceans, still can be carried out by relatively small enterprises, with limited capital investment and a simple technology not fundamentally altered in a thousand years. This picture changes drastically, however, when applying agricultural rather than hunting procedures to foster protein production under water. And from the outset the extraction of oil and minerals has called for huge investments and sophisticated techniques and, therefore, for long-term leases under licenses guaranteeing substantial returns.

Fishing, like navigation, is covered by an accretion of local, regional, and international rules. While those treaties, conventions, and "rules of the road" are increasingly strained by current offshore boundary disputes, no one would propose to institute *ex novo* a plan for the global management of fisheries, nor would it be logical to seek to subject fisheries to the same rules as mining and oil industries. However, fisheries already face new interactions that can be dealt with only by an ocean regime. They depend upon the conservation of stock in an ecosystem that can be drastically affected by the new underseas technology. Fishing, in turn, interferes with laying cables, mining and drilling operations, military activities. Finally, fisheries are the first victims of the worsening pollution that has come with the great changes in the seas.

There is now general agreement that freedom of access to fish stocks in international waters must be limited. Experience has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the most recalcitrant fishermen that unlimited hauls lead to the extinction of species after species.

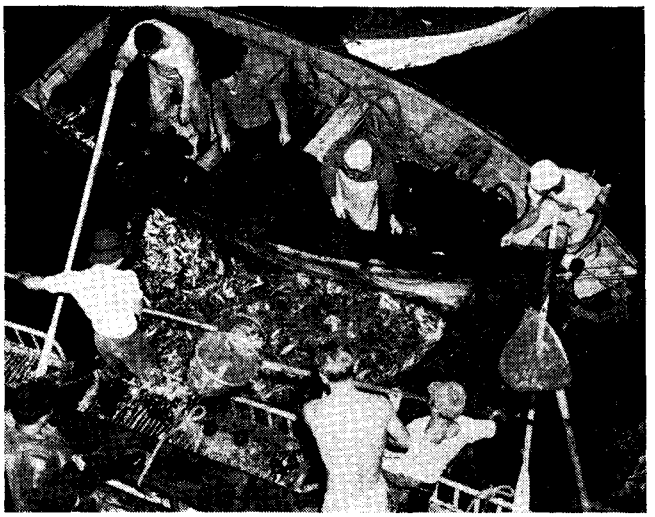
Such limitation on the traditional freedom of the seas is the essence of more than two-score major and minor fishery treaties and conventions regulating the catch of certain stocks, or the haul to be taken from certain regions. These treaties have served to reduce some potential conflicts, and to stabilize the fishing industry in some areas, but overfishing is a continuing source of friction. New fishing nations not included in the old conventions are emerging, and new enterprises are challenging the treaty powers.

In effect, the treaties establish a limited economy that runs counter to the unlimited "common property" concept, with its theoretically free (if practically much-embattled) access to all comers. The issue is the replacement of "common property" with "common heritage," which implies legal restrictions on appropriation, shared management, and shared benefits.

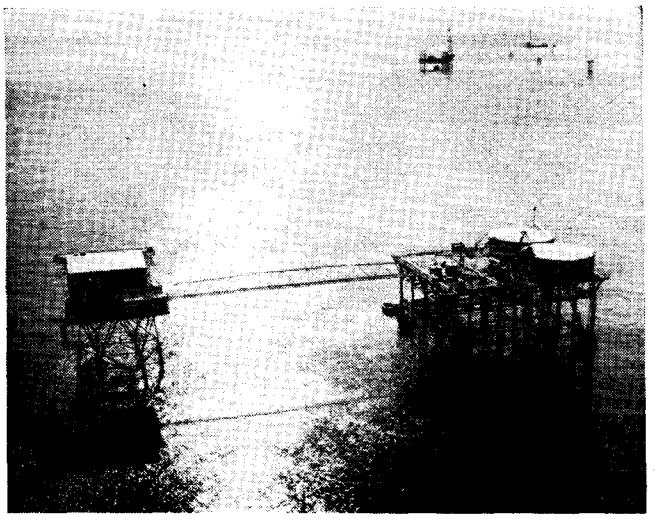
While tradition-bound international lawyers still point out that maritime law provides no basis for the collection of rents or royalties on fishery produce—which would be one result of applying the "common heritage" concept—economists and fishery experts long since have begun to give serious consideration to this innovation. "Some payments on these resources should be made to somebody," FAO fishery expert F. E. Popper suggested during the discussions at Malta. And in a preparatory paper Francis Christy, Jr., of Resources for the Future, wrote: "Economic waste in fisheries can be avoided only by providing some kind of controls over access that would exclude the superfluous vessels and fishermen. Controls can be established by taxes, license fees, auction or lease of rights, or other similar means. . . . Society would benefit by receiving a share, or the full amount, of the surplus profit."

Fishery experts generally agree that where regional fishery arrangements have proved successful they should be maintained, but there no longer is any consensus as to whether this is the pattern for the future. Sidney Holt of Great Britain, secretary of UNESCO's Intergovernmental Oceanographic Commission, pointed out that regional arrangements began to come into being at the beginning of the century, when most fishermen stayed within fairly close range of their own shores. Today, with the great fishing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Joe Pazen, Black Star



—Shell Oil Company

Fishing for chum (left) and oil production facility (right)—"demanding the right to engage in a sort of Oklahoma land rush."

nations sending their "floating canneries" all over the world, those treaties and conventions begin to appear obsolete.

Aside from conservation, the ecologists point out that regional treaties for the most part are simply inapplicable to the control of pollution, or, in the case of wide-ranging species, to disruptions of the chain of life. In these cases the seas are literally boundless, no matter what the sovereign powers may write down on a piece of paper.

Representatives of the developing nations see their interests best served by a strong, effective international organization. Only under its auspices could they participate at the essential planning stage, when decisions must be made as to the allocation of resources and the setting of priorities for technological development.

An idea of what such planning would involve was provided by Dr. Lowell Wakefield, president of Wakefield Fisheries of Alaska. The task must begin, he said, with the setting of priorities in regard to the following matters:

- Extraction of mineral resources as against living resources;
- Harvesting of one living resource as against another (stocks);
- One method of extraction as against another (gear);
- Development of new technologies as against nondevelopment, where such steps might be harmful and interfere with other uses.

"Without planning of this sort," Wakefield warned, "at least in the development of living resources, we tend to repeat the same mistakes over and over again. But such planning must not be top-heavy—it must be done so that the small operator is involved. It must be done from the grass roots. Otherwise it won't work."

In the centuries since they found the means to propel themselves out of sight of land, the world's fishermen, along with the seagoing traders who followed, became the first of the practicing internationalists—functioning beyond the limits of national sovereignty and working out arrangements that in time have acquired the sanctity of law. In this sense they are more advanced in their thinking than other interests that recently have come to exploit the bounty of the sea. Fisheries' priorities begin at an existing level of international cooperation, and the conflicting views among the experts in the course of Pacem in Maribus for the most part divided "regionalists" from "globalists."

The ultimate compromise was suggested by several speakers at Malta—to leave fishery management to regional and local arrangements wherever this is practicable, while setting up new international machinery for the determination of universally applicable standards and criteria.

The Ocean Enterprises

The new ocean enterprises, moving into the depths in a span of less than a generation and still riding the cutting edge of rapidly advancing technology, so far have generally acted upon the most limited and self-serving view of oceanic potentials—and, with the possible exception of the military, they represent the source of the most persistent and effective pressure on the makers of national maritime policy.

Thus, President Nixon's hopeful "heritage of mankind" draft of a deep seas treaty was being drastically weakened in Washington even as Professor Louis Sohn, one of the principal State Department architects, was presenting it to the experts at Malta. The openly acknowledged source of pressure against even so limited an internationalization of the deep seas came from American and multinational oil interests. The major producers in essence are demanding the right to engage in a sort of Oklahoma land rush for the mineral resources of the seabeds. They, and their supporting bloc in Congress, seek to apply the traditional doctrine of freedom of the seas to the sea bottom on a "first come, first served" basis—and since those interests currently employ most of the new underseas technology, there can be no doubt that they would enjoy a head start in any race to the undersea oil fields and mineral deposits.

This attitude seems to be determined by size and opportunity, as much as by ideology. No one at Malta doubted that the Soviet Union is rapidly preparing to compete with Western oil interests. Large American and allied European oil companies were unrepresented at Pacem in Maribus, in response to a de facto boycott called by the American Petroleum Institute; the mainland Chinese received an invitation but did not respond; and the team of experts from the Soviet Union canceled at the last minute without explanation. This clearly was not a matter of Communist bloc policy, since the Poles, Rumanians, and East Germans were very much present.

It was, in fact, a point of unanimous agreement that the operation of enterprises in the ocean depths would raise the same problems whether the supporting interests were capitalist or socialist, and that in all probability this is an area certain to produce a variety of mixed public and private undertakings.

There was support for an ocean regime embodied in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The task of saving the seas cannot be delayed."

EDITOR'S NOTE: While the Pacem in Maribus Convocation took no formal action, Silviu Brucan of Rumania presented this appeal at the closing session and drew heavy applause. Brucan, a professor of sociology at the University of Bucharest, is the former Rumanian ambassador to the United States.

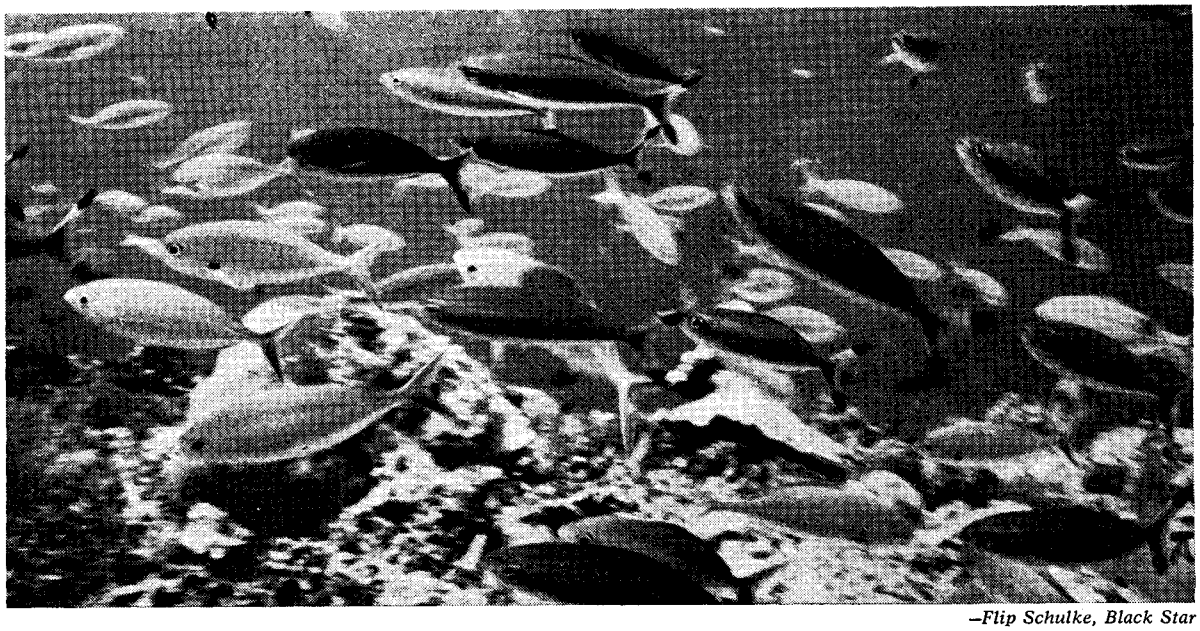
WE, CITIZENS OF FIFTY-ONE COUNTRIES, assembled in Malta at the Pacem in Maribus Convocation, address our fellow human beings everywhere.

The time has come to face the terrible fact that our oceans and seas are threatened by destruction. More than two-thirds of our planet, an essential reservoir of life in water, in the atmosphere, and on land, is at stake. The oceans with their pure water and sunny beaches can be a source of unmitigated joy, or they can become the victims of unleashed technology. They can become a source of new bounty, or they can become a vast graveyard for fish and other living species annihilated by pollution. They can represent the common great venture of mankind, or they can become a new focus for the insane nuclear race and yet another strain on the fragile structure of international relations. If the present trend to deploy weapons of mass destruction in the depths of the oceans, to exploit irrationally the resources of the seas, to destroy entire species of fish, to poison the water with oil leakages and waste from vessels and shores continues unchecked, the future of the seas will be set. They will be no more than bleak and deserted highways. It all depends on the determination of men and nations to harness and direct the tremendous forces unleashed by the scientific-technological revolution.

This convocation appeals to all states, in and out of the United Nations, whatever their system or ideology, to give the most urgent consideration to the creation of an international regime, which will secure the exclusive use of the deep sea floor for peaceful purposes and halt the destruction of the marine environment.

We urge full international cooperation for the exploration and exploitation of the tremendous riches hidden in the depths of the ocean, in order to reduce the abysmal gap between the haves and the have-nots of this planet. Since the oceans are partly free from vested interests, there is a chance for the creation of an international regime, based on a new type of decision-making, planning, and enforcement that could mark a historic passage to a new kind of international organization, urgently required by our troubled world.

While deciding to set up a multinational, multidisciplinary study group to continue the interchange begun among scientists, international lawyers, diplomats, and corporation experts, we call upon all peace research and international study associations, juridical, ecological, economic, and planning bodies, and institutions from all over the world to join us in this effort to conceive and formulate a working system for the impending ocean regime. The task of saving the seas and oceans cannot be delayed. It is a challenge to all of us. Here and now.



—Flip Schulke, Black Star

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a traditional international organization, one that deals exclusively with national governments, rather than directly with nongovernmental and nonsovereign entities. This point of view has been strongly advocated in the U.N. by the Soviet Union and by some of the other socialist nations. At Malta the proposition was supported by Dr. Leo Bouchez, of the International Law Association; Dr. Nicholas Flemming, of Great Britain's National Institute of Oceanography; and others.

But there was strong counterargument. "Within the next twenty years the trend is such that resource exploitation by nation-states will become totally unrealistic," said Jan van Dauman, of IBM of U.K. Ltd. "It would be tragic if in setting up the new regime we used the old ideas, the old mechanisms that have failed so often in the past." Dr. Z. Blazevic, of the Yugoslav national oil company, strongly advocated the direct licensing of enterprises. "The method of working exclusively through government institutions is entirely unacceptable," he said, stressing the fact that the direct relationship between regime and enterprises would strengthen international law and circumvent many of the obstacles derived from considerations of national sovereignty. Finally, it would actually reduce the required administrative machinery by eliminating the necessity of dealing individually with 130 nation-states.

It was emphasized by all concerned that, no matter how they are licensed, enterprises engaged in the extraction of nonliving ocean resources must have an effective role in central planning for underseas development. This means a place in the regime where they can deliberate on their own problems and requirements; carry on a dialogue with other users of the ocean environment; and have an effective voice in the overall political decision-making.

Lack of coordination sometimes not only reduces the efficiency of ocean enterprises, it also reduces the capacity of concerned nations to protect their proper interests. As things now stand, Dr. Robin Murray of Great Britain said, neither national governments nor existing international organizations have the power to put effective constraints on giant enterprises. Discussion of these problems is urgent and essential, he said, adding that one of the major oil companies, while declining to be represented at Malta, put pressure on one or two of the convocation participants to see that this particular aspect of their operations was not aired at all.

The Underwater Arms Race

It can be said that the scientists and enterprisers have backed more or less reluctantly into complex legal and political issues raised by their interventions into the ocean depths—and many of the enterprisers, at least, would like to see the deep seas continue as a kind of international no man's land. When the undersea area became of prime interest to the military, however, questions of sovereign rights and jurisdiction rose inescapably to the top of the political agenda of the great powers as they maneuvered uneasily on the cold war's diplomatic front.

The advent of the U.S. nuclear submarine fleet, and the rush of the Soviet Union to match it, confirmed the scientists' predictions that space satellites would make it impossible to conceal land-based missile sites. One answer is to harden the launching silos that can't be hidden—and the other is to emplace nuclear weapons where the ocean surface can shield them against optical and radiation surveillance.

For some years now the matter has been before the Geneva Disarmament Committee, and it is a priority item in the current Strategic Arms Limitation negotiations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. It is fair to say that no one at Malta could take seriously the draft treaty on denuclearization of the ocean floor as it now stands after much give-and-take at Geneva. The proposed treaty would prohibit the implanting and emplacement of weapons of mass destruction on the seabed—that is, the ocean floor and the subsoil thereof—beyond the twelve-mile limit. There is no ban on moving objects, which permits not only nuclear submarines but slowly moving unmanned launching platforms. Within the twelve miles anything could be installed by a coastal nation. Inspection and verification would be carried out individually by the affected nations, and there is no reference to internationalization of controls. In case of dispute, the parties would have the right simply to withdraw from the treaty; there is no provision for arbitration or other preconceived machinery for settlement.

Despite the limited initial approach, most of the participants at Malta thought it useful to push ahead with treaty negotiations on all fronts. Sooner or later, Ambassador Arvid Pardo said, negotiators would have to face these controlling factors:

1) Environmental reality: The ocean environment is opaque; inspection in the ocean environment is impractical.

2) Military reality: There is an irresistible pressure to transfer land-based weapons systems into the oceans. ("Land-based missile systems are dead," Professor Henkin of the U.S. asserted. "Strategy will not depend on them any longer. The sea remains the ultimate and essential element in the strategy of the superpowers.")

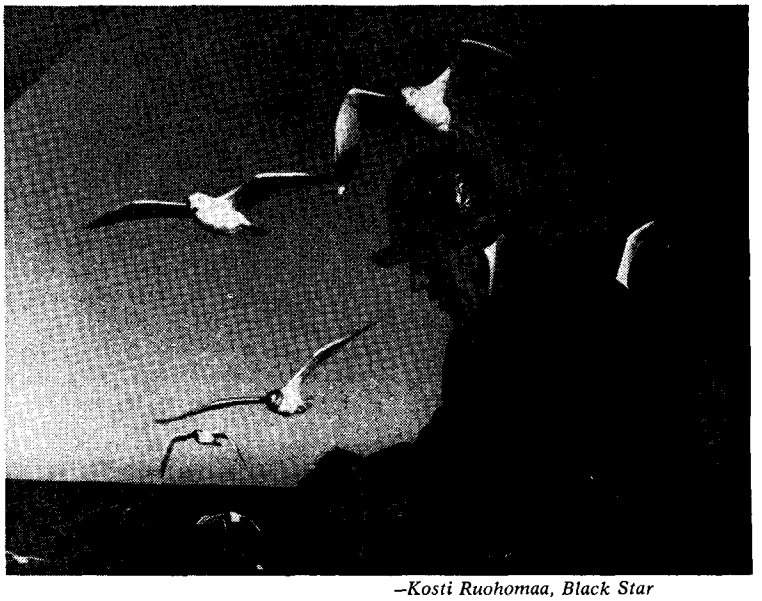
3) Technical reality: The nonatomic nations today have no capacity to engage in active and independent inspection activities.

4) Legal reality: The draft treaty subjects fixed installations, juridically, to a different regime than that covering mobile operations; to be effective a treaty covering the ocean floor would have to be integrated with provisions covering superjacent waters.

5) Political reality: The objectives of established and developing nations are different here, too; the former aim only at arms control to relieve the cost and burden of the arms race; the latter demand complete disarmament in the hope of neutralizing one of the advantages the technologically developed nations are not yet disposed to give up.

"Under present circumstances," Ambassador Pardo said, "the only hope is a limited treaty, such as the one being negotiated in Geneva, dealing with relatively peripheral issues." However, he concluded that if it could be precisely drafted, and enforceable now, the agreement could set an important precedent.

Some participants argued that collaboration in such



—Kosti Ruohomaa, Black Star

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

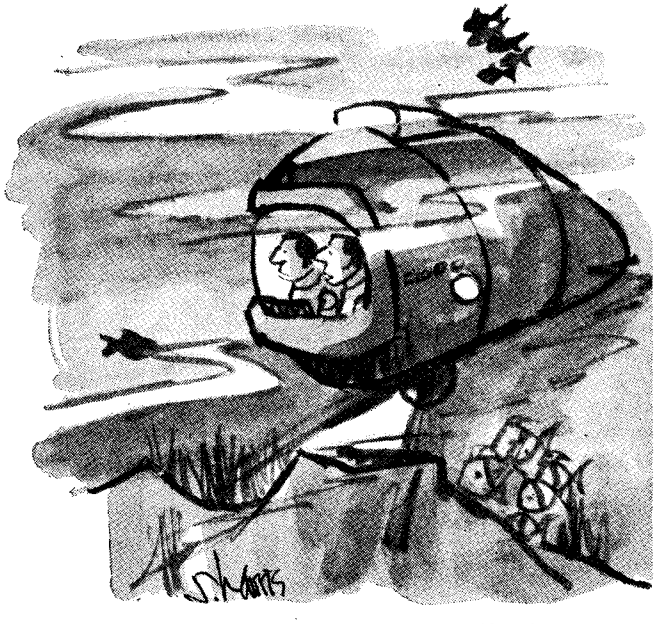
limited efforts was immoral. Ambassador Silviu Brucan of Rumania charged the treaty would do nothing but legalize extension of the arms race into the ocean depths. "The only way to stop the arms race is to refuse free public relations to those who want to maintain it," he insisted. And Professor Richard Bellman of the United States followed up by urging scientists of all nations to unite in refusing any collaboration in military matters.

Peter Thatcher, one of the U.S. State Department representatives, warned against excessive emphasis on demilitarization. Peaceful use of the oceans is not necessarily nonmilitary, he contended, and he predicted that if the demand for total demilitarization of the seabed were pressed, there would be no treaty.

There was little support at Malta for a frontal attack on the military position of the superpowers, which clearly has influenced all negotiations on the seabeds to date. However, much attention was given to the interface between military and industrial development, and there was general agreement that the two are now interdependent. If, as many believe, it is also true that military and industrial uses of the oceans are ultimately incompatible, the dialectics of disarmament and development obviously require re-examination.

A new approach was suggested by Dr. Robin Murray, who challenged the traditional dichotomy of national/international. He suggested that there is a continuum: subnational-national-supranational (regional)-international (global). There is no reason why the functions of an ocean regime might not be located at several points on the continuum.

In providing the evidently necessary infrastructure for an ocean regime, economic pressures may push in the direction of greater internationalization, Dr. Murray observed. Already "external diseconomies" (pollution) are gradually moving toward regional control, in terms of enforcement. Dr. V. Pavicevic, of Yugoslavia's mission to the United Nations, speculating that widened scope of civil uses of the ocean might curtail military uses, cited this direction as a practical answer to the limited draft treaty on the seabeds under consideration at Geneva and to the system of military-power balance it reflects. By pushing peaceful, industrial uses of the oceans, he said, it may be possible to advance a peace system in which the arms race simply would have no place.



"Opportunities here are limitless. Food, minerals, fossils, salt water taffy . . ."

Lessons from the Laboratory

After almost three years of intensive consideration of the issues posed by the marine revolution—aided and abetted by consultation with scores of men and women who are among the best-informed on related areas of particular concern—I have emerged with renewed faith that it is possible to find ways to create new international institutions which are consonant with the demonstrated needs of mankind in this period of accelerated technological development.

Innovation is a basic requirement; no existing institution provides a satisfactory model. Yet none of the devices that can be said to work in the present situation, however partially, can be discarded in response to a utopian urge to start off anew in search of the ideal.

The peculiar physical situation of the vast ocean area serves to reduce this apparent paradox. The area that requires *new* regulation is in fact beyond the limits of any existing national jurisdiction. An ocean regime, therefore, does not represent a radical disjuncture with a body of settled practices.

In territorial terms the new regime can continue to respect old rights accruing to states over their coastal zones, while it takes upon itself responsibility for evolving procedures to solve, by common accord, problems circumscribed by ecological boundaries that do not coincide with political boundaries. In functional terms, traditional uses of the sea, such as fishing and navigation, can continue to be regulated by traditional law, while the new regime provides for dialogue between old and new users of ocean space as a means of reconciling conflicting uses and facilitating harmonious and balanced planning for proper use of this "common heritage of mankind."

The great task of the new regime is to develop means of absorbing the unprecedented role of science and technology into its structure. This may well imply a new status under international law for nongovernmental or intergovernmental entities.

The ocean regime cannot escape the problems of representation that the United Nations has so far found insoluble in its struggle to reconcile human rights with national resources, traditional sovereignties with supranational demands, and conflicting systems with common purposes. But the ocean regime begins with a unique advantage. It would administer a territory without human constituents, and therefore without vested political interests and accumulated grievances. Its job is preventive, not corrective; the injustices with which it must contend have not yet been committed.

In this sense, the ocean regime may be seen as a critical laboratory exercise. It cannot come into being without providing experience and tutelage for every political leader who recognizes the nature of the unprecedented demands the scientific/technological revolution levies against all the systems of governance devised by man.

The Pacem in Maribus program was launched in the conviction that the marine revolution cannot be stopped and certainly will be destructive unless its forces somehow can be harnessed and rationally directed to minimize harmful effects already apparent. But a revolution it is and will be—obviating the alternative of temporizing reform of existing institutions. Here the status quo is fugitive, as insubstantial as the radical utopia that can be seen only with the eyes of faith. We are past the point where moderation can overcome inertia or turn back the forces of change. Either there will be no ocean regime at all—with chaotic revolutionary consequences—or there will be a comprehensive structure shaped to political reality. It is a task that will require commitment as well as wisdom, passion as well as restraint—and, above all, a high order of intellectual daring.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five Addresses to the Lord

by John Berryman

Master of beauty, craftsman of the snowflake,
inimitable contriver,
endower of Earth so gorgeous & different from the boring Moon,
thank you for such as it is my gift.

I have made up a morning prayer to you
containing with precision everything that most matters.
'According to Thy will' the thing begins.
It took me off & on two days. It does not aim at eloquence.

You have come to my rescue again & again
in my impassable, sometimes despairing years.
You have allowed my brilliant friends to destroy themselves
and I am still here, severely damaged, but functioning.

Unknowable, as I am unknown to my guinea pigs:
how can I 'love' you?
I only as far as gratitude & awe
confidently & absolutely go.

I have no idea whether we live again.
It doesn't seem likely
from either the scientific or the philosophical point of view
but certainly all things are possible to you,

and I believe as fixedly in the Resurrection-appearances
  to Peter & to Paul
as I believe I sit in this blue chair.
Only that may have been a special case
to establish their initiatory faith.

Whatever your end may be, accept my amazement.
May I stand until death forever at attention
for any your least instruction or enlightenment.
I even feel sure you will assist me again,
  Master of insight & beauty.

Holy, as I suppose I dare to call you
without pretending to know anything about you
but infinite capacity everywhere & always
& in particular certain goodness to me.

Yours is the crumpling, to my sister-in-law terrifying thunder,
yours the candelabra buds sticky in Spring,
Christ's mercy,
the gloomy wisdom of godless Freud:

yours the lost souls in ill-attended wards,
those agonized thro' the world
at this instant of time, all evil men,
Belsen, Omaha Beach,—

incomprehensible to man your ways.
May be the Devil after all exists.
'I don't try to reconcile anything' said the poet at eighty,
'This is a damned strange world.'

Man is ruining the pleasant earth & man.
What at last, my Lord, will you allow?
Postpone till after my children's deaths your doom
if it be thy ineffable, inevitable will.

I say 'Thy kingdom come,' it means nothing to me
Hast Thou prepared astonishments for man?
One sudden Coming? Many so believe.
So not, without knowing anything, do I.

Sole watchman of the flying stars, guard me
against my flicker of impulse lust: teach me
to see them as sisters & daughters. Sustain
my grand endeavors: husbandship & crafing.

Forsake me not when my wild hours come;
grant me sleep nightly, grace soften my dreams;
achieve in me patience till the thing be done,
a careful view of my achievement come.

Make me from time to time the gift of the shoulder.
When all hurt nerves whine shut away the whiskey.
Empty my heart toward Thee.
Let me pace without fear the common path of death.

Cross am I sometimes with my little daughter:
fill her eyes with tears. Forgive me, Lord.
Unite my various soul,
sole watchman of the wide & single stars.

If I say Thy name, art Thou there? It may be so.
Thou art not absent-minded, as I am.
I am so much so I had to give up driving.
You attend, I feel, to the matters of man.

Across the ages certain blessings swarm,
horrors accumulate, the best men fail:
Socrates, Lincoln, Christ mysterious.
Who can search Thee out?

except Isaiah & Pascal, who saw.
I dare not ask that vision, though a piece of it
at last in crisis was vouchsafèd me.
I altered then for good, to become yours.

Caretaker! take care, for we run in straits.
Daily, by night, we walk naked to storm,
some threat of wholesale loss, to ruinous fear.
Gift us with long cloaks & adrenalin.

Who haunt the avenues of Angkor Wat
recalling all that prayer, that glory dispersed,
haunt me at the corner of Fifth & Hennepin.
Shield & fresh fountain! Manifester! Even mine.

Holy, & holy. The damned are said to say
'We never thought we would come into this place.'
I'm fairly clear, my Friend, there's no such place
ordained for inappropriate & evil man.

Surely they fall dull, & forget. We too,
the more or less just, I feel fall asleep
dreamless forever while the worlds hurl out.
Rest may be your ultimate gift.

Rest or transfiguration! come & come
whenever Thou wilt. My daughter & my son
fend will without me, when my work is done
in Your opinion.

Strengthen my widow, let her dream on me
thro' tranquil hours less & down to less.
Abrupt elsewhere her heart, I sharply hope.
I leave her in wise Hands.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Alfred Balk
Henry Brandon • Harrison Brown
Charles Frankel • Frank G. Jennings
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Roltene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss

Treading Water

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One month after the Pacem in Maribus Convocation was adjourned in Malta [see p. 15] the U.N. Committee on the Seabed convened in Geneva. Clark M. Eichelberger, executive director of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, reports on the results of that meeting.*

The United Nations Committee on the Seabed adjourned its summer session in Geneva August 29 with a sense of immediate failure. It had been expected that this committee, after having spent several years in discussion, would be able to forward a set of agreed principles to the twenty-fifth anniversary session of the General Assembly. Hopefully, the assembly, after debating and adopting the principles, would instruct the Seabed Committee to take the second and third steps: the formulation of a treaty or treaties establishing a regime for the sea, and the creation of international machinery to administer it.

Failure to have adopted principles is all the more tragic because a larger number of delegates had been in accord upon a greater number of principles than at any previous time. The principle that the seabed beyond some internationally agreed boundary and its resources are the common heritage of mankind was almost universally accepted. The delegates were close to unanimity that a proportion of the revenues of the seabed accrue to the developing states and those that are landlocked. Most nations acknowledged the need for an international organization, presumably connected with the U.N., to safeguard the sea.

What happened then to prevent the adoption of these principles? For one thing, roadblocks were erected by the Soviet Union and several of the Latin American states of such a nature as to give rise to the charge that they did not want an agreement at all.

Late in the session the Soviet Union insisted that the principle that the seabed be used for peaceful purposes only —on which there was general agreement—be expanded to a call for the complete demilitarization of the seabed. This did not make sense, because in the Disarmament Conference, meeting simultaneously, the Soviet Union and the United States were agreeing to a treaty to ban nuclear weapons from the seabed. Further, the Soviet Union objected to a forthright statement that a share of the revenues from the seabed go to the developing states, and to a statement that the regime be administered by an international authority.

A few Latin American states proved equally rigid. The members of the committee had been trying to skirt around claims by some of these states for a 200-mile territorial limit by indicating that eventually there should be internationally agreed boundaries of national jurisdiction. The Brazilian delegate objected to any such phrase on the ground that it was the right of each state to determine how far its boundaries went into the sea.

Balancing the immediate sense of failure, the importance of the initiative by the United States cannot be exaggerated. On the opening day of the conference, the U.S. delegation presented a draft of a comprehensive regime, including an outline of the international machinery structure and incorporating the basic principles upon which most committee members were agreed.

The U.S. plan is based on the concept of the seabed being safeguarded and developed as a common heritage of mankind. The international seabed area shall comprise the entire seabed beyond the 200-meter depth. There shall be no annexation or sovereign claims in this area. A portion of the revenues would go to international community purposes. A trusteeship zone would be established for that area that lies between the 200-meter depth and the farthest extent of the continental slope. The coastal states would be trustees for this area, for which heavy responsibility they would receive a percentage of the revenues, the remainder going to the international community. The international authority would have supervisory powers over the administration of this area. Beyond the end of the continental slope, which has yet to be clearly defined, the vast area of the deep seabed would be entirely under the control of the international agency.

What was the reaction of other delegates to the U.S. plan? Few would accept it without change. Indeed, the U.S. delegation had made it clear that the draft was a working paper to be changed after suggestions from other states. Basically, however, there was deep appreciation for the initiative shown by the United States and wide recognition that the plan will form the basis of a regime for the sea.

Since many countries are in general agreement as to principles, the United Nations may find a way of leapfrogging the problem by proceeding to formulate the international regime and the international authority to implement it without delay. Ambassador Christopher Phillips, head of the U.S. delegation, possibly indicated future procedure when he said, "Principles may be our most difficult task. If we can pass this stage and move on to the serious negotiations of a treaty, we may all find it easier to agree on the principles. For our part, we discovered that it was easier to arrive at principles when we set them against the background of a comprehensive regime."

Events in the Middle East and Vietnam, and domestic considerations overshadowed the news from Geneva. In the context of history, however, the effort to safeguard 70 per cent of the Earth's surface from a power struggle and to preserve it for the use of all mankind may be the most constructive development of our time.

—CLARK M. EICHELBERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Changes in Health Care

RE: "Health Care: Rx for Change" [*SR*, Aug. 22].

The real prescription for change, in the view of many, is the group health movement, which was mentioned only in passing in *SR*'s special business section. The good group plans are *systems*. An example with which I am familiar is Group Health Co-operative of Puget Sound, which offers comprehensive care oriented to prevention rather than crisis treatment. This one organization provides the full range of services—prepaid coverage, hospital, doctor, laboratory, pharmacy—within an integrated system. Its goal is not to make a profit at each step along the way, but rather to provide top quality service to its patient-members, who control the business affairs and general policies through leaders who are elected democratically.

The professional staff thus is allowed to concentrate on health care, without having to be concerned with administering a professional office. Also, medical doctors must demonstrate high competence during a probationary period when they first join the staff, and even after that they are subject to review and leadership from senior members of the staff.

The benefits of all of this to the member-patient, the consumer, are obvious.

WARREN GUYKEMA,
Olympia, Wash.

WE ARE RUNNING a demonstration project here in Phoenix that suggests that—contrary to John H. Knowles's statement in his article "Where Doctors Fail"—doctors do want change. I refer to the fact that the undersigned have introduced a come-and-go surgical facility that has received excellent support and cooperation from the physicians in the community. It appears that physicians will support the change if the change is feasible and/or worthwhile.

I dare say in the area of our concern, which is the delivery of care to come-and-go surgical patients, we would come out very well in any comparison with the care delivered by Massachusetts General Hospital. We are happy to accept the challenge issued by Dr. Knowles in his article. Since he has left the choice open to us, we are naming the measures to compare—i.e., the quality and cost of care of the ambulatory surgical patient—and are notifying him of our acceptance of his challenge by separate letter.

To touch on another point in the presentation, it is regrettable that misconceptions about medical statistics find ready acceptance by the press; it is time that some of them are challenged. Let us consider for a moment that much-abused statistic concerning infant mortality. Has anyone asked to what extent the mortality rate among Indians influences the standing of the United States? And do people stop to realize that the medical care of the Indians is a benefit these Indians enjoy as wards of the United States government?

As practicing physicians, we are well aware of the deficiencies in our system; and we are doing what we can—along with many others in the Maricopa County Medical Society and similar societies elsewhere—to eliminate them.

Our medical society has recently formed a Foundation for Medical Care (not mentioned by Dr. Knowles in his article, although our counterpart has existed in Stockton and Santa Clara counties in California for many years), has initiated a CHAP program—which was praised by Dr. Knowles—and is currently cooperating enthusiastically with the Comprehensive Health Planning Council's Task Force for Health Care of the Poor and the State Health Planning Authority in developing an alternative to Title XIX. So, change is in the air in Maricopa County, and it is being supported by the physicians of the community.

We'll be happy to incorporate medical corpsmen into the system, too, as soon as the malpractice barriers are eliminated. As things stand now, a physician who assumes the responsibilities of the acts of an unlicensed corpsman is exposing himself to all kinds of medical-legal risks.

WALLACE A. REED, M.D.,
JOHN L. FORD, M.D.,
Phoenix, Ariz.

THE ARTICLE by Dr. Knowles was excellent; unfortunately, it was sandwiched between some rather sophomoric journalism by a group of dubious authorities. The much-needed reform in delivery of medical care can best be done by the ones with the most experience, namely, the physicians. Unfortunately, we lack the leadership and are too bogged down in patient care to rapidly effect these changes. This leaves a vacuum that is being filled by do-gooders, social workers, politicians, and journalists with good intentions but nothing else. Medically speaking, they don't know their glutei from their olecranons.

GEORGE A. COHN, M.D.,
Clinical Associate Professor
of Neurosurgery,
State University of New York
at Buffalo,
Buffalo, N.Y.

True Love

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S guest editorial "Festival of Freedom" [*SR*, Aug. 29], referring to the approaching bicentennial of America in 1976, put to rest the idiotic idea that this should be "an occasion for feasting and celebration."

Rather the event should be a solemn recollection of Adlai Stevenson's magnificent statement: "The real patriots are those who love America as she is, but who want the beloved to be more lovable."

EDWARD H. DARE,
Stamford, Conn.

Sad Development

I HAVE READ with interest Horace Sutton's article on Cape Cod, "Some Fancy Capework" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Sept. 5], and am sorry to report that the scale model of the Marconi station at South Wellfleet has been boarded up because of vandalism.

MRS. MARY SWAN,
Hyannis Port, Mass.

"Daddykins, I'm in love with a hardhat!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Black Dance

BLACK DANCE AND DANCERS, representing African, Caribbean, tap, jazz, modern dance, and balletic forms, were prominent in most of this summer's dance events. What was impressive was not only the performing and the choreographic accomplishments but also the great scope of dance styles and concepts. I cannot begin to record them all here, but let me provide a sampling.

The Dance Theatre of Harlem, founded and directed by Arthur Mitchell (a principal with the New York City Ballet) and with Karel Shook (internationally known teacher and ballet master) as associate artistic director, is the world's only black classical ballet company, just as Mr. Mitchell himself was the first of his race to become what the French would call a *premier danseur étoile* with a white classical ballet company.

It was barely two years ago that Mitchell began teaching black children classical ballet, and yet today, these very students, augmented by others discovered by Mitchell and Shook throughout the country, constitute a highly professional and engaging troupe. There have been several appearances, even short tours, by the company; but its first "engagement," as Mitchell described it, was the one-week stand at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in Lee, Massachusetts. And this is fitting, because ever since the Ted Shawn Theater was built nearly thirty years ago, black dancers have been participants in every Jacob's Pillow season.

(Incidentally, the concern of Ted Shawn and the late Ruth St. Denis for the black dancer goes back to Denishawn itself. At Denishawn House in New York City in the late 1920s, Edna Guy became a protégée of Miss St. Denis and founded what Shawn today recalls as the first Negro "art" dance company in America. The Negro Concert Dancers, headed by Miss Guy and her partner, Hemsley Winfield, made its debut April 29, 1931, in New York.)

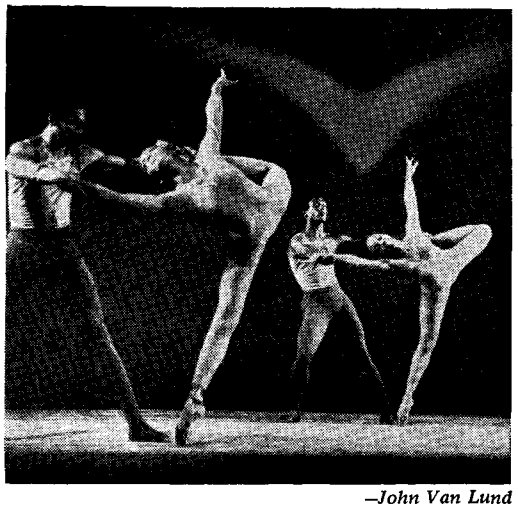
The program that the Dance Theatre of Harlem presented at the Pillow was choreographed by Mitchell and ranged from the purest and most elegant examples of classical ballet to dance episodes that echoed ancient rituals. In all, the Mitchell-Shook dancers performed beautifully and gave pleasure to the seven sets of audiences who had traveled from near and far to see them. Now, how about a New York "engagement"?

The following week the festival featured one of the Pillow's most popular dance stars, Haiti's Jean-Léon Destiné and his company. M. Destiné uses neither ballet nor modern dance for his choreographic base. Indeed, he has forged his own theatrical dance technique—and a brilliant one it is—from folk materials native to Haiti, from the French-derived social dances, and especially from the intensely dynamic actions born of voudoun ceremonies.

The Destiné drummers were Alphonse Cimber and Jacques Succès, both brilliant artists. Earlier in the month, Cimber, who is a one-man Philharmonic on his drums, was out in Wichita, Kansas, as a key figure in "The Talking Drums of Africa," an informative and entertaining lecture-demonstration that Percival Borde (who comes from Trinidad and who is married to that remarkable dancer-choreographer-anthropologist, Pearl Primus) and his dancers gave at the third annual American Dance Symposium.

The New York Dance Festival, produced by Donald Saddler and presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival free to the public in the open-air Delacorte Theater in New York's Central Park, included performances by black artists, among them the integrated Donald McKayle Dance Company with a technique rooted in modern dance, and Mura Dehn's Traditional Jazz Dance Company in a program described as being "from rag to rock." The McKayle dancers gave us

(*Continued on page* 45)

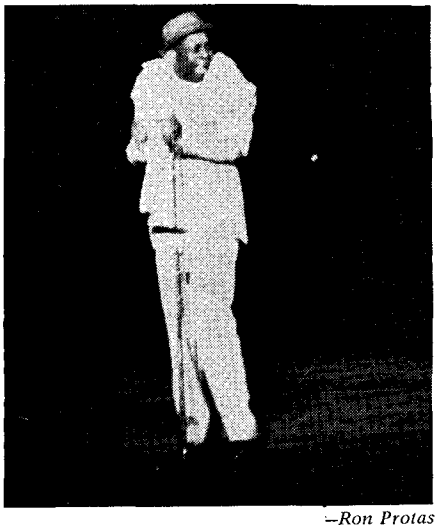


–John Van Lund

Dance Theatre of Harlem–"the dancers performed beautifully."

–Gyenes, Madrid

Jean-Léon Destiné–"He has forged his own theatrical dance technique, and a brilliant one it is."



–Ron Protas

Big Stomp James Cross of Mura Dehn's Traditional Jazz Dance Company–"hoofing, tapping, singing, joking."

–Ilfeld-Bauman

Percival Borde–"informative and entertaining."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reynolds Price Who Outgrew the Southern Pastoral

by THEODORE SOLOTAROFF

PERMANENT ERRORS

by Reynolds Price

Atheneum, 253 pp., $6.50

Eight years ago Reynolds Price, then twenty-nine years old, published a first novel called *A Long and Happy Life*, which immediately established him as the legitimate heir of the great Southern writers of the past generations. The book is about a sweet, firm, country-wise girl named Rosacoke Mustian, who works for the phone company in a hamlet in the Piedmont region and waits for a boy named Wesley Beavers to stop running around and settle down.

Rosacoke's name is but the first of the indignities of her life that she bears with a natural and virtually unremitting grace, and Wesley's name is only the beginning of his intent, elusive, and horny nature. Otherwise, Price didn't have much to work with. But from these banalities, enclosed in a world where little happens except births, deaths, and Christmas, Price constructed a novel with what Mark Twain once called "the calm confidence of a Christian with four aces," one so full of feeling that it reverberates in every sentence. Here is the opening one:

> Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles towards Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers, and laid against his back like sleep, spraddle-legged on the sheepskin seat behind him was Rosacoke Mustian who was maybe his girl and who had given up looking into the wind and trying to nod at every sad car in the line, and when he even speeded up and passed the truck (lent for the afternoon by Mr. Isaac Alston and driven by Sammy his man, hauling one pine box and one black boy dressed in all he could borrow, set up in a ladder-back chair with flowers banked round him and a foot on the box to steady it)—when he even passed that, Rosacoke said once into his back "Don't" and rested in humiliation, not thinking but with her hands on his hips for dear life and her white blouse blown out behind her like a banner in defeat.

Some beginning—of a book, of a career. Its sheer virtuosity is like that of a quarterback who on the first play of his first professional game throws a sixty-yard pass on the run, hitting the receiver exactly at the instant he breaks into the clear: a tremendous assertion of agility, power, timing, and accuracy. I won't try to give this sentence the English 31 treatment; I shall merely point out that detail by detail, image by image, Price has built up a complete synoptic view of the novel to come: its movement, figures, ground, issues, tonality, meaning. It is a sentence made up of charged essences—bits of imaginative uranium that radiate implications. It is also a sentence whose unfolding, suspenseful syntax marks the born storyteller. Finally, it is a sentence that could only have been written by someone in perfect touch with his material. The experience of connection with a society is behind every word, simile, cadence—a live experience caught at the point of overflow and then bodied forth as art.

I have paused too long over this one sentence, but no matter. I write of Price out of a sense of appreciation that I want you to share, and so I have to be specific. Also, the sentence marks a starting point in what has become a complex career. In his second novel, *A*

THEODORE SOLOTAROFF is editor of the *New American Review*. *The Red Hot Vacuum*, a collection of his essays on writing in the 1960s, will be published next month.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

27 **"Permanent Errors,"** by Reynolds Price

29 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

30 **"Enid Bagnold's Autobiography"**

31 **"The Grass of Oblivion,"** by Valentin Katayev

32 **Pick of the Paperbacks,** by Rollene W. Saal

34 **"Strategy for Tomorrow,"** by Hanson W. Baldwin; **"What Price Vigilance?: The Burdens of National Defense,"** by Bruce M. Russett; **"Race to Oblivion: A Participant's View of the Arms Race,"** by Herbert York

36 **"Crimson Ramblers of the World, Farewell,"** by Jessamyn West

37 **"Inter Ice Age 4,"** by Kobo Abé

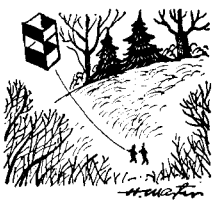
38 **"Journey for Joedel,"** by Guy Owen

39 **Criminal Record,** by Haskel Frankel

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Generous Man, Price returned to the Mustian family, this time focusing on Milo, Rosacoke's older brother, in his three days of passage into manhood and his one brimming moment of glory as the prince of his erotic desires and all they surveyed. Already moving on from *A Long and Happy Life* and from *The Names and Faces of Heroes* (a first collection of stories as sure in their realism as Chekhov's), Price turned Milo's story into something very different.

A Generous Man is a romance in form: the elegiac note of Milo's adventure rising and falling through melodrama, farce, and even literary burlesque. Partly the farce is there to convey the leveling and coarsening that awaited Milo and would turn him into the bitter buffoon who appears six years later in Rosacoke's story. But it is also there as a kind of distance that Price was opening up between himself and the tradition of Southern pastoral in which he had begun so securely. Much of Rosacoke's world, though no less coarse, had been composed as a kind of vibrant emptiness of woods, fields, and lonely roads; Milo's was filled in by a community of misfits and clowns. It was as though Price had now brought together Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell: the theme of *The Bear* turned into a desultory, silly hunt for a carnival snake named Death; the



motifs of rootedness—to place, family, folkways, etc.—undercut by a chronicle of displaced kin wandering into weird reunion attended even by a murderous family ghost. There is a lot of playfulness in Milo's story, but it is finally a bitterer one than Rosacoke's.

When the impotent sheriff, a kind of backwoods Montaigne, says to Milo, "Don't think it's morning when it's late afternoon," the burden of the novel which follows is that Milo's golden energy is not only his own valedictory but also that of a way of life, youth being the one glowing coal in these ashes. Among the losses, catalogued as well as foreseen, in *A Generous Man* is, I think, the loss of Price's early, full, harmonious relationship with the inhabitants of Mustian Corners, or whatever it's called, and possibly with the place itself.

In any case, his fiction since then has steered clear of it. His last novel, *Love and Work,* and this new collection of stories, *Permanent Errors,* are obviously intended to bring his writing level with his later experience and temperament. If he had grown up partly with people like the Mustians, he was also a boy from the Southern middle class who had gone to Duke and to Oxford University in England, and had returned to Duke as a teacher and writer-in-residence. Indeed, the last is mainly what these two recent books are about: a writer in residence in himself. They are also the work of a man who is further along in his life. The precocious brilliance and composure of his first novel no longer seem of much interest to Price; the artistry is still there but it is case-hardened, mainly by his own experience and the issues that relate to it. The sense of loss that still works through his themes like yeast in bread is now for a girl one has loved for years, or a mother, or a wife. Instead of the losses of life cresting, there are those of life already dwindling. By the time a writer is well into his thirties, the bonus of energy he has received from his ambitions and enthusiasms begins to run out, and other things—sacrificed, ignored, misunderstood—catch up with him. The thirties are a time to pay up and to try to start anew.

Love and Work is a virtually complete portrait of a writer who has placed working before living, who expected his art to strengthen and redeem his life when the practice of it was chilling his already cool nature down to the freezing point. "The perfection of the life or of the work?" Yeats's choice isn't that simple, not if one lives with others, not if one is still attached to them by the chains (in both senses) of love. Thomas Eborn, a writer in his early thirties has kept his hostages to fortune down to two: his mother, who has an inoperable aneurysm, and his wife, who dutifully helps support both of them but is becoming skeptical.

While Eborn is writing an essay on the blessing of work ("... free through the exercise of my proud and growing skill from other human beings, free even from those people I love, especially them . . . free from ourselves, our final enemy . . ."), his mother tries to reach him. But he has a deadline, can't be disturbed, and before he gets back to her the "time-bomb" in her forehead has gone off. His dreams tell him that he has been secretly willing it. A second death soon follows: a boy whom he has helped pull from a wrecked car.

Eborn feels himself to be the victim of some black destiny. When will it end, he asks. "When I let it. When I've stripped all attachments from myself; stand clear of my family, friends, hindering strangers; stand alone, my own." But then his work begins to come through for him. Partly as repa-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

NOT WRIT IN WATER

A dozen inscriptions—and Audrey Van Mell of Chicago sets you the task of determining the story, book, or play in which each one appears, as well as where it was inscribed. The solution is inscribed on page 30.

1. All hope abandon, ye who enter here ( )
2. Amor vincit omnia ( )
3. Desdichado ( )
4. DUM ( )
5. From little Cecily, with her fondest love to her dear Uncle Jack ( )
6. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you ( )
7. Lead us into temptation ( )
8. Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! ( )
9. Magic Theatre. Entrance not for Everybody ( )
10. Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin ( )
11. To the Unknown God ( )
12. Victim of L.C.D.J. Pray for me! ( )

a. *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*
b. *Pilgrim's Progress*
c. *Steppenwolf*
d. *Acts of the Apostles*
e. *Book of Daniel*
f. *The Wandering Jew*
g. *Inferno*
h. *Through the Looking Glass*
i. *Ivanhoe*
j. *Importance of Being Earnest*
k. *Canterbury Tales*
l. *Ozymandias*

A. on bronze medals
B. on a wall
C. on a town seal
D. on a signboard
E. on the pedestal of a statue
F. embroidered on a collar
G. on an altar
H. on a suit of armor
I. in a cigarette case
J. on a gold brooch
K. over a gate
L. over a portal arch

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ration, he starts a novel about his dead parents' courtship, writing some thirty pages that have a genuine authority of detail and feeling (it most reminds me of Reynolds Price's early fiction). He coaxes a reaction from his wife; when it comes, it is devastating: "Easy lies," she says. Other revelations follow, the final one being a blinding vision of his parents' actual love for each other, which in his willed self-isolation he can now no more write about than share.

That's a superficial reading. In its deeper reaches, *Love and Work* is a novel about the unconscious and its circuits of love, fear, and punishment —what used to be called God. There is more than a hint of the spiritual in Price, rather like that in E. M. Forster or Rilke, which takes a psychological rather than a theological form: a powerful sense of dark unseen forces and influences that are only partly explained by the description of emotions and that require not just attention but supplication. This preoccupation comes increasingly into the foreground of *Permanent Errors*, a collection of stories and other pieces that, written over a period of seven years, lead up to and away from the issues of *Love and Work*.

In a brief, rather cryptic introduction Price tells us that the pieces are joined by a common intention: "the attempt to isolate in a number of lives the central error of act, will, understanding which, once made, has been permanent, incurable, but whose diagnosis and palliation are the hopes of continuance." Most of the errors in the book are committed by writers, who share Eborn's view that a writer needs solitude and detachment as a fish needs water (which happens to be true), but who use this need as a cover for vanity, timidity, selfishness, blindness, and other modes of withdrawal and assault.

There are two, possibly three, main examples. The first is Charles Tamplin, a young American writer living in England, who is involved in four pieces collectively titled "Fool's Education." Tamplin is something of an esthete and a prig who tends to view his experience from a self-protective literary attitude and to take his knowledge of life from the happiness and the scars of others. But he is not merely foolish: he has a quick, relevant understanding of what he sees, and though it comes too late to profit him in his life, it can, once recognized, accepted, and grieved over, perhaps help to strengthen him in his vocation. His situation is beautifully rendered in the first story, which deals with the last day of his long-standing affair with a girl from home,

(*Continued on page* 46)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Zenith of Gingerbread

A LINE IN William Harlan Hale's review of the Speer memoirs [*SR*, Aug. 29] challenges me as a nit-picker: "Hitler's taste was for early Wilhelminian and late Viennese gingerbread—the very nadir of decadent and eclectic design." The word *nadir* is one of those metaphoric words that are likely to appeal to rhetoric at the expense of precise meaning. While it can indeed mean *the lowest point*, this point must be referred to a system in which there is a *zenith* as well as a *nadir*. If Hitler's taste was for the nadir of decadent design, whose would be for the zenith of decadent design?

FRANK VERRALL,
Bloomington, Minn.

Familiar Sores

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T be so condescending with Joan Didion [*SR*, Aug. 15]. She was one of the best reasons to mourn the *Post*, one of the best reasons to go past looking to reading in *Life*.

If the person and hurt she puts on paper is artifice, it's believable. I think I recognize a lot of familiar sores.

I don't have my little Collected Frost handy, so I doubtless misquote: "No one can know/How glad I am to find/On any page/The slightest sign of mind."

DAVID CALHOUN,
Portland, Ore.

"Free States"

IN HIS REVIEW of *John Brown: The Sword and the Word* [*SR*, Aug. 22] T. Harry Williams said that the author's contention that John Brown ". . . could have retired into the mountains and there have set up a 'free state' government . . . is based on assumptions that have little if any relation to known facts." Certainly Professor Williams is aware of the fact that slaves did set up "free states." Florida was the setting for two "Seminole Wars." The second Seminole War lasted from 1835-42, and the former black slaves, in conjunction with their Indian allies, operated from bases deep in the Everglades and swamps, where they, indeed, had set up "free state" governments.

PETER OLSEN,
Jamaica, N.Y.

Unjustifiable Epithets

THIS READER WAS STARTLED at the venomous temper of the review by David Littlejohn of *The Van Wyck Brooks-Lewis Mumford Letters* [*SR*, Aug. 22].

Nothing in the quotations from the book justifies the epithets "distorted, degraded, mean." Those of us who have read the books and perhaps some of the letters of these two eminent men will find it impossible to believe that either of them is capable of earning such slashing rebukes. That they are highly sensitive men, who can occasionally be severe in criticism, may be admitted, but to write of their "pettiness and egoism and wrongheadedness" is surely beyond the canons of justifiable criticism.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER,
Spokane, Wash.

Evidence of Inadequacy Inadequate

ACCORDING TO JOHN W. HUGHES [*SR*, Aug. 8], Mike Harper is guilty of "oversight"in the poetic vision: he "would rather chase the *Zeitgeist* than court the Muse." Proof of this pudding for Mr. Hughes is Harper's remarkable poem "Brother John," of which Mr. Hughes kindly provides the reader a snippet. I doubt that Mr. Hughes would quote a line or two from a Gregorian chant or a Rodgers and Hart tune as evidence of its inadequacies but with Harper's poem, jazz-oriented and in the oral tradition, as Harper forewarns, such practices are A-OK.

ROBERT STEPTO,
Palo Alto, Calif.

No Age Restrictions

RE: CY UPHAM'S letter in BOOK FORUM Sept. 5: *Lost Names* is indeed for everyone. All books recommended for young adults are adult titles, chosen because they should appeal to young people. There is no intended implication that they are for young people *only*.

ZENA SUTHERLAND,
Editor,
SR's Books for Young People,
Chicago, Ill.

Fine Writing

TAGLIENTE [EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, Aug. 8] wasn't a famous literary critic—he was a famous writing master. His book deals with calligraphic, not literary, excellence.

RICHARD S. WORMSER,
Bethel, Conn.

League of Frightened Men?

ANTICIPATING THE MALE MAIL about Muriel Haynes's fine essay review of *Sexual Politics* [*SR*, Aug. 29], may I suggest that your outraged readers band together to form an American chapter of the Japanese organization called Kyosai-Kai?

They can, of course, translate Kyosai-Kai into English. It means The Afraid-of-Our-Wives Club.

PAUL ELLIOTT,
New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS ON DEFYING the patriarchal system and trusting *Sexual Politics* to a woman for review.

KATHLEEN GALLAGHER,
Baltimore, Md.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENID BAGNOLD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 382 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Norris Houghton

■ This review must begin with a confession: rather late in both our lives I have fallen in love with Lady Jones (Enid Bagnold to you). We have never met, so it cannot be love at first sight. It is rather love at first knowing, and the knowing has come from reading her *Autobiography*. Of course, I was acquainted with her plays, but I had not awakened to the full flush of the personality behind them—although, God knows, I should have.

"I shall continue to explore—the astonishment of living," says the character Miss Madrigal toward the end of Miss Bagnold's play *The Chalk Garden*. Like many of her characters, this one speaks for its creator, as becomes evident when one moves down the years through the unfolding pages of this witty, wise, candid, original account of a witty, wise, candid, original woman's life. The author at eighty (now eighty-one) continues "to explore the astonishment of living" with as much zest yesterday as at the beginning.

Between the lines one gathers that she has always been something of a handful. From her childhood in Jamaica (the daughter of a colonel in the Army Engineers), her growing up ("I simply, in 1907, couldn't get to grips with a man. . . . there was a battery there but it was wired up wrong.") and her early years away from home in London (where Frank Harris managed to straighten out her wiring in an upper room at the Café Royal), down to the production of her last play, *The Chinese Prime Minister* (during which she and the director quit speaking to each other), she has been eager, willful, intrepid, impatient—or so one gathers from her account.

Enid Bagnold has, in fact, lived several lives. As the socially prominent Lady Jones she presided over the town and country houses of her husband, Sir Roderick, the chairman of Reuters, and raised their four children. As Enid Bagnold she wrote the novels *Diary Without Dates, Serena Blandish, National Velvet, The Loved and Envied* (to mention but four). Her plays have included, in addition to *The Chalk Garden, Lottie Dundass, The Last Joke,* and *The Chinese Prime Minister.*

On the first page of this book we read: " 'You must write your autobiography.' 'Why?' 'You have known so many interesting people.' 'Psha!' 'Why?' 'Because I can't waste the end of my life telling you anecdotes about interesting people. I can only write about myself.' " She then devotes many of the ensuing 375 pages to anecdotes about these very people. For "people," she discovers, "turn the corners of doors, the doors of living. You can't leave them out; they are hinges."

—*From the book*

Enid Bagnold at twenty—"eager, willful, intrepid, impatient."

Many of them will be unfamiliar to Americans under thirty. For others, the names of Ralph Hodgson, Middleton Murry, Walter Sickert, Lovat Fraser will ring only echoes of bells. But to the autobiographer they are sharp and clear. To be sure, she disarmingly admits that "I have no straight and simple recollections, but a memory falsified by cross-lights and undependable." And earlier she had remarked, "I can plainly see him [Hugh Kingsmill] down in the yard. . . . If he says in his book he wasn't there I don't believe it. He is dead. I am eighty. There's no arguing with either of us."

Because of Miss Bagnold's several lives the theatrical one did not begin until she was in her mid-fifties (her latest play was written when she was seventy-five), the stage and her career as a playwright occupy scarcely more than a quarter of the book. These pages I, as a theater man, am best able to appreciate. Her description of her visit to the Lunts' home at Genesee is tantalizing; her full-length portrait of Irene Selznick and her shorter sketches of Edith Evans, Alan Webb, and Margaret Leighton are sharply and accurately etched. Into Miss Bagnold's account of her stage triumphs and failures is packed so much truth, illustrated by so many telling incidents, that it should be devoured by all aspiring dramatists. As she so accurately declares, "The theater is a gross art, built in sweeps and overemphasis. Compromise is its second name. What I do cannot easily be remade in the bodies, movements, voices of human beings. Ah," she reminisces, "If I had known the delicate and bitter labor far far ahead . . . if I had known the agony, the lost and spilt meanings—well, I would have done it all the same." It might be Chekhov speaking.

Again, with accuracy bred of experience, the playwright—speaking of Edith Evans—observes: "I on my side knew that a dramatist and a Star actress can rarely be friends. They are in a high sense enemies from the start. . . . Who serves who? For it's not really collaboration. The arts are too different. *One* has to be master. It used to be the Star. In Henry Irving's time it was the dramatist who was the vehicle. But for the last forty years the battle has been on. Ibsen had his deep troubles. Shaw was made of steel. For all they make use of his novels now, Henry James fled from the stalls to wander, broken, about London. So Ethel Sands told me—who went that night with him [And who, Americans under thirty might ask, was Ethel Sands? Miss Bagnold doesn't tell them]. . . . When a real actress spends her life in the theater she talks their language and not mine. An Abyssinian to an Eskimo."

These theatrical reminiscences by Miss Bagnold are, we see, tinged with some bitterness. As she left the out-of-town tryout of a flop she "wanted to tell of this glorious heartbreaking and little-known adventure—the horror, haste, hope and compromise of putting on a play. And of its failure, when one bows, riddled with arrows like Saint Sebastian, before a condemning public." But then, she adds, "I draw the arrows out and drop them in the dustbin and nothing at all has happened to me. I am not in pain."

Enid Bagnold has filed her final "diary without dates" (and it is notably lacking in the latter)—or perhaps it is not final, after all: "I shall continue to explore the astonishment of living."

Norris Houghton, co-founder of the Phoenix Theatre in Manhattan, is at present dean of theater arts at the State University of New York's new college at Purchase.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 gL, 2kJ, 3iH, 4hF, 5jI, 6bK, 7aC, 8 lE, 9cD, 10 eB, 11 dG, 12fA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GRASS OF OBLIVION

by Valentin Katayev
translated from the Russian
by Robert Daglish

McGraw-Hill, 222 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons

■ "If it is not memoirs and not a novel, then what is it that I am writing now? Excerpts, reminiscences, fragments, thoughts, themes, essays, articles, quotations. . . ."

All these and other literary forms are in *The Grass of Oblivion,* and Valentin Katayev's whimsical confusion here is simply a mask to conceal his search for a new form that combines the arts of biography and autobiography. From the beginning of his career, when he was associated with that brilliant group of young authors whom Trotsky so aptly dubbed "fellow-travelers of the Revolution," he has been an experimenter in form, as reflected in such popular early novels as *The Embezzlers* (1927), *Time, Forward!* (1932), and *Lonely White Sail* (1936)—all translated into English. Although Katayev never carried his innovations to the extremes of the unfortunate Sinyavsky-Tertz, in *The Holy Well* (1966) he made a bold attempt to throw off the shackles of Soviet socialist realism in fiction, with its conventional time sequence and sterotyped plots, and to recapture the experience of life as seen through the medium of timeless fantasy.

In *The Holy Well* Katayev humorously calls his approach *mauvisme,* "the essence of which is that since everyone nowadays writes very well, you must write badly, as badly as possible, and then you will attract attention." His excellent translator, Robert Daglish, quotes this passage in his introduction to *The Grass of Oblivion,* and his rapt theorizing on it suggests that he takes his author's intentions a bit too seriously. With his Gogolian sense of fun, Katayev describes "that from-under look" of Mayakovsky as "Horned eyes. Foolish. But I always wanted to write it. Perhaps this is where the essence of *mauvisme* lies—write as you want to write, regardless of anything."

In fact, Katayev was never a defender of special artistic approaches or literary schools, and in his quips about *mauvisme* he is no doubt slyly ridiculing the shrunken shanks of socialist realism's dreary conservative jargon. He declares in *The Grass of Oblivion*: "The antagonism between literary trends. Is this not just a fiction? In my view these literary trends simply do not exist. There is only one trend in art: all-conquering genius. Or simply, talent. And imagination."

Imagination and talent of a high order are to be found in *The Grass of Oblivion.* It and its predecessor, *The Holy Well,* are fascinating reading, and have stirred up a critical and ideological controversy in the Soviet Union. This will no doubt encourage younger authors to attempt similar literary experimentation, but they can hardly expect to indulge in it with the impunity of the old and celebrated Katayev.

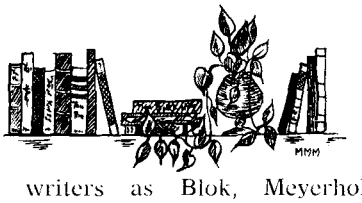
Though in design the work is an autobiographical narrative, the experiences of Katayev's life are largely refracted through the prism of extensive biographical treatments of Bunin and Mayakovsky: "I had learned to see the world from both of them," he writes. Chronology is sacrificed to emphasis, real events are filtered through the allegorical suggestiveness of bizarre dreams, an occasional short story is interpolated to heighten the emotion of actual experiences, and at one point Katayev recreates himself in the characterization of Rurik Pcholkin, a device that allows him more freedom to tell the truth about his own personality. Time and memory coalesce in lengthy conversations with his two literary heroes. His ability to recall all this talk verbatim after many years he blandly dismisses, remarking that perhaps it is only his imagination. And the whole narrative is interlarded with numerous quotations of verse—his own, Bunin's, Mayakovsky's, and others'—which serve to illustrate and accentuate deeply felt remembrances, or at times merely to convey his conviction of how poetry should be written. But the brightly varied pattern of the narrative is never allowed to stray too far from the realistic core of his story.

Katayev idolizes and hence idealizes his two heroes. "I loved him completely, as a person," he says of Bunin, the first Russian Nobel laureate in literature, and he extravagantly declares Mayakovsky "equal to Pushkin." Mingled with adoration is a wealth of factual material which emerges from Katayev's close relations with both writers and which provides a valuable source of fresh information for future formal biographies of them.

In describing his early contacts with Bunin in Odessa, Katayev wisely allows him to portray himself in abundant talk. Bunin stands revealed as an exquisite artist of words who regarded himself as inimitable and accepted only Tolstoy as superior (although he contemplated improving *Anna Karenina* by revising it). Bunin declared Dostoevsky to be "an utterly revolting writer," barely tolerated Chekhov as an equal, and damned all his contemporary rivals for sacrificing art to a pot of message of social significance. Katayev profoundly admired Bunin's artistry, originality, truthfulness to life, and his "highly perfected plasticity which has always distinguished Russian literature from all world literatures and in which it stands supreme. . . ." (a dubious critical generalization). Katayev saw the main tragedy of Bunin's life in his desertion of the Revolution and his country for "the so-called freedom and so-called independence he had spent his whole life in seeking."

The tragedy of Mayakovsky was different, according to Katayev, whose own artistic commitment was uncomplicated by the intense emotional and social forces that dominated his friend's creative spirit. Though he deplores Mayakovsky's helpless ideological struggle against opportunists of the right and extremists of the left, he either evades or does not understand the screw-turning of the Communist Party behind this fatal quarrel.

With insight Katayev points out that Mayakovsky was a tragic poet who wrote his finest works on themes of unrequited love and death. His life is portrayed here with compelling sympathy against a vivid backdrop of Moscow literary activity during the harsh but exciting early years after the Revolution. Recalling intimate gatherings and witty conversation, Katayev vitally brings to life such young artists

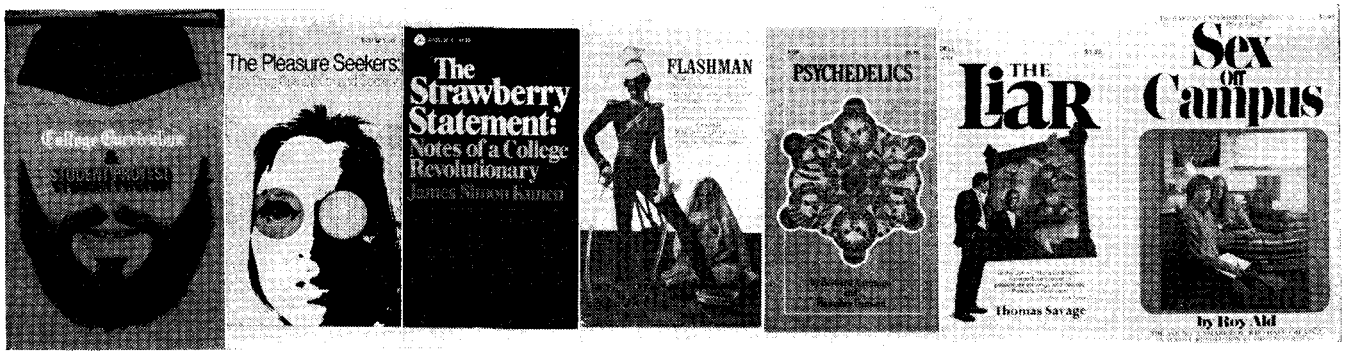


and writers as Blok, Meyerhold, Bulgakov, Mandelshtam, Babel, and Olesha, names that in misfortune and fame became fixtures in the annals of Soviet literature and art. Katayev singles out with unerring instinct those episodes in the life of Mayakovsky that reveal both his nature and the highest quality of his poetry. The thrilling account of Mayakovsky's public reading of his works is a tour de force of descriptive power.

At the end, however, one is left to guess the inner meaning behind Katayev's dedication of this largest part of what seems to be an autobiography to the biographies of these two great writers—Bunin, who rejected the Revolution and led an embittered émigré existence abroad, and Mayakovsky, who accepted the Revolution that in many respects served to crush him and contributed to his suicide. As for Katayev himself, he seemed to have no doubt—or did he? "Whatever I am and have been, I owe my life and my work to the Revolution. And to it alone."

Ernest J. Simmons is the author of several biographies of Russian writers and critical studies of Russian literature.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"Each person has his own essence," says Elie Wiesel, a soft-spoken, slight, wiry man. "Mine is my Jewishness." For most Americans religion is a separate part of their lives, at best informing it spiritually. For novelist Wiesel, whose *A Beggar in Jerusalem* has held its place on the best-seller lists with surprising tenacity, Jewishness defines his whole being.

Born in Hungary in 1928, he was sent at the age of fifteen to Auschwitz, then to Buchenwald, with his father, mother, and sisters. He alone survived. The holocaust is the subject of *Dawn, The Gates of the Forest, Town Beyond the Wall, Night,* and the recently published *Accident* (Avon 95¢), which, though it has a New York setting, finds its concentration-camp survivor seeking reasons for continuing to exist. Wiesel's novels, written in French, are spare, asking and answering—in terms of characters and their relationships to one another and sometimes even to God—essential questions about good and evil. Surprisingly, in view of the nature of the material and the uncompromising intellectual zeal with which Wiesel pursues it, his books in Avon paperbacks have sold nearly a quarter of a million copies.

After his rescue, Wiesel was taken with other children on a train to France, where he studied and became a journalist. Now an American citizen, he recently married another naturalized American, herself a survivor of Hitler's genocide. Unlike many Jews, Elie Wiesel is more than ethnically involved. He rises at six each morning in his Manhattan apartment and writes until ten, when he goes to the Jewish Theological Seminary to study the Talmud. "When the ancient rabbis in 70 A.D. knew the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem was at hand, they prepared for the long exile with the Talmud," he says. "It is an entire kingdom in words."

His Judaism is not parochial. "Being a Jew means speaking out for Biafra or against Songmy. All things that are universal hurt me or please me. *Because* I am a Jew I must speak out."

When the Six-Day War broke out, Wiesel, who was in Paris, boarded the last plane for Israel. "It was happening again. We were once more alone in an indifferent world. If this was to be the end of Israel, I wanted to be in on it." He paused for a moment, reflecting. "I am proud of Israel—not as victors, but as humanitarians. They do not hate the Arabs; they refuse to answer cruelty with cruelty. When the fighting was raging in Jerusalem, a friend of mine, an officer, was called to see an Arab woman who was having a baby. He summoned a Jewish doctor from the battlefield to attend the birth. I am proud of that."

There are those who look rather self-consciously upon Wiesel as a gadfly from the past, reminding us of things best forgotten. But Wiesel, like the Ancient Mariner, is driven to tell his story again and again as a testament. Apparently he has been successful. His lectures across the country are crowded. Those at New York's YMHA have become something of an institution, sold out every year, with a black market for tickets. The crowd is a curious mixture of young people (hippies among them), priests, nuns, others who are searching for meaning. He often tells austere Talmudic stories. "I don't interpret at all," he says. "But the young today, they understand. I feel sorry for them. We have given them a world of destruction. Man has no values; everything has been corrupted. Why drugs? Youth wants to escape its reality. They are aware that the great event of Judaeo-Christian history was the holocaust. If our generation is remembered at all it will not be as the creators of the hydrogen bomb but of the concentration camps. Auschwitz paved the way for the bomb." For today's youth, a generation unborn when Europe's fires blazed, Wiesel has illumined not only the past but the future. That, of course, is his great achievement.

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

A celebrated literary hoax was pulled off recently by George MacDonald Fraser, "editor" of *Flashman* (Signet, 95¢), which purports to be an early section (1839-1842) of the Flashman Papers, a stirring account of a victorious British soldier in India. What should have given the game away is that Harry Flashman admits to being the bully of *Tom Brown's Schooldays.* In any case, fact or fiction, Harry Flashman triumphs over both women and high command in spite of his own cowardice, cupidity, and lechery. Future excerpts from his papers promise to reveal his exploits during the American Civil War as a major in the Union forces and a colonel with the Confederates. The English are wild about Harry, and it appears that American readers will be, too.

Michael Crichton's *The Andromeda Strain* (Dell, $1.25) chillingly documents what happens when a satellite contaminated with outerspace germs returns home. It's all recorded in a low-keyed, scientific prose that heightens the drama of death and destruction in an Arizona town. JP Miller's *The People Next Door* (Dell, 75¢) has made the long circuit from TV play to Hollywood film to novel. Here some pleasantly smug middle-class suburbanites run into the teen-age drug scene, and their struggle to survive is what the story is all about.

The Liar (Dell, $1.25), by Thomas Savage, is a big two-generation novel about a handsome, bland man and his son, separated from him by divorce, whose respective lives are united only by the illusions each maintains. Although not a very good book—it takes a Henry James to make a dull hero effective—the author can write, and his female characters, who cling and cloy, are not easily forgotten.

Men Without Women (Scribners, $1.95), Ernest Hemingway's second collection of short stories, remains one of his best works. "The Undefeated,"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fifty Grand," "Hills Like White Elephants"—one great story after another.

Felix Holt the Radical (Norton, $1.85) may not seem very revolutionary in today's vocabulary, but the social and political awakenings in England of the 1830s had their own drama. Don't read George Eliot's novel, written thirty years later, for its social significance, however, but rather for the richness of her prose, the depth of her vision about individual responsibility, and for those fine-lined characterizations that tower over this imperfect and frequently overwritten book.

While George Eliot was pondering new social structures in Victoria's England, Ivan Turgenev was working out his own ideas, modeled on European culture, about emerging Russian society. The novel *Home of the Gentry* (Penguin Classics, $1.65), translated by Richard Freeborn, has been called his "most Turgenevian," which must mean the one in which the prose is quietest, subtlest, most poetical in its evocation of rural Russia, where the protagonist Lavretsky, an urbane and intellectual landowner, reflects on the need for action.

Youth Scene

The reviewers have called James Simon Kunen a lot of things, from "a politicized Dustin Hoffman" to "a New Left Charlie Brown." In 1968, when he wrote *The Strawberry Statement* (Avon, $1.25), he was actually a nineteen-year-old Columbia undergraduate. More effectively than most writers on the topic, Kunen, who can be ironic, even whimsical, gives a student's-eye view of the chilling confrontation at that Eastern Establishment university.

Part of what went wrong at Columbia and a dozen other colleges is dealt with in Joseph J. Schwab's *College Curriculum and Student Protest* (Phoenix/University of Chicago, $2.95), which *SR's* Frank Jennings proclaimed "the definitive handbook for the creative academic revolution." Students, says Schwab, are "tolerated aliens in the collegiate community," who resent their alienation and express in rebellion their hostility toward those powers that cause it. In a more positive vein, the author makes some bold suggestions about reordering in terms of moral and spiritual growth the course of study in those halls of ivy.

If campus rebellion is one symptom of society's sickness, drugs are another. Joel Fort's *The Pleasure Seekers: The Drug Crisis, Youth and Society* (Evergreen Black Cat, $1.45) might soothe some of the hysteria that usually accompanies discussion of narcotics. The author, whose study explores a variety of "mind-altering drugs," insists in conclusion that the entire drug scene is overstated and overemphasized. He calls for greater understanding of why youth is a scapegoat for adult displeasures, and suggests that we worry about an ethic to drop in on instead of drugs for dropping out. *Psychedelics* (Anchor, $2.45), by Bernard Aaronson and Humphry Osmond, reports on experimentation with everything from mushrooms to LSD. Most of the "trips," recorded in Day-Glo detail, sound horrendous. Still, the tone is scientific, and the contributors make a genuine plea for controlled experimentation.

After drugs on the youth scene comes sex. Judged by the case histories in Roy Ald's *Sex Off Campus* (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.45), it all seems pretty dreary. Students from Stanford to Oberlin give their reasons for choosing to practice what the author calls "the college-student cohabitation phenomenon." One concludes that most of these young people live together because it's cheaper, or because it solves their dating woes.

The Alternative (Macmillan, $3.95) is a big photograph-and-text book by William Hedgepeth and Dennis Stock about "Communal Life in New America." Actually, it's not so different from Brook Farm or other U.S.-style Utopias (except that that cohabiting we mentioned is freer). In its way a fascinating book, *The Alternative* gives real insight into why some people want to cut away from a technological society and fall into a more mystic union with the natural world.

Popular opinion to the contrary, not everyone under twenty-one has dropped out or zonked out. The Movement for a New Congress, which has more than 400 chapters in colleges throughout the country, is busily engaged in directing undergraduates in grass-roots political activity. Their guide, and an important introduction to U.S. politics, is *Vote Power—The Official Activist Campaigner's Handbook* (Prentice-Hall, $1.50), which directs student effort into the most effective channels. The manual points out who doesn't vote and why, how to canvass door-to-door, where to use bumper stickers or shopping bags. Mostly *Vote Power* shows when to put the pressure on where it counts.

The Middle East

Sometimes, with the barrage of current-affairs books highlighting world problems, it's a good idea to retreat to a solid background study like *A Middle East Reader* (Pegasus, $2.95), Irene L. Gendzier's balanced anthology of pieces by various observers of the scene. Together such articles as Walter Laqueur's on the ascendancy of Syrian leftists, Malcolm Kerr's "Arab Radical Notions of Democracy," Charles Yost's "The Arab-Israeli War" reveal the complexity of that change-swept area. Anthropologist Louise E. Sweet's two-volume *Peoples and Cultures of the Middle East* (Natural History Press, $3.95 each) gathers papers by distinguished social and cultural historians to give depth to the headlines. Some of the reports are too specialized for the layman, but certainly those articles on essential problems like overpopulation and underdevelopment add a new dimension to a turbulent locale.

Howard Morley Sachar tells in *From the Ends of the Earth* (Delta, $2.95) of those men and women who came to Israel after the state's independence in 1948, immigrants so laden with memories of Nazi terror or Communist rule that they had very little in the way of psychic strength. This sociological and human account of how these worn people were able to adapt themselves to the rigors of a pioneer land affords valuable keys to the nation's character.

"Well, now, there's Princeton, there's Esso, there's even my old career at Tammany Hall. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRATEGY FOR TOMORROW

by Hanson W. Baldwin

Harper & Row, 378 pp., $12.50

WHAT PRICE VIGILANCE?: The Burdens of National Defense

by Bruce M. Russett

Yale University Press, 261 pp., $7.50; paperback, $2.45

RACE TO OBLIVION: A Participant's View of the Arms Race

by Herbert York

Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Morton H. Halperin

■ What determines how much the United States allocates for defense and how these funds are spent?

Each of the above books supplies, at least implicitly, a different answer to this question, and therefore points to alternative approaches to the problem of how to bring down defense spending.

Hanson Baldwin, now retired after many years as military editor of *The New York Times*, presents the most conventional answer in his survey of the challenges to American security he foresees during the next decade. Baldwin for many years provided an important service to those readers of *The New York Times* who knew on what he based his opinion. From him one could learn what the senior military officers of the United States, particularly the leading admirals, were concerned about, or at least what they wished the American public to think they were concerned about.

Baldwin makes no secret of the fact that he believes it necessary to rely heavily on military judgments about strategic issues, although he admits that the over-all size of the defense budget must be determined by the President, weighing domestic needs against military ones. Nevertheless, his emphasis is on external threats to our security, and he concludes that we can and should design an aerospace and oceanic strategy to defend our vital interests. While he concedes that the United States should not continue to act as the world's policeman, and advocates withdrawal of some American forces from Europe, Baldwin places major emphasis on the need for increased military capability. He argues that unless we maintain nuclear superiority we will not be able to defend ourselves against the Russians, and he suggests that we have already lost that superiority. He is also concerned, among other things, about the Soviet presence in the Mediterranean and the potential of Chinese military power. This traditional view of how to ascertain our defense requirements—assessment of the threat, development of a strategy, and estimation of the forces needed to meet it—contrasts sharply with the ideas presented in the other two volumes.

Bruce Russett, a Yale political scientist, considers that Congress and the military-industrial-Congressional complex play the decisive role in determining defense spending. His analysis of roll-call data leads him to conclude that military bases in the home districts of Congressmen are prizes more sought after than defense contracts, and that the existence of such bases is more likely to lead a Congressman to vote for larger defense expenditures. Russett also finds a close correlation between votes on the defense budget and on other Cold War issues, such as suspension of nuclear testing and the Consular Treaty with the Soviet Union. He suggests that Congressmen who advocate defense expenditures because of local economic and political considerations are then drawn to support other measures that sustain that spending.

Strangely absent from Russett's discussion, perhaps because he wanted to restrict himself to what can be studied quantitatively, or at least "scientifically," is any discussion of the Executive Branch procedures by which requests to Congress are developed and Congressional decisions implemented.

By contrast, Herb York, the director of Defense Research and Engineering under both Eisenhower and Kennedy, barely mentions Congress.

York's book, subtitled "A Participant's View of the Arms Race," presents an all too rare insight into Executive Branch deliberations on defense budget issues. During the period about which he writes Congress was ever present in the background as a pressure for increased defense spending, and geopolitical arguments of the kind described by Baldwin were used as rationale. However, one infers from York that the principal forces, particularly on how the funds available are spent, are the competition between and within the services over roles, missions, and budget shares, and the interplay of politics between the services and the civilian leaders of the government. York discusses programs that refuse to die even though they are canceled time and again by civilian leaders. And he describes how the services continually seek ever more technically sophisticated weapons on what may be unfounded assumptions that they will improve American security.

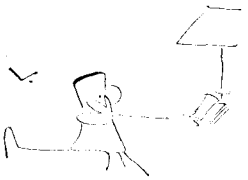
York also notes that defense planning sets up arbitrary statistics that come to be taken as "requirements." He writes, for example, that the American missile program has been guided in large part by the specifications laid down for the Atlas missile by the prestigious Von Neumann Committee. That committee decided that the missile should have a one-megaton-warhead explosive yield, 5,500 nautical miles' range, and accuracy of five miles or better. Having served on the committee, York can report that these criteria represent respectively a round number, to which our culture is mystically devoted; a quarter of the earth's circumference, and a compromise between those who thought the accuracy could be much greater and those who thought it would be much less.

York recounts several stories that caricature all the pressures and maneuvers that drive the arms race, and he includes an interesting chapter on what he calls the "elusive nuclear airplane." The desire for a nuclear air-

"Well! Where shall we start?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plane stemmed from the simple belief that new technology should be put to use in developing more modern airplanes. The program was not halted by the arguments of many scientists that a nuclear plane could not be built, or at least not built safely, at anything like a reasonable cost. Congress, and particularly the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, pressed the Executive to proceed. Strategic considerations, the kind that Baldwin directs our attention to, were almost absent. Nobody even had a theory about how a nuclear airplane would be useful to U.S. security interests. Nevertheless the Air Force was determined to have it. At one stage, when nothing else seemed to have



worked, information was deliberately leaked to the press that the Soviet Union was almost certainly flight-testing a nuclear-powered airplane. In fact, York points out, there was no evidence at all of any such Soviet program. Although the project was killed several times, it reared its head again at the time of Sputnik and was not finally dropped until 1961. Even then some research continued, and had it led anywhere the issue would have risen once more.

We urgently need a national debate on what our commitments should be and how much resources we must put into meeting them. Merely changing our strategy or our commitments will not reduce defense spending. Congress must be prepared to act.

The recent votes on the ABM and other defense measures in the Senate indicate that Congress is still inclined to accept Presidential decisions except when its committees recommend otherwise. The only significant changes in the defense budget were made by the Senate Armed Services Committee, which eliminated the proposed start of an area ABM system against China and cut military procurement costs by over $1-billion. Bruce Russett does not discuss in any detail the critical role of the committees and therefore overlooks two of the most important developments affecting the arms budget in recent years: the increasing willingness of the Senate Armed Services and Appropriations Committees to cut defense spending, and the growing expertise—particularly on the part of the Armed Services Committee—in dealing with military programs.

The most critical changes needed must take place within the Executive Branch itself. As the recent report of the President's Blue Ribbon Committee

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

POURS MORE PLEASURE

J&B Rare Scotch. It only costs a few cents more.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. The Paddington Corporation, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A masterful history of the modern theatre."*

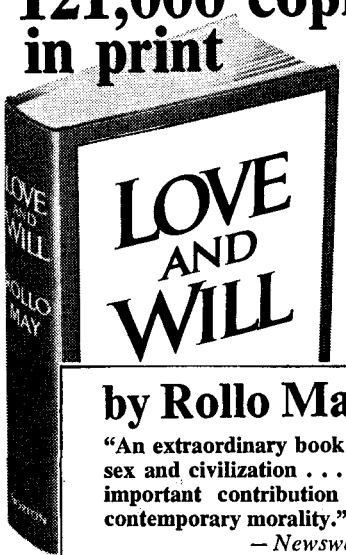
Romantic Quest AND Modern Query

TOM F. DRIVER

"Compact, lucid, and thoughtful." — *Harold Clurman.* "Stimulating . . . a valuable addition to the critical assessment of the theatre from 1860 to 1960." —*Norris Houghton, Saturday Review.* $7.50 at bookstores.

delacorte press
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC
*Library Journal

121,000 copies in print



by Rollo May

"An extraordinary book on sex and civilization . . . an important contribution to contemporary morality."
— Newsweek

At all bookstores, $6.95

Norton
55 Fifth Ave./N.Y. 10003

Coming October 10

10th Anniversary Issue of *SR*'s

Communications Supplement

on Defense Organization has pointed out, the Defense Department remains essentially three separate services, the Army, Navy, and Air Force, each pursuing its own strategy and buying its own forces. The changing Congressional and domestic attitudes towards defense spending provide a climate in which tough civilian leadership in the Pentagon could be much more effective in seeing that killed programs stay killed and that we stop spending money on programs advocated by the services because they have a strong parochial interest in them.

Morton H. Halperin, former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense and a member of the senior staff of the National Security Council, is currently writing a book on how national security policy is made.

CRIMSON RAMBLERS OF THE WORLD, FAREWELL

by Jessamyn West

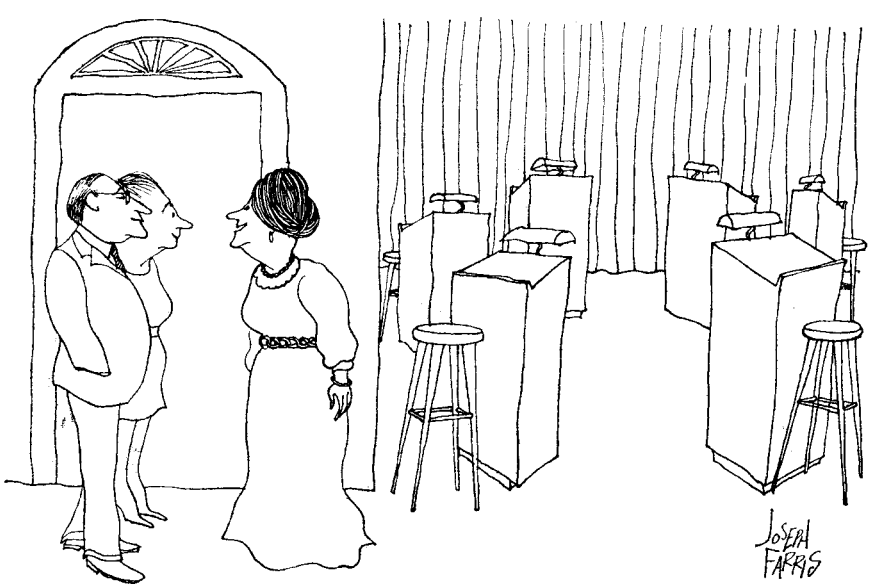
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 247 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Alfred S. Shivers

■ To my mind, Jessamyn West may well be the most distinguished living American writer of fiction. In *The Friendly Persuasion,* in *Cress Delahanty,* in *Love, Death and the Ladies' Drill Team,* and more recently in the best-selling *Except for Me and Thee* (a further installment in the charming Birdwell adventures), Miss West has shown a subtle, graceful, penetrating, and delightfully idiomatic style. In *The Witch Diggers* and *South of the Angels* she revealed her ability to handle the complexities of the novel. Over the years her stories have appeared in magazines as diverse as *The Atlantic* and *The New Yorker, Woman's Home Companion* and *Collier's,* indicating that she satisfies a wide variety of tastes. Although academia has for the most part passed her by, Miss West's popularity with readers is attested by the frequent inclusion of her shorter fiction and essays in anthologies, as well as the numerous foreign translations of her books.

One of the chief values of this new collection is its inclusion of some of her earliest writings, such as "99.6," hitherto available only in back issues of magazines. The stories differ widely in subject matter and quality, a difference understandable since they were composed over a long period of time; but many have in common a young heroine who is troubled by some affair of the heart. Miss West's experience in a tuberculosis sanatorium is reflected in several of the pieces, the best of which is "I'll Ask Him to Come Sooner," in which a patient waylays the husband of a fellow inmate, intending, she tells herself, to upbraid him for always being late to visit his lonely wife, and ending up in his arms.

"Crimson Ramblers of the World, Farewell," a new story, offers ample proof that the author has not lost her knack for capturing crucial moments in lives of the young. Elizabeth Prescott is caught by her mother one morning as she peers fascinated through a knothole at her naked father, who is bathing at the kitchen sink. Told that this "spying" is perverted and evil, the impressionable innocent accepts her mother's twisted Puritanism, and next day at school, counter to her natural feelings, rejects her new boy friend, Crimson Rambler. "Night Piece for Julia" shows what this kind of repression can lead to in adult years. The



"Tonight, we're having a structured dialogue."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heroine has to steel herself with fantasies of horror before she can submit to the lesser pain of sexual intercourse with her husband. Another excursion into sex is "Mother's Day," which gains its impact from an ironic surprise ending. Here a young woman goes with her husband to check on reports that Aunt El-Dora is submissively sharing her husband with another woman.

In "Live Life Deeply" Miss West at last puts to fictional use the unfortunate brush with a neurotic college English teacher that she mentioned in *To See the Dream*. "Child of the Century" records the depressing life of Oliver Young, whose birth at the stroke of midnight, January 1, 1900, is interpreted by his mother as auguring a momentous career.

"Like Visitant of Air," long out of print, juxtaposes two famous and fiercely independent bachelors, Henry David Thoreau and Emily Brontë, during the winter of 1845 when Thoreau was living alone in his Walden hut while Charlotte on the English moors has just discovered the poems Emily wrote expressing her passionate and mystical yearnings for a soul-companion she will never meet.

I can think of only two titles omitted here that should have been included: "The Ouija Board" and "The Blackboard." But for gathering just about every hitherto uncollected West story of any real merit, the editor deserves a vote of gratitude.

Alfred S. Shivers, professor of English at Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches, Texas, is writing a critical study of Jessamyn West.

INTER ICE AGE 4

by Kobo Abe
translated from the Japanese
by E. Dale Saunders

Knopf, 228 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Howard Hibbett

■ *Inter Ice Age 4*, Kobo Abé's fourth novel to appear in English, confirms once again his mastery of the philosophical thriller. As its bleak geological title suggests, this is his furthest venture into the remote. Yet the time is just ahead of us in the interglacial epoch in which we live, and today the extrapolations of science fiction no longer seem quite so bizarre as they used to. Whether in the sand pit of *The Woman in the Dunes* (1964) or the lonely, labyrinthine city of *The Face of Another* (1966) and *The Ruined Map* (1969), Mr. Abé's heroes have always had to confront problems of the utmost immediacy, which were also of timeless mythical significance.

In *Inter Ice Age 4* characterization sometimes yields to abstract speculation, or to a burst of virtuoso scientific imagery. But these passages, fascinating and poetic as they often are, only provide the setting for a compelling human drama. The sense of reality is even more vividly conveyed by the sensitivity of the central character, a vulnerable professor of computer technology, than by the mass of circumstantial detail. And the brief postcript to the novel eloquently reveals the intensity of the author's own feelings.

From "Program Card No. 1," which opens *Inter Ice Age 4*, we are led rapidly through the years following the development of the revolutionary but comparatively crude "Moscow I forecaster," a self-programming computer with the capacity to make simple predictions. The story is narrated by Professor Katsumi of the ICT (Institute for Computer Technique) in Tokyo, where the ingenious Japanese version of the machine has been developed. But Katsumi and his assistant, after finding the "ordinary man" who seems to be a suitable human subject for an experiment, become witnesses to (or accomplices in?) his murder. Their machine recreates the experience of the crime, in which Katsumi discovers himself to be deeply implicated. Meanwhile, his

own wife, like the dead man's mistress, has been the victim of an even weirder project to acquire human fetuses and shape them into new evolutionary forms. All this is secret preparation for the predicted calamity that will end the "Fourth Inter Ice Age."

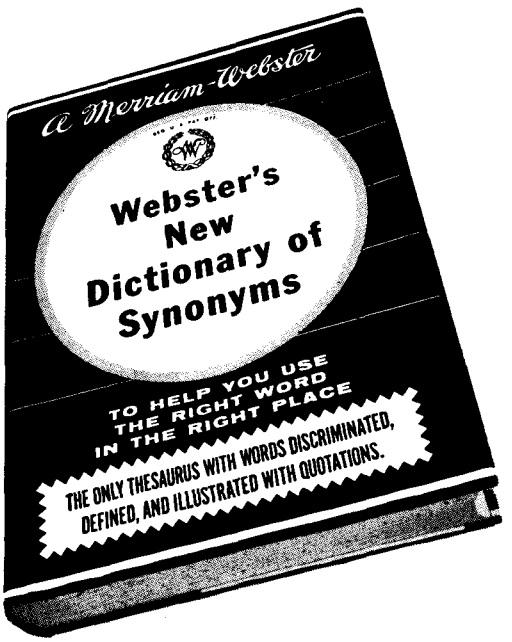
Thanks to the marvels of his creation, Professor Katsumi is permitted to savor the exquisite torture of a televised view of his own, and humanity's, fate. In this perspective, the least sensations of everyday reality take on a haunting meaning. "Far away a trolley bell sounded faintly. A truck sped by, making the earth tremble. Someone cleared his throat softly. The window frame vibrated and the pane rattled

Special help for all Students who work with words.

Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms quickly shows how to use the right word in the right place. It's faster and easier than any thesaurus, because it's alphabetically arranged, conveniently cross-indexed, so students can find related words quicker. Illustrated with thousands of quotations to make shades of meaning crystal clear.

Ask for Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms. From the publishers of *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, America's best-selling student reference. At book, department and stationery stores. Just $7.95 indexed.

G. & C. Merriam Co.,
Springfield, Mass. 01101.


a Merriam-Webster
Webster's New Dictionary of Synonyms
TO HELP YOU USE THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE
THE ONLY THESAURUS WITH WORDS DISCRIMINATED, DEFINED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH QUOTATIONS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once or twice—perhaps the wind had risen." Katsumi is a prime rationalist, a devotee to his machine-god; but, because he remains capable of pity, sorrow, and fear at a time when his scientific colleagues have been frozen into emotional sterility, he fulfills the needs of an existentialist drama spanning the blank abyss between present and future.

Inter Ice Age 4 exhibits the strengths that characterize Mr. Abé's other novels: brilliant narrative, rich description and invention, vital moral and intellectual concerns. Here the concerns are so dominant that they threaten to overwhelm the innocent pleasure of an engrossing piece of fiction. Mr. Abé will "furnish neither understanding nor solution of any sort"; rather, he is determined to "make the reader confront the cruelty of the future, produce within him anguish and strain, and bring about a dialogue with himself." Resourcefully translated by E. Dale Saunders, *Inter Ice Age 4* may be judged a success as an experimental novel of ideas with this difficult but rewarding aim.

Howard Hibbett, professor of Japanese literature at Harvard University, has translated a number of works of Japanese fiction from the seventeenth and twentieth centuries.

JOURNEY FOR JOEDEL

by Guy Owen

Crown, 189 pp., $4.95

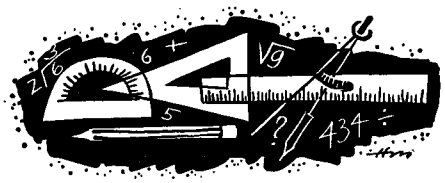
Reviewed by Gerald Walker

■ Guy Owen's third novel is unusually welcome. First of all, it is as American as "Red River Valley" or a corncob pipe. Which is not to say that Mr. Owen, a poet and teacher of English at North Carolina State University, has not shaped his material. He has, with great sophistication, and in the direction of extreme simplicity of form. But only of form: he has not left out any of the disturbing complexities of life.

Journey for Joedel is so good that some reviewers have been swept off their easy chairs into treating it as a kind of paean to a lost America where landowner and sharecropper, white and darky—not to mention half-blooded Indian boys like thirteen-year-old Joedel (short for Joe Dell) Shaw—all knew their proper places, loved and respected their elders, didn't ask for favors or even expect justice, believed absolutely in the redeeming virtues of hard, honest work in the midst of Depression, and didn't trouble society. One can easily see why such an interpretation would prove irresistible to some readers today, but it is to be resisted nonetheless. For Mr. Owen's book is enormously tough at its core, and does not settle for charm, nostalgia, or escape.

The story takes place on market day in North Carolina's tobacco country. If sharecropper Clint Shaw, Joedel's father, obtains a good price for his leaf over at the auction warehouse in Clayton, he can make a start toward buying some acres of his own from old Mr. Jim Eller (who, it must be said, is one of the kindliest landowners ever portrayed in fiction). Trouble is, Clint's wife Maddie is a Croatan Indian woman, member of a tribe said to be descended from the white survivors of a legendary lost colony who interbred with the local Indians and are now looked down upon by both whites and Negroes. There has already been some violence from white neighbors, miffed at the Shaws' daring to try to rise above their station.

Maddie would almost rather have a new radio and tablecloth than skimp and save for their own spread. Clint



has driven his family hard, denying them little pleasures now in favor of large pleasures in the future. But Joedel understands: "He saw how cruel a dream could turn a man, yet he knew in his heart that sometimes an unbending stubbornness was right."

Joedel has a basket of his own tobacco to sell, the first time he's ever participated personally in an auction, and this makes the day even more special for him. To be sure, his basket contains spoiled tobacco, given to him by Mr. Jim as a kind of test to see whether Joedel can doctor it up and fool the buyers. Joedel, with the help of his mother, does so, although he is morally troubled by the deception—not enough to mark the basket "damaged," but enough to feel guilty as he figures out that with the proceeds he can buy himself a fielder's mitt and also get presents for his mother and baby sister. Besides, his father has told him not to worry: it's the buyer's job to spot things like that.

Don't expect to find out any more here about what happens during and after the auction. Invest a few hours in reading the book. It is one of those "novels of affirmation" you often read about—but one that will touch, if not break, your heart.

Gerald Walker, an editor of The New York Times Magazine, is the author of the novel "Cruising."

Drop-in movies.
Drop in... shoot! Just drop in the film cartridge and you're ready to shoot bright, colorful super 8 movies. Automatically. No threading. No winding. Your hands never touch film.
This Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera has power zoom, reflex viewing, extra-fast f/1.8 lens, automatic electric eye. Four shooting speeds. Less than $200. At your photo dealer's.
Price subject to change without notice.
Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.
Kodak

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Criminal Record

Fiction

Survival Zero. *By Mickey Spillane. Dutton.* $4.95. Of the eleven mysteries that have sold most copies in the United States (my source is Ordean A. Hagen's excellent volume *Who Done It?*) the first seven are all by Mickey Spillane. One must conclude, therefore, that a new Mike Hammer caper (assisted, as usual, by the lovely and willing Velda) is an event awaited by the faithful. The not so faithful can skip it. The yarn begins with murder and moves into germ warfare, with assorted stops for babes with more motives than clothes. Perhaps what makes it wearying is that our world has changed so much; the once-titillating Spillane potpourri of sex and sadism now seems pedestrian.

The Light in the Swamp. *By Velda Johnston. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. It's a tough world for a young, penniless widow with a child to raise, and so Catherine Morrel is forced to go to the family home from which her late mother had been banished. The house contains a hostile—or is she frightened?—aunt, a hermit of an uncle, their retarded son, and a mystery dating back to World War II. But fear not: there is also a new suitor to aid the widow in distress. The setting is eastern Long Island, the genre is modern Gothic, the appeal is mainly to the ladies.

Deadly Pattern. *By Douglas Clark. Stein & Day.* $4.95. This is the third Inspector Masters mystery to appear in the U.S. Five women have disappeared at a seaside resort, four bodies have been found, each buried spread-eagled in the sand. Masters must discover a madman's pattern that will reveal the location of the fifth body, and perhaps prevent a sixth murder. There is more talk than action, but the puzzle facing the Inspector easily compensates.

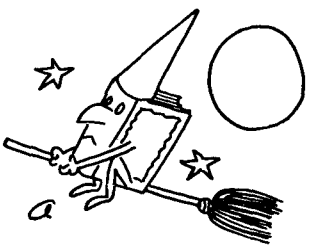
Fadeout. *By Joseph Hansen. Harper & Row.* $4.95. The beginning reads like conventional crime fare. A car, belonging to a man who seemingly had everything to live for, is found smashed in an arroyo, but there is no body. His wife believes her husband to be alive; Dave Brandstetter, insurance investigator, thinks not. And now for the difference. Dave is a practicing homosexual, and author Joseph Hansen is a writer of taste and maturity. The homosexuality, which is integral to the entire story, is handled as a condition of life, never as a sensational element injected to sell books.

Wobble to Death. *By Peter Lovesey. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. This book deservedly won a British prize for the best first crime novel. The milieu is decidedly offbeat. Murder strikes, and strikes again, during a six-day walking marathon, or "wobble." The time is 1879, and Mr. Lovesey has done a fine job of recreating a Victorian "cruelty show."

Echoes of Celandine. *By Derek Marlowe. Viking.* $5.95. There is this club (as Mr. Marlowe cagily refers to an organization whose members carry such titles as *capo* and *capo-don*), and they have a murderous little job for Jay Mallory to do. Unfortunately, the assignment comes at a time when his Celandine has left him, and the tidal wave of memories that inundates him interferes with his willingness to return to work. The author, who came to attention with *A Dandy in Aspic*, again proves himself a most stylish writer, but the story he's telling is more potatoes than meat.

Murder Among Thieves. *By Peter Alding. McCall.* $4.50. Five men plan and pull off the theft of a large payroll from an armored car. The details of the work on both sides—cops and robbers—are well thought out and reported. A new element enters the case when murder erupts among the thieves. You'll like this one.

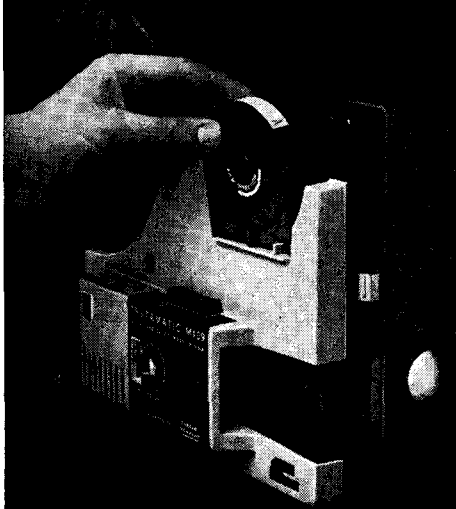
The 100,000 Welcomes. *By Michael Kenyon. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. The author of the much-praised *May You Die in Ireland* returns to the Auld Sod for another go-round. The Welcomes Club, a quartet of Irish crooks, aided by the brother of one of them who has



fled Las Vegas with $200,000 and two American hoods on his trail, comes up with a grand bit of thievery. They steal a national monument, the five-ton St. Patrick's Cross from the Rock of Cashel. The plan is to ransom it back to the government. But the government doesn't come through. It's crime *cum* comedy, and pleasant enough, though not up to the first book. But if your sense of humor includes Pat-and-Mike jokes you may find this brannigan funny indeed.

Haskel Frankel

Drop-in movies.



Drop in...show! This Kodak Instamatic M109 movie projector makes showing movies as easy as taking them.

The secret's in Kodak's new projection cartridge.

Just drop it into place... and turn on the show. You don't have to handle the film at all. When the movie's over, the film rewinds back into the cartridge. Automatically.

That's not all. The new M109 takes cartridges *and* regular reels (up to 400 feet), in *both* 8mm and super 8.

See drop-in movies at your dealer's. The new Kodak Instamatic M109 projector, *f*/1.5 lens, less than $160.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M109 movie projector.

Kodak

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Homeless Hero

OF THEM ALL, probably Shane was the simplest, the purist, the archetype. He came out of nowhere and disappeared into somewhere else. He rode a horse, of course. The American film in particular has always been fascinated by that lonely figure; we saw him as the Westerner, and when he came from the east often as not he was a killer or someone seeking a killer. But never did he seem to be seeking a home. In the new American film, the homeless hero takes on a more somber cast. He travels the land in search of a life-style, a place of innocent pleasures, a place to do one's own thing. "We blew it," says Peter Fonda in *Easy Rider*. Meaning what? That they never found it? That it wasn't there to be found?

There is a prickly sense of unease in certain of these films. The midnight cowboy, for all his raucous good humor, has got it wrong from the very start. The point perhaps was that he belonged where he started from, that tacky Texas town where he tested his manhood and dreamed of sexual glory in the big town. In *Easy Rider*, we haven't the faintest idea of where the two riders came from. What home did they leave; what are they running from? In *Alice's Restaurant*, it is a more romantic notion of "freedom" that imbues Arlo. It's the "square" world he can't accept, that tries to hamper and hinder him. He is a benign wanderer; home is wherever he is.

In *Five Easy Pieces*, which received its American premier this month at the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center, the hero once more is on the move. Made by members of the same group that backed *Easy Rider*, this is a more probing film, staying real, while making distinctions between kinds of reality. Some have already begun to identify it with the tag of "road picture," seeing in it a new genre and one that is peculiarly American. Perhaps so, but it is more likely that a new generation of film-makers has wearied of the studio, and what it finds outside inevitably colors the substance of its cinema. What better way to "open up" a film story than to make its protagonist homeless? In *Downhill Racer*, the hero paid a visit to his home town, failed to communicate, and headed for the high, cold places again. In *Five Easy Pieces*, he also goes home, though not for long.

What he finds there, what we find out about him, gives this film its unusual strength and bite. For Robert Dupea, as played with astonishing naturalness by Jack Nicholson, *does* have a background and once had a home, and it is what made him leave it that gives him his intriguing quality. When first met, Dupea is a worker in a California oil field, carrying on an affair with a not very bright waitress (Karen Black), bowling with an oil field friend. He is one of those mobile Americans, unattached, disassociated, working at whatever job is handiest. (Oil field labor is fairly low down on the scale.) But then a change occurs in the direction of the story, and we find that Dupea is different from what he first seemed.

Jack Nicholson and Susan Anspach—"Commitment is too much for him. What his feelings amount to are ennui and anguish."

For one thing, he has a sister who is a concert pianist. For another, his whole family has a long musical tradition behind it, one that he, although trained as a pianist, won't accept. Now, given news that his conductor father is dying, he heads for the island home in Puget Sound, taking along with him his bumpkin girl friend. Well aware that her background, which includes an ambition to be a country music singer, won't fit well with the home atmosphere, he leaves her waiting for him in a mainland motel.

Dupea's essential problem quickly surfaces once he is home again. The house on the island has its charm, its musical mementos, its fine instruments, but also an emotional sterility that—in yet another rebellion—causes him to seduce his brother's bride-to-be. He had left the house to be with simpler people and to live a simpler life, but the refinement of the girl he seduces (Susan Anspach), her seeing in him for a time the sensitivity he has forsaken, sharpens his dilemma. It is as though, for him, emotional involvement is, at the same time, the enemy and the cure. But for Dupea sex never ripens into love. Commitment is too much for him. What his feelings amount to are ennui and anguish.

Director Bob Rafelson and writer Adrien Joyce give their study of Dupea a wider perspective by taking him out on the road, so to speak. An almost too striking symbol is that of Dupea playing a piano on a truck bogged down in a freeway jamup. The keys are out of tune; there is more discordance from the irate horn-blowers behind him. More amusingly, on the way to Puget Sound, Dupea and his girl friend pick up two stranded girl motorists. One (played marvelously by Helena Kallianites) is a fanatic on the amount of junk littering the landscape and the world. The girls are on their way to Alaska "because someone said it was cleaner." Dupea's earthier friends live in mobile homes; they eat in roadside hamburger joints; they work in landscapes where machinery mars the horizon.

Five Easy Pieces has its flaws: One or two incidents are "telegraphed" a little ahead of time with the lessening effect that inevitability gives to drama; and, in a recording studio scene, the technicians seem much too oblivious to, even alienated from, the talent of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sister concert artist (Lois Smith, a sensitive and lovely actress); and, perhaps most important, a gnawing lack of final definition to Dupea's character. He is nearly a tragic figure, but not quite, because we're not sure what he represents that was wasted.

But also important is the fact that this movie is representative of a growing mood of revolt against the artificialities of the Hollywood system. Rafelson, and his co-producer, Bert Schneider, used television earnings to back *Easy Rider*, selling its director on using Nicholson in the role that made him famous. He and Nicholson had worked together before on Rafelson's first, and unsuccessful, film *Head*. Nicholson has since directed his own first film. Adrien Joyce, whose real name is Carol Eastman, will shortly direct a film she has written. And Miss Eastman, by the way, is the sister of Charles Eastman, whose script, *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*, featuring more rootless Americans, has been filmed by Paramount. Meanwhile, Eastman is himself directing his own *The All American Boy*, which also probes the strange disease that causes some Americans to cut out.

Curiously, while several of these films share the premise that the American dream is dying, their characters, on the other hand, appear to be still dreaming. Robert Dupea, like that girl he picked up, at the end is also heading for Alaska, as though in an increasingly befouled homeland there might yet be some cleaner place. Not so, the film seems to say. America is what it is, and cutting out won't make it better, safer, or cleaner. The sense of honesty and authenticity is maintained in *Five Easy Pieces* down to its last detail. Even in that easy Chopin piece he plays for his brother's fiancée, Nicholson manages to strike precisely the wrong notes.

WIT TWISTER #183

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ shoved the
notice out of sight.
But pulled it from the _ _ _ _ _
_ _ to read that night,
Within himself he _ _ _ _ _ _ _
how best to spend
The large _ _ _ _ _ _ _ for
turning in his friend.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 55)

In Reading, Pennsylvania, there's a wishing well that really works.

It works because every time someone tosses in a coin, it helps Foster Child Ho Bau and his family. Bau's wishes may not be like your child's but they are just like those of thousands of children who are waiting for Foster Parents. They wish to enjoy childhood without the pain of hunger. Without the fear of sickness. Without the desperation of poverty.

Everyone who visits the Museum and Art Gallery in Reading and tosses his money in its wishing well is Bau's Foster Parent. They read his letters which the museum displays. He writes of his classmates in the fourth grade (where his favorite subject is composition), of his brothers and sisters, and of helping his mother work their small piece of land.

Through Foster Parents Plan's program you can bring help and hope to a child and his family. Your $16.00 monthly contribution provides them with a cash grant, medical care, counseling from social workers and household supplies.

Won't you help another child like Bau and make his wishes come true?

Foster Parents Plan, Inc. International Headquarters
352 Park Avenue South • New York, N.Y. 10010

I want to be a Foster Parent for one year or more of a boy ☐ girl ☐ age_____country_____. No preference ☐ (This allows us to choose a child on our emergency list). My payment of $16 per month for one year will be made: monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. I enclose my first payment of $_____.

I want to be a contributor. I enclose $_____for the General Fund.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____DATE_____

Make checks payable to Foster Parents Plan, Inc. All contributions are tax deductible. PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Comm. on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for Int'l. Development. SR-9-70

When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Mrs. Thompson's plantation home—"amidst Spanish moss and fragile history."

Joy in Mudville

ONE OF THE BEST-KEPT secrets in lower Louisiana is how to find the Mississippi River. It can roll right past New Orleans (at three million gallons a second) without a stranger ever seeing it. This would tend to nullify a lot of legends that have grown up about Ol' Man River, and perhaps make a liar of the source which informed me that in New Orleans the Mississippi is the household god, the stream of life, and the Ark of the Covenant all in one. The otherwise trustworthy volume also asserts that the Mississippi "*is* New Orleans infinitely more than the Thames is London or the Seine Paris or the Danube Vienna."

The reason I couldn't find the river for a day or two was that every approach seemed to be cut off by a high grassy bank or levee. I did get a passing eyeful from a bridge, but when a friend offered to stage a nighttime viewing from a revolving, glassed-in restaurant, I begged off. I said I wanted to stand bodily before the river, to breathe in its life-giving, life-taking might, or even (as the song goes) beat my feet on the Mississippi mud.

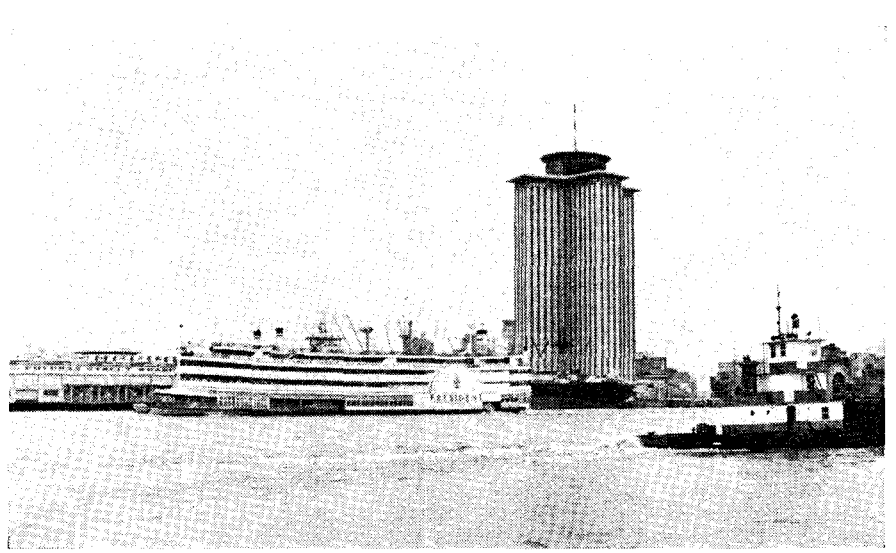
A man in such desperate straits can always board one of the local cruise boats plying the bayous and rivers around New Orleans, but instead my friends talked me into a Sunday drive along the Mississippi northward toward Baton Rouge, a route shadowed by crumbling ante bellum plantation homes, moss-draped oaks, and acres of sugar cane once worked by African-born slaves. This is Riverboat Gothic country, long past its prime, still awash in a bygone age.

We took the old two-lane River Road, which runs faithfully beside the bending Mississippi but—that levee again—never permits a view of the water. At best you can see the masts of cargo vessels tied up on the banks, there to service the dozens of refineries and chemical plants scattered through the lowlands.

If you don't allow the late-summer Delta heat to oppress you, to drive you to air-conditioned cover, then the outdoors takes on a certain sullen beauty. I talked our leader into rolling down the windows and dispensing with the canned chill for a while, and immediately the air became alive with the shrilling of tree toads perched in high branches above the levee. Rain spattered down in periodic assaults, giving way in minutes to steaming sunshine.

My companions—a married couple and a young single man, all Orleanians—have lived long enough with this mad climate to ignore it, and yet in no time I had turned them on to a Delta phenomenon that had intrigued me with my first skyward glance: clouds. Orleanians may complain about the unending flatness of the surrounding terrain—in fact, a little hill has been built in Audubon Park just to show the children the miracle of elevation—but they should appreciate the massive clouds that boil up in the sky and look down on New Orleans like imposing white mountains. You can gaze into a clear horizon, then look minutes later in the same direction and behold billows of white custard, frozen and unmoving, as though permanently affixed to the sky. I must have been going on like this for too long, because my friend in the back seat was beginning to appear numbed. "I have to admit," he said, "I've never met a cloud freak before."

Gun freaks, though, are legion in Louisiana, and as we drove on through the rising heat, the three Orleanians in turn dazzled me with tales of firearms used and abused. One of the men said



The Mississippi—"the stream of life and the Ark of the Covenant all in one."

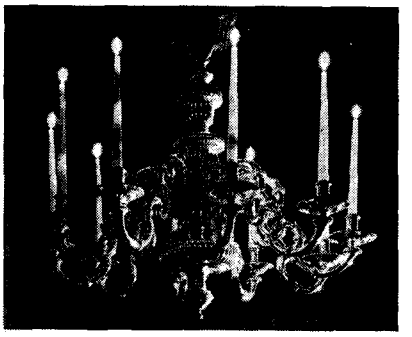
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

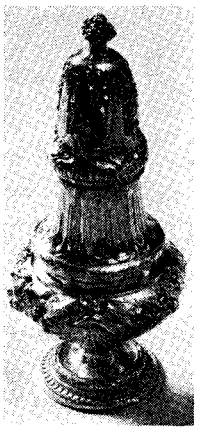
he keeps a loaded shotgun by his bed, the other admitted to having a .38 on the bedstand available to both him and his wife (whom he has trained to shoot), with a rifle and shotgun not far away. These are two of your average New Orleans businessmen, not rednecks with scores to settle. "It isn't a racial matter," one of them said in answer to my query, "it's more a way of life down here. You never know who's coming through the door at night. But we also do a lot of hunting, some of it impromptu." Both men believe that the South, and New Orleans in particular, got a bad airing in *Easy Rider*, but they agree that the final ambush, for example, could happen on a real life Louisiana highway. "A lot of guys ride around in pick-up trucks with .22s or 30/30s in gun racks behind the seat, figuring they'll get a possum or raccoon any time. Some of them don't accept an outsider's looks."

Upriver, an hour's drive from New Orleans, is a restocked plantation house called San Francisco, because it was built the year of the California Gold Rush. Its lord and mistress is a Mrs. Clark Thompson, who moved down with her late husband from Kentucky eighteen years ago to take over and redo the decaying mansion. She is a plantation boss straight out of the 1850s. She sent us off on a tour of the house with her handpicked guide and faithful servant Emile, a young and very black man of whom she said: "He's a boy from the fields who came to me when he was eleven, the year we arrived." Entering the second floor by a creaking outdoor stairway, I looked into a tilted mirror above the door and saw a reflection of the muddy and elusive Mississippi across the road and beyond the levee. The mirror had been positioned there to satisfy just such longings.

Emile's room-to-room discourse took some getting used to. Although he talked in the easily flowing lower Louisiana manner when answering questions on the side, he delivered his oration in little staccato bursts as though it all had been learned by rote at Mrs. Thompson's side. Pointing to an oil portrait of a glowering Napoleon, Emile said: "He never smile. Say because he had stomach-ache or ulcer."

In a downstairs sitting room chockablock with English, French, and American antiques, Mrs. Thompson beckoned to one of her staff to serve tea, laced with rum. Then she sat back to discuss modern plantation life. She spoke condescendingly of her five staff members —Emile, Maria, Sedonia, Evelyn, and Clarence—referring to them as "people of color." Of Clarence she said: "He does all my interior work. He never splashes a drop of paint. When we had

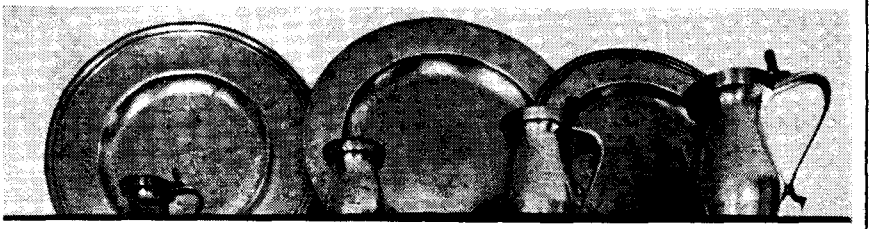




Visit the eighteenth century with all the comforts of home.

In the houses and shops of Colonial Williamsburg, one of the world's finest collections of English and American furniture and furnishings brings even the darkest corners of the past to life. Come see the inside story of how a nation lived two hundred years ago. From simple kitchen utensils to elegant Chippendale, you'll be right at home.

Colonial Williamsburg
Virginia



You'll want to stay in the historic area. Over 700 fine guest rooms are offered by the Williamsburg Inn, its Colonial Houses, Williamsburg Lodge and The Motor House. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185, (703) 229-1700. Or call New York, 246-6800; Washington, FE 8-8828; ask operator in Baltimore for Enterprise 9-8855; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Westchester County, Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE "VILLAGE" IN A CARIBBEAN GARDEN PARADISE

Take a luxurious, relaxed holiday in the peaceful beauty of our air-conditioned apartments, maisonettes and studios with private terraces and fully-equipped kitchens. Enjoy our informal restaurant, buttery, bar, swimming pool and water sports; Golf, tennis and other sports nearby. Write for our 8 day, 7 night Holiday Plan available through December 14th at $93 per person, double occupancy, including 7 full breakfasts and maid service. Or our special Honeymoon Plan just $275 per couple for 8 days, 7 nights with breakfasts, dinners, many romantic extras. See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) 586-4500. Offices: Boston, Chicago, Miami, Washington, Toronto.

The Village ST. JAMES BARBADOS, WEST INDIES

a party for some visitors from New Orleans, I put him in as a house man in a nice crisp coat, and he did just fine. He's good at slicing ham."

At the risk of shattering the early afternoon calm, I asked Mrs. Thompson to comment on American society, 1970. She knew what I was getting at and talked circuitously for a while, observing that "it certainly isn't going well" and "it wouldn't be happening if we had Teddy Roosevelt and his big stick." Then she smiled and dropped the subject gracefully.

There are other plantation homes astride the river, some boarded up and deserted, others newly painted and framed by ancient oaks. Those with chimneys at the center of the roofs date back to the 1850s and before, according to Mrs. Thompson. Houmas House, fifty-four miles from New Orleans, evokes a storybook image of old plantation life. Its noble two-story, white-pillared presence and flowering grounds call forth visions of Scarlett O'Hara. Hollywood visited Houmas House (named for the Houmas Indians) in 1964 to film parts of one of my favorite chillers, *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*, with Bette Davis. The late Dr. George B. Crozat of New Orleans bought the house and remaining acreage in 1940 and turned the place into an 1840 mansion with hidden twentieth-century amenities such as elevators, television sets, and toilet fixtures, which lurk behind antique doors and panels. His surviving relatives live there amidst the Spanish moss and fragile history.

Next day, the Mississippi mud still eluding me, my friend Don DuBose and a nervy young woman named Barbara led me out to the vast swampland north of the city. The sun was out and towering clouds hung in the far sky. DuBose, who has prowled the teeming swamps both day and night, sometimes hunting alligators, sometimes merely enjoying the eerie beauty, pulled his car off the main highway and headed down a narrow, rutted road. The heat and closeness moved in. Katydids and locusts filled the air with high-pitched racket. We went ahead on foot, following a trail clogged with pools of brown rain water.

You feel a forbidden lure in the swamps and bayous. An invader measures each footstep for fear of disturbing nature's primeval balance, of turning a normally harmless creature into an attacking demon. DuBose talked of stumbling upon limpid pools that suddenly boiled with dozens of water moccasins. We were making our way into the tangled greenery, each of us transfixed by something different—DuBose spotting the silver flash of a leaping trout, I gazing at brilliant green dragon flies—when suddenly Barbara walked headfirst into the golden strands of a huge cobweb. She jumped back with a fright, and the yellow banana spider whose careful work she had all but destroyed ran crazily up the web to recoup. DuBose (whom I tagged "Swampfox") said the spider wasn't poisonous, but after that we all moved more gingerly.

Swampfox himself managed to step on an army of Louisiana fire ants, pulling back in a hurry to coat his tender feet with cooling mudpacks. We found plenty of toads and insects and heard the gulp of frogs, but the snakes were in hiding. DuBose heard a snake slithering through the grass near our feet, but the closest we came to one was seeing a recently killed four-foot-long water snake.

On the highway back to town, DuBose pointed to the scene of his last alligator battle—on a grassy median strip no less. I asked for a single close-up view of the Mississippi. We finally cleared the levee, and there before us was a wide, swirling, gray river, its banks clotted with refinery apparatus. We drove back to DuBose's apartment, where I had a chance to admire his caged pet—a boa constrictor named Satan that grooves on rock music. Strange breed, those Orleanians.

Yugoslavian Registry

7 Day Cruises on the Ms DALMATIA or Ms ISTRA from $135 plus air fare

This is a very special invitation to you! It's only for people who want a sunny warm winter instead of a wintry one . . . and we provide it with cruises to the lovely Caribbean Isles with two exciting itineraries. Just imagine seven days and seven nights of tropical pleasures aboard the **Istra** or **Dalmatia.** Activities all day long . . . from swimming in the pool and tanning on spacious decks to taking in entertainment and delicious meals . . . and, of course, there is also relaxing in an attractive cool cabin! Set sail every Saturday from Guadeloupe. Air France 747's from New York or Miami jet there in just a few hours.

Itinerary A — Ms Istra. Every Saturday, Nov. 21, 1970 to March 13, 1971 — Guadeloupe, Curacao, La Guaira (Caracas), Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, Guadeloupe.

Itinerary B — Ms Dalmatia. Every Saturday, Dec. 19, 1970 to April 10, 1971 — Guadeloupe, Aruba, La Guaira (Caracas), Grenada, Antigua, Guadeloupe.

Combine the two itineraries for 15 days of fun and sun and save 10% on both cruises.

See your travel agent, or send for brochures.

star cruises
TRAVELINE INC.
680 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019
Tel: PL 7-0909

Name _____

_____

Address _____

_____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

dic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Continued from page 26

his long-popular *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder*, based on chain-gang songs and chants, while Miss Dehn's performers turned on a nostalgic panorama of grand old hoofing, tapping, singing, and joking. (I shall have more to say about this important festival at the Delacorte at a later date.)

In mid-August, New Yorkers were treated to a black import, Les Ballets Africains from the Republic of Guinea; the company played a week at the City Center. This panorama was a bold, bright, and brilliant dance view of West Africa, and the company itself, said to be all new in matters of personnel since its last visit here, did the fine choreographic materials full honor. Bared female bosoms caused neither a flurry nor a fuss as they had when the Africains were first here, for Broadway has since caught up with *them*. And, by the way, there was not one so-called Afro hairdo to be seen among these forty-four African dancers.

There were many other black dance artists on the American dance scene this summer, but I have simply commented on those that I saw personally in Wichita, Lee, and New York. But it would be remiss not to note that this great black dance naissance and renaissance in America could not have emerged as it has without the efforts of that super, black dance pioneer, Miss Katherine Dunham. Nearly forty years ago, she established her first school in her native Chicago, and from there she went on to capture the love and admiration of the whole world of dance. Today, she is bringing the health and the hope of dance to underprivileged children in East St. Louis, Illinois.

UTA invites you to meet some old friends.

UTA FRENCH AIRLINES, P.O. Box 4157, North Hollywood, Calif. 91607
Send me information on UTA Adventure Tours to Africa:

☐ AFRICA ODYSSEY: 45-day tour includes Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Gabon, Zambia, Rhodesia, South Africa, Kenya. From $1873 plus air fare.

☐ AFRICAN CARAVAN: 22-day tour visiting Senegal, Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Greece. From $870 plus air fare.

☐ AFRICAN HIGHLIGHTS: 38-day tour includes France, South Africa, Swaziland, Rhodesia, Zambia, Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Ethiopia, Greece. From $1550 plus air fare.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My travel agent is _____ Zip _____

SR9

Jet UTA French Airlines from Paris – the City of Light – to the Dark Continent. Enjoy famed French luxury while meeting old and new friends across west, central and southern Africa.

UTA is the airline that knows Africa best. So expect your UTA tour to provide everything Africa shares with its friends: bazaars as old as time. Excitement and natural beauty of Equatorial Africa. Southern Africa's wild game country. The breathtaking splendor of Kilimanjaro. And much more.

Whichever UTA African tour you select, you'll meet a continent of exciting contrasts – from colorful villages to modern cities. Just call your travel agent or UTA/Air France. Or mail this coupon. Some friends are waiting.

The airline that knows Africa best UTA FRENCH AIRLINES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reynolds Price

Continued from page 29

a Rosacoke who has been to Vassar. To Tamplin, it is a day to get through, to kill gracefully and lightly, like the affair itself, and round it to a close. From their failure "to meet, to serve one another, to delight in the work" he will now gain his freedom to make art from it. They visit a favorite church near Oxford and end up trading, rather bitterly, the epitaphs on the tombs. His is an elegy by Ben Jonson for a friend who died young, in which the poet finds consolation in the very brevity of the life:

> In small proportions, we just beauty see;
> And in short measures, life may perfect be.

Sara's inscription is from a family tomb and speaks of the ties of love under the aspect of death:

> And they that lived and loved either
> Should die and lie and sleep together.
> Go reader. Whether go or stay,
> Thou must not hence be long away.

"It's a truer poem," she says. "It could change whole lives." Tamplin is unimpressed. A short while later their car almost collides with a flock of sheep. A young shepherd follows them, apparently just awakened, refreshes himself with a last patch of snow, and calmly says, "Sorry." It is enough to light up Sara, who smiles and waves him pardon. A few small images of life's transience, but enough to make Tamplin realize that Sara will recover in ways he won't—or only enough to write truly about the burden of this day.

Tamplin's pitfalls and recognitions deepen as his chronicle moves along. He is a young man in flight, one foot out the door of any entangling relationship, ready to pull the door of his privacy shut at any sign of invasion. He closes it on a desperate woman who wants to use his bed to steal a few moments of love, but he ends up worshiping the bitter mysteries of her love-scarred life. For there is a stern beneficence operating in his fate that drives him out of his shell, turns his timidity to a certain kind of strength, leads him, some years later, to abandon his stiff-necked pride and ask forgiveness for not forgiving Sara's rightful distrust of him.

This difficult movement from grievance to grief surges powerfully through the last two stories in the book, which deal with an older writer, not unlike Tamplin, whose wife first attempts and then commits suicide. "Good and Bad Dreams" is an extraordinary tracing of the borderland of the conscious and the unconscious that lies between a husband and a wife who have reached a terrible ultimate stage, in which her life hangs in the balance of their love/hate, but who can only communicate in their sleep.

"Walking Lessons," a long story, picks up the husband's legacy of rage after her death and takes him to an Indian reservation and to certain ordeals that his wife's act has reserved for him. The theme of an intolerable but seemingly unbreakable connection is doubled by the situation of the friend he visits there, a lapsed medical student who has a hopeless job as a VISTA worker and a more hopeless relationship with an Indian girl with multiple sclerosis. To Dora and the other Indians, the writer is a new affliction, the husband of a suicide, whose ghost, according to their lore, will follow him by night. To his friend, Blix, he is an unfeeling monster, "the killing kind." I won't try to trace the complex movement of this story or its mystical undertow, by which the writer is dragged to the admission of his responsibility, then to his atonement for it. I suspect that "Walking Lessons" brings to an end a long, grueling phase in Price's career, deeply though not congruently related to his own moral accounting, and bearing in its searching, potent artistry the healed scars of his own suffering.

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1417

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1417 will be found in the next issue.

MTVGL MI UXO SPMOUL VN

TONQOEUMVG PGF UXO RVL

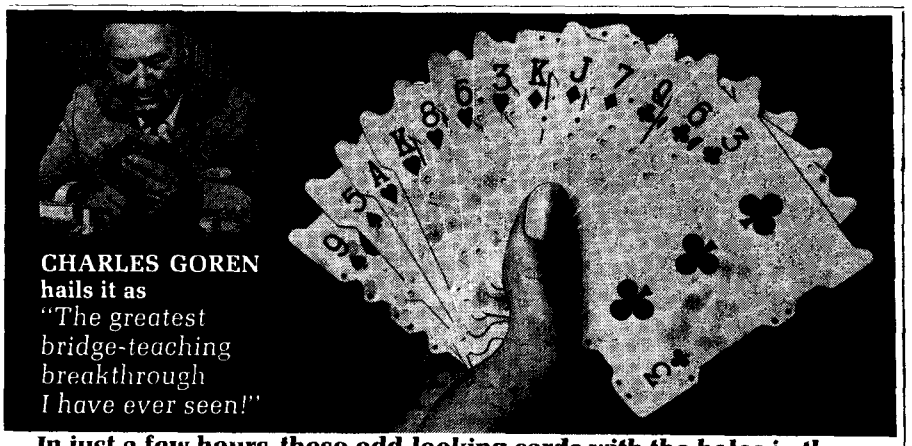
VN CMIFVY.

—PGPUVQO NTPGEO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1416

It was the old notion that justice should not arise from laws, but laws from justice.

—JOSEPH JOUBERT.



In just a few hours, these odd-looking cards with the holes in them can have you playing better than 90% of the bridge players in the U.S. (And if you're only a beginner, you can play real bridge in 15 minutes.)

Play bridge like an expert. It won't cost you hundreds of dollars for lessons, won't take long weeks of study. All it takes is BRIDGEVERYONE. This remarkable new bridge-teaching method **guarantees** you will learn to bid right the FIRST time you pick up your FIRST hand, dealt to you by BRIDGEVERYONE's Automatic Dealer. At the press of a button, this astounding little machine deals out a choice of 160 pre-programmed hands involving 40 different complete games, over 1,000 bidding situations and 500 play situations. You **must** make each bid correctly, play each card correctly. If not, BRIDGEVERYONE's exclusive Programmed Guide instantly tells you **what** to play and **why.**

FOR VETERANS AND NEW PLAYERS

Here is a mistake-proof method tailor-made for veteran players as well as novices. You can use it alone or with as many as three other players. It is the **only** system we know of that teaches correct offensive and defensive play simultaneously. The **only** system that offers beginners the opportunity to play real bridge with real cards after only 15 minutes. The **only** system that actually works to improve your card-playing memory... which, after all, is the key to success in any card game.

Try it just once...you'll sing its praises as enthusiastically as Charles Goren. What's more you won't risk a single penny. BRIDGEVERYONE must make you more proficient than 90% of the players *around*—***in just 30 days***—*or simply* return it for your money back.

Order NO. 41620: BRIDGEVERYONE set(s) at $29.95 *plus $1.00 postage and handling.*

N. Y. State residents add appropriate sales tax.

Send check or money order, or charge your credit card account. Please give account name, and your number. Free gift catalog on request.

finer things by mail from The GALLERY Dept. 7658, Amsterdam, N. Y. 12010

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR: RECORDINGS

47 The Symphonic Strike Season
by Philip Hart

50 My George Szell
by Henri Temianka

52 Recordings in Review
by Irving Kolodin

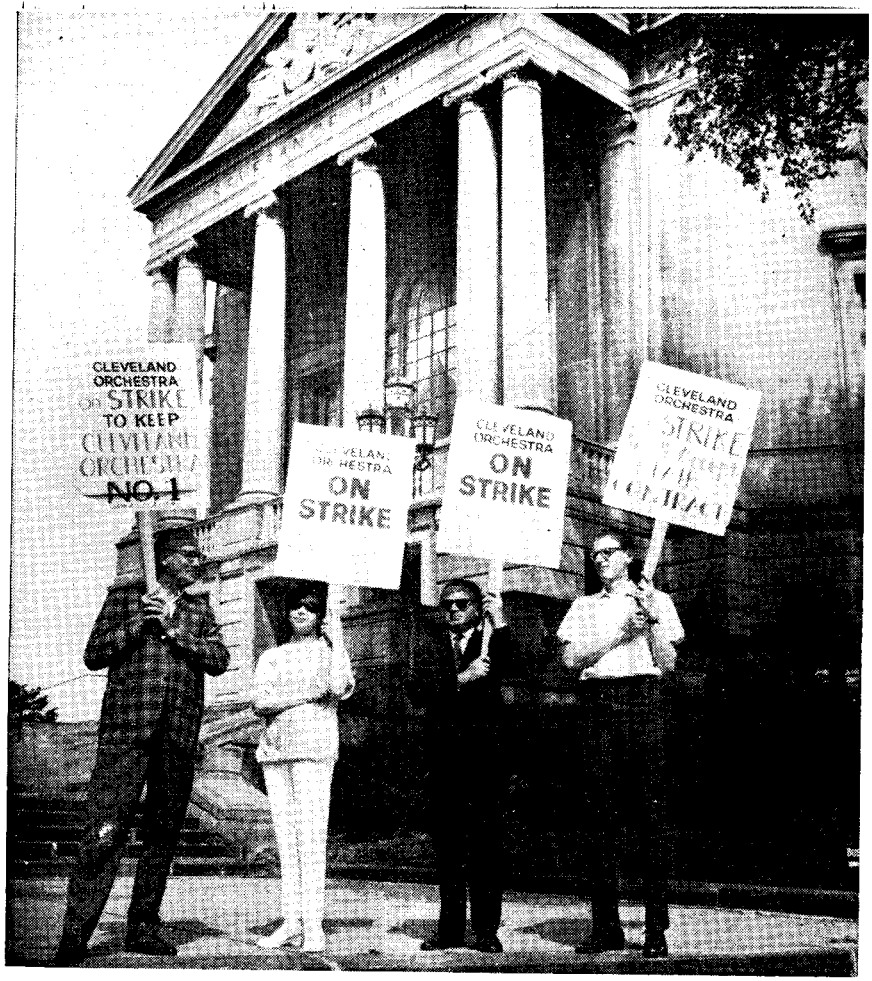
54 Recordings Reports I:
Orchestral LPs

56 Recordings Reports II:
Miscellaneous LPs

57 The Hi-Fi Convenience Revolution
by Ivan Berger

59 Dvořák's "Requiem" by Kertész
by George Louis Mayer

60 Letters to the Recordings Editor



—Karl J. Rauschkolb

The new symphonic quartet—Cleveland Orchestra personnel picketing Severance Hall, September 1970.

The Symphonic Strike Season

by PHILIP HART

As in the world of ready-to-wear, it is becoming increasingly apparent, year by year, that the world of music, too, has its fifth season—fall, winter, spring, summer, and the symphonic strike season. It opened in earnest on September 12 when representatives of the Cleveland Orchestra rejected management's offer on a contract renewal, and settled in for a prolonged negotiation. A few days later management of the Minnesota Orchestra, as the Minneapolis Symphony is now known, cancelled the first week of its season in similar circumstances.

It was all foreshadowed months ago when a musician of the New York Philharmonic told a reporter from *The New York Times*: "We see that plumbers are making $19,000 a year. That looks pretty good to us." As between greasy overalls and immaculate tails, there is no question which looks better to an audience. But if the "plumber" parallel holds, perhaps it would be better to revise all concert garb—downward.

Blunt as they are and crude as they are, the quoted words summarize the militance of the musicians in American symphony and opera orchestras. They also intensify the basic economic dilemma facing the organizations that sponsor these enterprises, and those public-spirited citizens who must raise from private and public donors sums ranging well upward from half their operating expenses. Nor is the economic factor, important as it is, all that is harassing them. There are other questions covered by the inclusive term "working conditions" that carry with them serious implications of an artistic nature.

Well before the opening of the symphonic strike season, nine out of twenty-nine major professional symphony orchestras in the United States and Canada were bargaining with their players for the renewal of contracts that usually run for three years: These include the orchestras of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Minnesota, Milwaukee, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Utah; the Boston Symphony is negotiating pay scale only under an overall contract expiring next season. Although only nine orchestras are discussing economic issues and working conditions, many items under consideration are often based on agreements previously reached by other important orchestras. This means that concessions granted now will recur in bargaining on other fronts in the future.

Over the past decade, there has been a substantial improvement in the economic status of professional symphony orchestra musicians, both in length of season and in increased salaries. As of the end of the 1969-70 season, no less than five orchestras employed their musicians for fifty-two weeks a year; another seven were rapidly approaching that goal; and one, that of San

PHILIP HART, whose career in music has included managerial responsibility with the Portland (Oregon) Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, and other orchestras, is presently writing a book on the subject, to be published by W. W. Norton.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francisco, shares its personnel with the local Opera Association in a way that provides them with year-round employment. In 1963-64, Professors Baumol and Bowen, in their monumental study *The Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma*, reported that the *average* annual pay of symphonic musicians in the major professional orchestras was $4,750; the most recent figures on the season just past indicate that for these same orchestras a comparable figure is now close to $10,000.

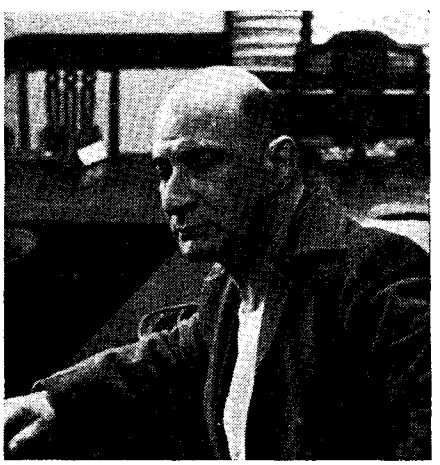
Although a disproportionate amount of this increase centers in the wealthier and larger cities, with the smaller ones in some instances still offering substandard orchestra pay, it can certainly be stated that major progress has been made in alleviating the adverse economic status of orchestra players that caused so much concern in the early 1960s. However, not content with the attainment of major economic goals, the increasingly militant orchestra players are now making demands at the bargaining table that can seriously impair the high artistic quality that American orchestras have achieved.

In the past century, American orchestras have developed a standard of artistic quality unexcelled anywhere. Historically, these orchestras have operated as a benevolent autocracy: Contrary to European experience, the stature of American orchestras has depended upon the close identification of a major conductor with an orchestra over a period of years. Theodore Thomas with his own orchestra and that of Chicago, Stock after him in Chicago, Stokowski and Ormandy in Philadelphia, Reiner in Pittsburgh and Chicago, Toscanini and Bernstein in New York, Koussevitzky in Boston, and George Szell in Cleveland all represent the highest virtues of such an association of conductor and orchestra, and have established the goal to which other American communities have aspired. The autocratic role of such conductors has contributed substantially to the artistic quality of our orchestras and to the long-range welfare of the players. For their part, orchestra players have become highly organized, bargaining more effectively through their own committees than by union representation, to protect their individual interests and advance their common economic objectives.

In recent years, moreover, orchestra musicians have become increasingly militant in the promotion of such interests. Whereas, between 1922 and 1953 there were but two work stoppages of short duration among American orchestras, there have been, beginning with the Philadelphia stoppage in 1954, a total of eighteen, through the 1969-70 season, seven in the past four seasons, involving as many as seven weeks of nonperformance. Though all of these stoppages were primarily related to economic issues, an increasing number were aggravated by noneconomic differences.

These noneconomic issues involve a wide range of prerogatives hitherto reserved to orchestra management—the hiring and firing of players, the scheduling of rehearsals and concerts, conditions for touring, and performance on radio, TV, and for records. Although there are frequently economic implications in such questions, these remarks will be confined to the artistic and performance consequences of concern to the audience. This by no means should lead one to ignore the economic element, although here it is essential to emphasize other concerns.

It would seem reasonable to assume that, once our orchestra musicians have attained year-round employment at decent compensation, they would allow orchestras' managements and conductors to use their services with a reasonable degree of flexibility in presenting new repertory and in developing new audiences. There is no reason, for instance, why all concerts must be based on the nineteenth-century concept of the 100-piece symphony orchestra: Music of prior and more recent origin deserves more than an occasional place on our programs. Similarly, there are many opportunities to play for smaller audiences in outlying halls without confining an orchestra's activity to one, centrally located auditorium. From the sponsoring associations' point of view, flexibility in repertory and dispersion of concert presentation offer opportunities to utilize the manpower available under extended seasons. Yet, by contractual provisions, the players are restricting such managerial prerogatives.



William Steinberg — "Boston's musical adviser is also in charge of the Pittsburgh Symphony."

As an example: It is generally known that orchestral contracts are based on a stipulated number of services per week—a "service" representing either a concert or a rehearsal. All players are compensated whether or not they participate in the rehearsals and concerts of a specific week. However, when circumstances require a Mozart or Haydn symphony to be prepared in an *extra* rehearsal not covered by the specified number of services, most orchestras find they must pay the total personnel, whether they participate or not. Moreover, the basic number of players may not be split into separate ensembles, with one rehearsing under an associate conductor a program to be performed in a suburban hall. A few major orchestras are now permitted to divide into two or more smaller groups, but such permission is usually limited to free concerts in the schools under such stringent limitations that some orchestras who have this right have been unable to exercise it. For public, paid concerts, however, no orchestra with 90 to 105 musicians (under a contract requiring paying all when only a few are working) can undertake a supplementary series of programs devoted to baroque, eighteenth-century, or modern works for smaller forces.

Another major scheduling limitation is the requirement that orchestra managements post schedules of rehearsals, including specific works to be rehearsed, several weeks in advance. This makes it possible for players not required for a given piece to know when they will have time off, frequently for other employment in teaching or in free-lance performance. However, it is occasionally difficult for a conductor to know in advance precisely how much time he will need to prepare each piece; this is especially the case with guest conductors unfamiliar with the orchestra, or when new music is programed. Thus, our orchestra players are demanding increasingly inflexible work schedules and limitations on the length of rehearsals and permissible overtime, all of which can and actually does impair the quality of the final performance, without offering any quo for this quid.

As our orchestras have increased the length of their seasons in a commendable effort to provide full-time employment for their players, they must seek new performance opportunities not only in their home auditoriums but in the suburban areas and on tour. Yet, restrictive contractual provisions limit the flexibility of management in scheduling "run outs" (involving no overnight stay) and tours. To some degree these restrictions arise from legitimate

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complaints of the players over discomfort and inconvenience; in other instances, the players merely want more time in their home cities to teach and to play free-lance jobs. But the alleviation of genuine complaints has not always been accomplished with mutual good will between management and the players, nor do these resulting restrictions take into account changing conditions in transportation facilities. Consequently, the ability of management to promote maximum income from tours and to provide musical service to other communities on tour has been seriously limited.

Traditionally, professional musicians have had a great reluctance to perform for the electronic media of radio, TV, or recording without high pay that makes it possible for them to share the productivity benefits of technological improvements. The American Federation of Musicians has for decades governed the national pay scales for these media, and American scale for such services is vastly higher than in any other country. Partly because of these costs, but largely due to the economics of audience-oriented commercial television, symphonic music on TV is nationally largely limited to a few "educational" outlets. On the local level these costly requirements have limited the opportunity for an orchestra to provide community service and obtain promotion through live TV broadcasts; only a few orchestras, in diminishing number, are permitted to make local "public service" radio broadcasts of "live" concerts.

Until recently, however, the AFM permitted orchestras to make commercial recordings at less than national scale, providing that all members of the orchestra so agreed; this made it possible for the Utah State Symphony under Maurice Abravanel to record extensively, and a few other orchestras have occasionally availed themselves of this same opportunity. However, as a result of the 1969 master recording contract, this provision was revoked, thus depriving the American record buyer of hearing on records all but a handful of top American orchestras. At the same time, he is offered a vast variety of recordings by European orchestras substantially inferior to many nonrecording American counterparts.

A number of our top orchestras have arranged to make tapes of concerts for distribution to FM stations for a compensation that frequently goes to the orchestras' pension funds. A few years ago the players of the New York Philharmonic forced the discontinuation of this service, and other orchestras are now faced with similar restrictions. It is said that some players fear that such broadcasts will reduce recording sales; other players are believed to advocate such prohibition in the hope of obtaining extra payment in exchange for granting permission to record broadcast tapes. As usual, the primary loser is the public: The orchestra plays the concert anyway, and the by-product is wasted.

Possibly the greatest danger to the maintenance and improvement of orchestra quality lies in efforts of musicians to play a greater, and frequently predominant, role in basic personnel decisions. The long-time authority of the conductor as final arbiter of a player's ability to enter an orchestra and remain there has been increasingly restricted. Legitimate protections against the arbitrary or capricious dictatorship of the conductor have long been in effect. But they are being made increasingly rigid to the point where it is now virtually impossible to discharge a player once he has served a brief trial period.

Auditions for replacements or promotions must, increasingly, be held under complicated rules, with committees in which the players play a major role, and strong preference must be given to present members of the orchestra in filling important positions and to local union members in filling vacancies. The introduction of orchestral musicians themselves into the audition committee places them in the position of passing judgment on their friends, their own pupils, and the pupils of their colleagues. Some of our best-established orchestras, such as those of Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago, take pride in the continuity of their musical personnel and in the fact that so many of their players were students of older musicians; such continuity can be an artistic asset when it results in quality, but not all communities enjoy a Curtis Institute, a Juilliard, a New England Conservatory, or a Chicago Civic Orchestra. Teacher-pupil relationships, factional cliques, and outright nepotism are always a danger, especially when they lead to the perpetuation of mediocrity.

Finally, there is the agonizing problem of the aging player, who regrettably may be the last to admit his declining powers. When their cases come before a committee of colleagues, the latter are all too tempted to take an indulgent view of their friends' plight, a plight that they themselves may face in a few years.

In the older and better established orchestras these dangers are not so great, since they can readily draw upon the best available players, but smaller cities desiring to upgrade their orchestras find that restrictions on the "importation" of out-of-town players and the forced retention of aging and inferior musicians can seriously hamper their efforts. When such orchestras can muster increased support from their communities for better musicians' pay and longer seasons, they are entitled to seek commensurate improvement in personnel. This does not necessarily call for an inhumanely callous pursuit of artistic quality, but rather for a sympathetic exploration of personnel procedures based on a balanced view of individual problems rather than an inflexible set of rules and regulations.

As these primarily noneconomic issues have become more critical in the past decade, some managements and orchestra associations have tended to sacrifice artistic considerations to the far more dramatic pressures of primary economic problems. All too often, under pressure of deadlines to begin a season, these associations have bargained away artistic positions to achieve more favorable economic terms, only to learn later that they must pay a price both in secondary costs and in musical potential.

This becomes all the more serious when one contemplates the decline of the resident conductor in this country. No small share of the glory of American orchestras derives from the close relation of conductor and orchestra. Even when management may agree to limitations of artistic authority, the conductor by his own personal power can nonetheless maintain artistic quality. However, this close association of conductor and orchestra may no longer characterize the symphonic institution: Of the six top orchestras in this country, only one, that of Philadelphia, is led by a truly full-time director; Solti in Chicago and Mehta in Los Angeles have extensive international commitments and interests that can modify close involvement with their respective orchestras; in 1971 New York, after a two-year hiatus, will have in Boulez a director with similar distractions; Boston's musical adviser is also in charge of the Pittsburgh Symphony, a dual task that strains the resources of William Steinberg; and the death of George Szell now places Cleveland in the position of finding the major, full-time leadership that has evaded four other comparable orchestras.

With less internationally glamorous leadership, the second echelon of our major orchestras actually now enjoys a higher degree of full-time leadership than do the handful of top orchestras: To Skrowaczewski in Minnesota, Ehrling in Detroit, Schwieger in Kansas City, Abravanel in Utah, and Katims in Seattle are now hopefully added Dorati in Washington, Susskind in St. Louis,

(*Continued on page* 55)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My George Szell

by HENRI TEMIANKA

For a number of years, George Szell was one of my most intimate friends. When I learned the sorrowful news of his death, I looked up our old correspondence. Every page of these letters is aglow with Szell's rich, three-dimensional personality, full of wit, earthy humor, affectionate concern, sparkling intelligence, *joie de vivre*, and intense vitality. He was a man with a tremendous cultural background, in command of half-a-dozen languages, who absorbed and enjoyed all the good things of life. (He once gave me a lucid lecture, complete with drawings, on the principles of automotive engineering.)

I first met Szell when Stefan Zweig, the Austrian novelist whose protégé and close friend I had become, brought him to a little apartment in St. John's Wood in London where I was living in 1937. Szell was then forty years old, already on his way toward a brilliant career, but still with enough youthful eagerness to display his recent rave reviews at the drop of a hat.

He sat down at the piano, and we played a couple of violin and piano sonatas. Our rapport was immediate. Szell was a splendid pianist, although he had the tendency of so many conductors to attack the keys of the piano as if each of the eighty-eight were a recalcitrant orchestra player, to be subdued by sheer physical energy if necessary. Although he was not German, there was something of the German *Kapellmeister* about him.

The real purpose of Szell's visit soon emerged. He had just been appointed conductor of the Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow, succeeding Barbirolli who was on his way to the New York Philharmonic. He wanted me as his concertmaster and assistant conductor. He offered me all kinds of blandishments: I would have to stay only three-and-a-half months, leaving plenty of time for my budding solo career; also, Szell and I would form a sonata duo.

I accepted, and with this began a personal and musical association of extraordinary closeness. For more than three months we lived in adjoining rooms at the old Moore Hotel, a stone's throw from St. Andrews Hall, where we gave our concerts. Each day the two of us, both bachelors then, shared breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We walked to St. Andrews Hall together, rehearsed with the orchestra morning and afternoon, and frequently spent the evenings playing sonatas. We went on vacations together in Switzerland and Italy. We gave concerts in England and Holland. And when Szell was married, my sister and I were the sole witnesses at the ceremony.

In those days Szell strenuously objected to being called "Zell." He would correct anyone who mispronounced his name, adding for greater emphasis: "Sell—like something you sell." During our first winter in Scotland, we sometimes played bridge at the home of two charming, Scottish spinster sisters who had a well-stocked liquor cabinet, a splendid cook, and an inexhaustible, uninhibited fund of stories. Anyone who could have observed Szell on those occasions would have realized that his Germanic posture was largely an accident of bone structure and myopia.

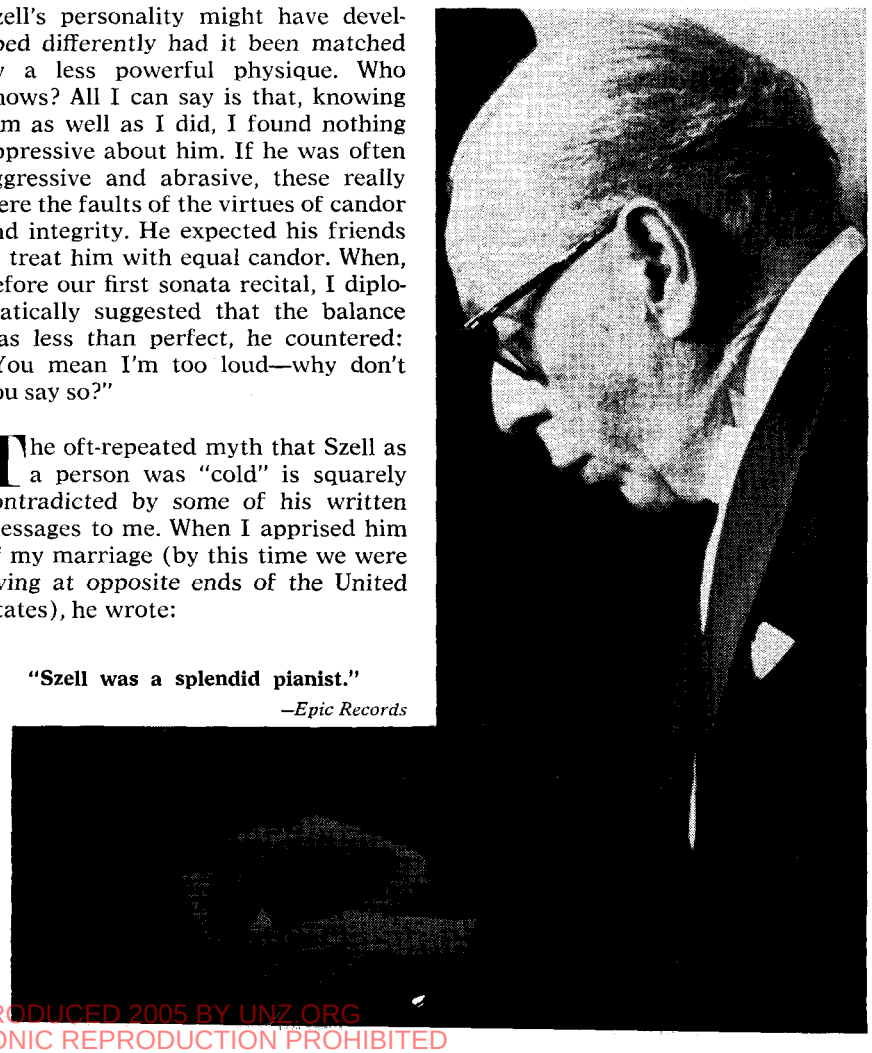
It would be idle to speculate whether Szell's personality might have developed differently had it been matched by a less powerful physique. Who knows? All I can say is that, knowing him as well as I did, I found nothing oppressive about him. If he was often aggressive and abrasive, these really were the faults of the virtues of candor and integrity. He expected his friends to treat him with equal candor. When, before our first sonata recital, I diplomatically suggested that the balance was less than perfect, he countered: "You mean I'm too loud—why don't you say so?"

The oft-repeated myth that Szell as a person was "cold" is squarely contradicted by some of his written messages to me. When I apprised him of my marriage (by this time we were living at opposite ends of the United States), he wrote:

> Dearest Temi [a term of endearment he often used]:
> First of all let me congratulate you most heartily on your marriage. We are both happy to know that you have found a comrade for life and wish you all conceivable harmony, happiness, and contentment. It is too unfortunate that we are living so far from each other, and it will be some time until we shall meet your wife. Let us meanwhile have a snapshot if you have one to spare so we can visualize her too when we think of you.

Nor was Szell always the authoritarian bent on having his own way. In one of our duo programs we had included a sonata by Pugnani. Some time before the performance it had occurred to me that it was an inappropriate choice, inasmuch as it was a virtuoso piece for the violin, relegating the pianist to a secondary position. When I wrote to Szell proposing to replace the piece by another, he answered (I translate from the German, the language in which we most frequently communicated): "Entirely in agreement. I did not propose it myself, because I was reluctant to deprive you of a display piece in which you could shine."

A few years later Szell made another comment that I have always cherished. Columbia Artists Management, had offered me an exclusive contract. I



"Szell was a splendid pianist."
—Epic Records

HENRI TEMIANKA, now resident in Los Angeles and active in its musical life, was first violinist of the Paganini Quartet for many years and a solo violinist of note.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked Szell to look over the complicated document before I signed it. It was full of "whereases," "the artist agrees to," and all kinds of mysterious clauses, one of which pertained to the management's unrestricted control over my participation in any future hypothetical technological breakthrough such as George Orwell, Aldous Huxley, and Ray Bradbury had not even considered.

Szell carefully looked over the contract without saying a word. Then he commented: "They've left you just enough freedom to draw your bow across the strings."

The most laconic comment Szell ever made to me occurred on the day I was to make my debut as a conductor with the Scottish Orchestra. Shortly before going out on the stage, I nervously asked for some last-minute advice. Szell rose to the occasion. "Follow the orchestra," he said.

I think one reason why Szell and I had such a natural affinity was that since birth we both seemed to have been in a hurry and equally impatient. Rarely, however, were these characteristics exhibited to such an extent as on the occasion of his marriage, at which I was his best man and witness. The lead story on the front page of the Glasgow *Evening News* reported:

> George Szell, the conductor of the Scottish Orchestra, was married in Glasgow today, confirmation of which took place in the County Buildings, Ingram Street.
>
> Witnesses to the marriage, which took place in a solicitor's office in Bothwell Street, were Henri Temianka and Rosy Temianka, and their address was given as 4 Park Gardens, Glasgow. The declaration of the marriage took place before Sheriff Berry.
>
> The bride was wearing a light tweed coat with fur collar and small fur hat. She had also gold earrings and wore brown Russian boots. Mr. Szell had a black coat with astrakhan collar and carried a grey soft hat in his hand.
>
> Following the declaration of the marriage the wedding party proceeded to leave the County Buildings and were actually on the street when it was discovered that they had not signed the register.
>
> They had to be brought back to the Sheriff Clerk's Department where the newly wedded couple placed their signatures in the book in which all such marriages are recorded.

I remember how stunned we were when the registrar, completely out of breath, caught up with us a couple of blocks later. It was a scene worthy of a Billy Wilder comedy.

Szell's memory was extraordinary. We spent a good part of one summer together at the exquisite little resort of Tremezzo on the shores of Lake Como in northern Italy. Szell had brought little music with him, and I had nothing except the Beethoven and Schubert sonatas that we were preparing for our duo-concerts the following season. There was little to do on those quiet summer evenings—an occasional bridge game with pianist Artur Schnabel, who lived next door, or a stroll along the lake terminating with a glass of *grappa* on the terrace of a café. Soon we were spending our evenings, and many of our days, making music in the hotel lounge.

In the course of the first week we went through practically every violin concerto and sonata I had ever learned, Szell playing the piano part without music and helping me out whenever my memory failed me. He never left out one bar of a *tutti*, even when it was as extended as the introduction to the Beethoven or Brahms concertos. We had a boundless appetite for music, playing as many as six or seven major works at one session. At this rate the violin repertoire could not last forever. Soon we were down to the dregs, shamelessly playing Ernst's *Othello* Fantasy and Paganini's "God Save the Queen" Variations.

I thought this was the end, but I was mistaken. For Szell it was only the beginning, a pleasant appetizer. The next evening he sat down at the piano and started playing the overture to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. But he did not stop after the overture. He stopped three hours later, having played the entire opera from memory and sung the text to it. After recovering from his efforts over *Don Giovanni*, Szell played Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* as an encore.

In the light of the above, the following remark in a letter from Szell is of interest. I had proposed to him that we play the sonatas from memory. He replied: "I do not mind playing our sonatas by heart provided that this stage of command develops naturally during our work, for *I hate any kind of memorizing*."

On Mondays we had our concerts in Edinburgh. Szell made a tremendous production of it. Not the concert. The supper on the train going back to Glasgow. He spent hours shopping, going over every item on the menu with me in great detail. In the afternoon, the orchestra's factotum arrived at the railway station, almost collapsing under the weight of huge buckets filled with the finest wines, caviar, *foie gras*, and lobster, all carefully packed in ice. All these treasures were deposited in our dressing room backstage. Throughout the concert we worried about the gradually melting ice supply, rearranging the bottles and tins between the overture and the symphony and again during intermission. The last piece on the program seemed endless.

It was worth all the trouble. No banquet at the Ritz ever compared with our suppers in the private train-compartment going back to Glasgow. Yes, Szell was a perfectionist indeed, in everything he did.

The war put an end to our joint activities in Europe. Szell and I both reached the United States, but by different routes. Szell's first years in this country were by no means easy, and for a time his prospects looked decidedly bleak. On April 5, 1940, when Szell was forty-three and surely approaching his peak, he wrote to me as follows:

> Dear Friend:
> I have a miserable conscience towards you and can only give as the reason for my long silence a certain depressive inertia, as a result of which I neglected all my correspondence for months on end. That is now gradually improving, partly because of certain vague prospects, partly through intensive music making: piano, chamber music, even composing in a modest degree.

Three years later his career had taken a decided turn for the better, and he could write to me, in English:

> Boston was a great experience for me —quite apart from the really tremendous success with audience, press, and, last but not least, the orchestra, which gave me ovation after ovation—already at the rehearsals. The greatest thing about it was that I met an orchestra that has been trained to make it daily routine to *give its best*.
>
> Next Saturday (13th) *Boris* is being broadcast from the Met. Although it is not exactly a "radio" opera because there are very few self-contained musical numbers, and the continuity is vouchsafed by the action not by the music, I wish you could listen in, at least for some time.

In recent years our contact had become tenuous. The last time I heard from him was after I congratulated him on a television appearance, about three years ago. His letter began: "Dear Temi: I received with delight your wonderful fan letter. . ." and went on to thank me for a new recording of mine that I had sent him. Then came this strange, wistful ending: ". . . here's hoping that we may meet again sometime during the rest of our lives."

It was a hope that remained unfulfilled.

FROM THE LONDON "OBSERVER"
NOVEMBER 9, 1937

"At the Aeolian Hall on Tuesday, Mr. Temianka played the violin neatly, and Mr. Szell the pianoforte noisily."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Britten for Cello

BRITTEN: *Suites for Cello, Nos. 1 and 2. Mstislav Rostropovich, violoncello.* London stereo, CS 6617, $5.98.

UNLIKE THE SOLO SONATA of Béla Bartók for violin, which gives the impression of having been motivated more by animus than affection, Britten's suites for solo cello are an unending hymn to the instrument's nobility of sound, wide-ranging tonal compass, and infinite variety of dynamic possibilities. Although separated by three years (the first was written in 1964), they give the impression of stemming from a single esthetic impulse—as well they might, for a delayed fulfillment of a conception is by no means uncommon in compositional circles.

At the same time it would be amiss to interpret the preceding remark as indicative of sameness or repetition in the Opus 80 vis-à-vis its predecessor of Opus 72. As may be derived from the layout of sections titled "Canto Primo," "Canto Secondo," and "Canto Terzo," separated by internal movements bearing such titles as "Fuga" and "Lamento," "Serenata" and "Marcia," "Bordone" and "Moto Perpetuo e Canto Quarto," the Britten of Suite No. 1 had a good deal about form and sequence on his mind, as if the unfamiliar context put him somewhat on guard. The second suite proceeds in a rather more free-flowing way, lyrically and dramatically by turns. And, following the "Declamato," "Fuga," "Scherzo," and "Andante lento," it shows the true master hand by achieving a triumphant conclusion in a "Ciaccona," which may be the greatest movement of the ten plus, in the two works.

However, the master and the master hand are closely intertwined in Britten. Unlike some others of this time, whose every new endeavor, of whatever magnitude, is promoted as a command to the attention, Britten moves methodically through the years, season in, season out, working at whatever project of the moment has caused the creative juices to flow. This is not to imply that the results are invariably of the same uniformly high quality. But at the end of a five-year period, during which one has made a first acquaintance with his *Nocturnal* (Op. 70) for Julian Bream's guitar, or the *Songs and Proverbs* (William Blake) for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's baritone, or the recently noted arrangements of Percy Grainger for anybody's enjoyment, one has to conclude that he has added not merely titles but experiences to the world's store of music.

As for his own personal campaign on behalf of peaceful coexistence, which has now encompassed the Symphony for Cello and Orchestra and the Sonata in C for Cello and Piano as well as these two unaccompanied suites, it speaks his mind more potently in music than a dozen speeches of others. Rostropovich's response is as beautiful a session of cello playing as could be heard from any performer of record, present or past.

—Berko

Benjamin Britten—"has added not merely titles but experiences to the world's store of music."

Strauss from Louisville

STRAUSS: *Songs, Op. 68. Rita Shane, soprano; with the Louisville Orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester.* RHODES: *The Lament of Michal. Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; with Mester and the Louisville Orchestra.* Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records stereo, LS-704, $5.98.

BY THE TESTIMONY of the record jacket itself, this issue marks the 100th disc to appear in the seventeen years in which the Louisville Orchestra's releases have appeared on its own label. Initially undertaken on a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the series has continued on its own since 1960, at a rate of six per year. During the period since 1967, when the orchestra's founder, Robert Whitney, retired, both the orchestra and its recorded product have been supervised by Jorge Mester.

In the interests of the premise that practice makes, if not perfect, at least for improvement, it is rewarding to note that the technical standards of this disc are decidedly better than those produced at some earlier times. This doesn't mean, alas, that one can go back and upgrade the sound of some of the works commissioned by Louisville of which there are no other recordings, but at least Phillip Rhodes and his singer are eminently well treated. His choice of Michal, daughter of Saul and bride of David, as the subject of his monodrama is well founded, not only in his own sympathies but also in those of Patricia V. Schneider, who has provided him with a poetic text. Unfortunately, its flow of syllables does not make for easy enunciation, or perhaps it is the intentionally florid, musically fanciful setting of it, with wide leaps and *fioritura* in the highest register, that inhibits understanding of the text. Miss Bryn-Julson sings the difficult line easily and accurately, but the textual values are more than a little obscure.

In a strict interpretation of its charter for recordings—which relates, in my seventeen-year understanding of its purpose, to works commissioned or originated by the Louisville Orchestra—the *Brentanolieder* of Strauss do not qualify in either respect. But if the rule-makers can be induced to look the other way once in a hundred instances, the inclusion of these unique works in the Louisville catalogue can be justified (if any such is required) by the rarity of their appearance on records.

For those not acquainted with them, it may be noted that they sound as if Strauss had a few vocal complications in mind left over (as of 1918) from Zerbinetta's "Grossmächtige Prinzessin" in *Ariadne,* and found the words of Clemens Brentano ideal for his purpose. The voice of Elisabeth Schumann was Strauss's image for the range and agility required here, and New York-born Rita Shane has an amazing amount of the kind of virtuosity required. She also has a beautiful sound and ease in articulation, if not yet all the interpretative wiles that can be learned only in extensive public performance. However, freshness, enthusiasm, and emotional warmth are easily assimilated substances. Mester puts the score together well, though here, too, a little more finesse and polish would help. Straussians may be assured that the recorded sound is vastly better than anything they have occasion to anticipate from this source.

Brubeck's Opus 2

BRUBECK: *Gates of Justice. Erich Kunzel conducting The Cincinnati Brass Ensemble; McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; Cantor Harold Orbach,*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenor; the Westminster Choir; and the Brubeck Trio. Decca stereo, DL 710175, $5.98.

ONE OF THE PITILESS truths that every creator must face is that good intentions do not a temple build, nor exemplary character guarantee a masterpiece. Otherwise Pablo Casals's *Il Pesebre* would be a greater work than Wagner's *Parsifal*, and a village parson's ruminations infinitely superior to Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

Gates of Justice may be the best work by a jazz pianist ever commissioned by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations in collaboration with the College-Conservatory, which is to say that it continues the personal odyssey commenced by Brubeck in *Light in the Wilderness.* But it is poised all too perilously on the brink of falling on its face for Brubeck's lack of sufficient musical resource to realize a work of this duration and amplitude. One might cite Gershwin and *Porgy* as somehow related; but Gershwin's material was of such a superior sort, and highly personal to him, that the supporting structure mattered much less.

As in *Light in the Wilderness,* Brubeck is aflame with a zealot's purpose. This time, utilizing Biblical texts as well as such contemporary statements as Martin Luther King's "Free at last! I'm free at last!" he is bent on bridging the gap between the races, especially between Jew and Negro, because, as he states in his prefatory note, they "know better than any other people the consequences of hate and alienation." In one respect, at least, *Gates of Justice* marks a slight advance on *Light in the Wilderness*: The jazz materials are better related to what precedes and follows, possibly because they are used in more suitable contexts. But all too often, when Brubeck reaches for a deeper meaning or a stronger coloration, he comes up with a paraphrase of someone else's deeper meaning.

This is not to say that *Gates of Justice* is devoid of interest or lacking in communication of the sentiments it embodies. It is, rather, that the interest and the communication are likely to be for the relatively naïve, musically, or for those who have sufficient involvement to take the word for the deed. As in the earlier instance, conductor Erich Kunzel gives Brubeck's music everything to which it is entitled, and perhaps a little bit more. Of the vocal performers, Cantor Harold Orbach showed a tenor voice of a timbre and range that might equip him for a less specialized career, with Boatwright a staunch, outspoken ally for the composer.

Rostropoviches in "Onegin"

Nearly five years and a couple of hundred projects after the West-East arrangement was concluded in 1966, Melodiya/Angel or Angel/Melodiya are finally beginning to produce the kind of recordings for which high hopes were entertained from the start. This is not front-page news, for several approaches to the objective have been noted during the past year. But nothing so typifies the ideal as the just issued version of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin,* in which a choice Bolshoi Theater cast is heard under no less a conductor, and Tchaikovsky expert, than Mstislav Rostropovich (Melodiya/Angel stereo, SRCL 4115, $17.98).

To be sure, there have been not one but two prior *Onegins* from the source, one of them conducted by the memorable Alexander Melik-Pashayev, the other by Boris Khaikin. In the latter, the Tatiana was the younger Mrs. Rostropovich, better known internationally by her professional name of Galina Vishnevskaya. But in neither was the likeness to the original more than approximate. Both were not merely processed by Soviet technicians, but by those penalized by years of isolation from Western innovations.

It would have been a pleasure to have this new, full-length, beautifully performed *Onegin* with the kind of upgraded technical excellence that has characterized many of the recent Melodiya/Angel issues. But sweet reasonableness has so invaded the relations of EMI and their Soviet counterparts that permission was given for the Bolshoi forces to be recorded on foreign soil, during their visit to Paris early this year. Thus, this is in fact a product of the best of two worlds—Eastern artistry and Western technology.

The benefit is not so much to the advantage of any individual performer but to the performance as a whole. All the singers profit equally, of course, but the one who profits most in the long run is Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, none of whose operas has been heard with such forcefulness, aroma, and appeal in this country during the phonographic era. For this the principal officer and benefactor is Rostropovich, whose identity as a peerless musician, virtuoso cellist, and more than average pianist must now be expanded to include high honors as an opera conductor.

This is not to say that Rostropovich turns the score inside out or infuses it with an *élixir de Russe* that converts it into something out of all recognition to the bland counterparts that have been purveyed recently at the Metropolitan. What he knows intimately, and conveys with life-giving vitality, are the meanings behind Tchaikovsky's tempo markings, how one section of a scene like Tatiana's "Letter Scene" blends into another, picks up and moves, or slows down and lingers. As anyone who has exposed himself to both modes of expressions must become aware, this is all rooted in Tchaikovsky's balletic expression, the fount from which everything else of his mature life was irrigated. Alas! most Western opera conductors do not know ballet, and most Western ballet conductors who know Tchaikovsky do not get into the opera pit, with results all too familiar.

As noted, this performance emanates from a stage production, meaning that all the performers are familiar to each other, and part of a set ensemble. As Tatiana, Mme. Vishnevskaya no longer has the girlish sound heard in the prior recording (circulated once as Westminster OPW 1303), but she has quite enough voice of a darker quality to accommodate the questing melancholy and occasionally animated temper of a real Tatiana. It is, in any case, a beautiful "Letter Scene" that she sings and this determines much of the character that ensues. (Act III could use more freshness and resonance than she now commands.)

It is instructive to note that all the former participants in *Onegin* recordings have been replaced, save for Larissa Avdeyeva, formerly Olga and now Filipevna. Of the younger artists, the most impressive is the bright-voiced Vladimir Atlantov, who sings a Lensky of the sort one imagines to exist but rarely experiences. Yuri Mazurok is rather lighter of sound than the customary Onegins heard hereabouts, Tamara Sinyavskaya an appealing Olga, and Alexander Ognivtsev a suitably voluminous Gremin. Rostropovich lifts the performance from whatever the Russian equivalent of the doldrums may be with—as Tchaikovsky intended—zestful and propulsive versions of the waltz, the mazurka, and the polonaise as they occur. A beautiful brochure and transliterated Russian text complete the kit for Tchaikovskying.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Sviatoslav Richter, piano; with the Orchestre de Paris conducted by Lorin Maazel. Angel stereo, S-36728, $5.98.	In essence this is the same Richter conception embodied in RCA Victor, LSC 2466, which is to say the recording made in the immediate circumstances of the pianist's American debut in October 1960 with the Chicago Symphony and Erich Leinsdorf conducting (in the absence of the late Fritz Reiner). Big, broad, and spacious in conception, the updated effort profits both from the surety and control of Richter's technical execution in the more relaxed circumstances and Maazel's response to the stimulating partnership. It should be mentioned, too, that Angel earns honors not only for the richly sonorous reproduction but also for that rarity in liner prose, acknowledgment of and tribute to a prior version by the same artist of the same work on a rival label, i.e.: "Claudia Cassidy called the [1960] Richter performance 'the Brahms Second of a listening	lifetime' and a remarkable memento of it exists in a recording made two days later in Chicago by RCA Victor." For all the great things in it, this version, like its predecessor, has its Achilles' heel in the vagaries of tempo indulged by Richter in his playing of the first movement. Although there is no discernible printed deviation from the *Allegro non troppo* marking with which the movement begins, Richter slows it to a crawl in the first occurrence of the horn-piano dialogue, and whenever it suits his fancy later. In between, Maazel does his best to establish and sustain a steady tempo, but the weight of authority is on Richter's side in this relationship, which means that the wait in time is also. Richter is at his best in the slow movement, for which the excellent solo cellist is Albert Tétard.
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Orchestre de Paris. Angel stereo, S-36729, $5.98.	The dangers of describing a recording of anything as "the first" or "the only" may be described as legendary; when the conductor is von Karajan, they are proverbial. Here, for instance, is one prominently identified as "his first recording with the Orchestre de Paris," and already the arrangement by which they work together has been dissolved, leaving some doubt how many more there may be. This instance of the Karajan mesmerism is typically individualistic, a surpassing instance of leadership applied to leadable material, resulting in an orchestral effort even beyond the best the Orchestre de Paris generated on behalf of Charles Munch. This may	suffice for most practical purposes as far as this recording is concerned, though a description of the performance may be desired by some. It is, to my taste, more calculated than convinced, with an understated first movement, a beautifully played slow movement, and a predictably powerful finale led to a triumphant peroration. As a nonenthusiast for the Franck Symphony, my own preferences may be suspect, but more commitment, less calculation, a greater inner involvement, and a lesser outer detachment would strike me as a more becoming service to Franck. The beautiful playing is honored by equally beautiful reproduction.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victrola mono, VIC 1510, $2.98.	The quality of this performance, familiar during the years of Koussevitzky's directorship of the Boston Symphony, was something to anticipate, and the actuality justified the anticipation. It is spacious but not sprawling, taut but not rigid, expressive without being over-expansive—in short, a living likeness of the Koussevitzky insight at its best. What could not be anticipated was the surprising likeness of the great orchestra's sound that is conveyed from Symphony	Hall. Identification of the date of origin as November 29, 1950, means that the sound is no longer undiluted Koussevitzky, for Munch succeeded him in 1948, and changes were not slow in coming. If this is the price that must be paid for a relatively recent example of Koussevitzky-Boston collaboration, it is well worth the slight dilution of authenticity. The music making is decidedly his own, and more fully reproduced than in most prior reissues.
Vaughan Williams: *Oxford Elegy.* John Westbrook, speaker; with David Wilcocks conducting the Jacques Orchestra. Five Variants of "Dives and Lazarus." Wilcocks conducting the Jacques Orchestra. *Flos Campi.* Cecil Aronowitz, viola; the Choir of King's College, Cambridge; and the Jacques Orchestra conducted by Wilcocks. Angel stereo, S-36699, $5.98.	For its part of the current if informal Vaughan Williams commemoration (the other wing is an RCA enterprise in which André Previn is flight commander), Angel deserves the commendation due in a society where enterprise and commercialism are, for the most part, mutually exclusive. It has earned this credit by not only producing such infrequently heard works as *Oxford Elegy* and the Five Variants of "Dives and Lazarus," but including them on the same disc with *Flos Campi* rather than tucking each away at the end of a well-known symphony. Thus the indoctrinated Vaughan Williams enthusiast can satisfy his craving for the unusual without duplicating usual things he already may have. The *Oxford Elegy*, a product of 1947-49, derives from Matthew Arnold's poetry, which assures it of verbal interest. However, that does not guarantee musical interest as well, and, for all the cultivated effort of John Westbrook, it tends to cross the line from Vaughan	Williams's brand of evocation into that of Delius. The Variants of "Dives and Lazarus" (a folk song of singular beauty whose different versions are reflected in Vaughan Williams's instrumental composition) form a beautiful bridge to *Flos Campi*. Both have been available in past recordings, but rarely if ever in tonal re-creations of the understanding and quality to be heard here. The sound of the Aronowitz viola (an adornment of many English-recorded ensemble works, especially by the Amadeus Quartet) is singularly suited to Vaughan Williams's use of the instrument, and also blends beautifully with the wordless chorale. Not the least contribution to the quality results of all the performances is the conducting of Wilcocks, who has emerged from his prior identity as a choral director to the status of one from whom superior results may be anticipated in the future, whatever the circumstances. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

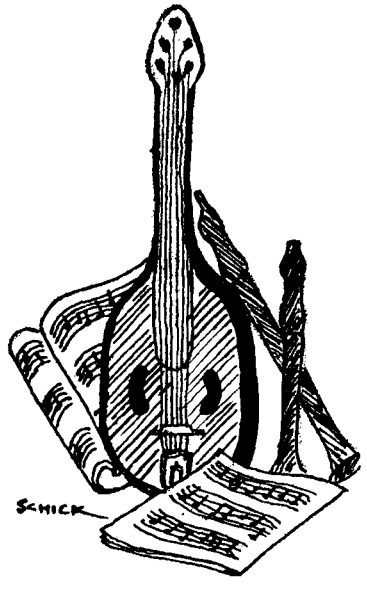
The Symphonic Strike Season

Continued from page 49

and Schippers in Cincinnati. But the attraction of a far-flung international career as guest conductor with many orchestras will always prove a tempting alternative to the intense concentration and community identification required of a resident director.

If, in fact, the day of the full-time resident conductor is fading, it becomes all the more incumbent upon management and sponsors of orchestras to hold the line against the infringement upon artistic policy by the personnel of the orchestras. The latter can, of course, point to a number of highly successful European orchestras that operate as cooperatives, both artistically and economically. These orchestras frequently select prominent conductors as music directors or advisers who are not, however, resident conductors in the American sense. When American players point to the self-governing operation of these orchestras, they forget that they enjoy a vastly greater guaranteed income and that they work in a tradition in which artistic responsibility has been centered in the conductor. Their European colleagues not only have developed a high degree of artistic responsibility in the best orchestras, but also take considerable financial risks that are possible only because American recording scales have driven producers to Europe. None of these players in the European cooperative orchestras enjoys anything like the comparative economic status of the American orchestra player. Moreover, in their militant expressions in the advancement of their interests, few musicians in this country have yet shown a concern for artistic quality at the expense either of personal convenience or of financial security.

In the broader long-range perspective, the possible erosion of our orchestras' artistic quality has serious practical consequences. Faced with a widening of the "income gap" in financing our orchestras, their sponsors now turn to government—local and national—for substantial subsidy to supplement private contributions. If such subsidy is to be justified, our orchestras must not only maintain their present quality but also expand their community service. Moreover, the bitter acrimony that characterizes so much of symphonic labor relations must be eliminated if continued public support is to be warranted. In the past decade much economic progress has been made, and the time has come for all parties—boards of directors, managers, and players alike—to modify their "adversary" positions and settle their differences in a wider context of artistic quality and community service. Thus could the new nonperforming fifth season be eliminated, and proper concentration be put once again on the four performing seasons.



Answer to Wit Twister, page 41: warder, drawer, warred, reward.

A TRIBUTE AS MONUMENTAL AS HIS WORKS

BEETHOVEN EDITION 1970

Deutsche Grammophon strikes the match to 200 blazing lights on the Beethoven birthday cake.

Deutsche Grammophon's matchless 12-volume, 75-record Beethoven Edition 1970 captures the genius of Beethoven in every period of his musical life. The fiery heroics and the lyricism. The virility and the tenderness. The brilliance and the poetry. His growth and development can be traced through the nine symphonies, the mighty concertos, the extraordinary string quartets, the vast array of chamber music and sonatas, and his lofty, heaven-storming choral music.

The superior engineering and technical quality of Deutsche Grammophon's recordings is matched only by the vitally perceptive interpretations of its artists. Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, Karl Böhm and the Dresden State Opera and Karl Richter. The Amadeus Quartet. Pianists Kempff, Anda, Eschenbach and Demus. Violinists Menuhin, Oistrakh, Ferras, Szeryng. Cellist Fournier. Singers Janowitz, Jones, Mathis, Ludwig, King, Wunderlich, Berry, Fischer-Dieskau. And many more.

Each volume is handsomely boxed in red linen-type binding in the best European tradition. Informative descriptive material is included with each volume. This unprecedented Beethoven Edition 1970 is being issued three volumes per month from August through November, in time for the Beethoven bicentenary. The first three albums are available now.

As a limited offer, the entire 12-volume, 75-record Beethoven Edition 1970 is being issued at the special price of $299.50—a savings of $149.00 over the individual-volume price. As an additional bonus to buyers of the total 12-volume Edition package, a 275 page, splendidly illustrated biography, "Ludwig van Beethoven," accompanies the Edition, at no extra cost.

These volumes may be purchased individually at your local record shop. (The book is not available to those who wish to buy single or all volumes on an individual basis).

BEETHOVEN EDITION 1970
Imported and Unabridged

August	Volume	Discs	Album No.
Nine Symphonies	I	8	2720 007
Chamber Music for Wind Instruments	III	4	2720 015
Masses	IX	3	2720 013
September			
Concertos	II	6	2720 008
String Quartets & Quintet	IV	11	2720 010
Music for the Stage	XI	3	2720 011
October			
String Trios & Serenade	V	3	2720 014
Piano Works: 32 Sonatas; Diabelli Variations; Piano Pieces; Piano Duets	VIII	14	2720 012
Fidelio	X	3	2720 009
November			
Piano Trios; Quartets; Clarinet Trio	VI	6	2720 016
Violin Sonatas; Cello Sonatas & Variations	VII	7	2720 018
Songs and Choral Music	XII	7	2707 017

The entire prepacked version with the bonus book is available only by order now through your local record dealer.* As a convenience, they will be shipped directly to you, at no extra cost, in mailing containers sealed in Europe. Delivery will be in November 1970.

If you cannot order Beethoven Edition 1970 through your local record shop, you may have the entire set, plus the bonus book, sent to you by mailing your check or money order for $299.50 to:
DEPT. BE-SAT, Polydor Incorporated, 1700 Broadway, New York 10019.

Deutsche Grammophon

Deutsche Grammophon Records are distributed in the USA by Polydor Incorporated; in Canada by Polydor Records Canada Ltd.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Debussy: Trio. Marisa Robles, harp; Christopher Hyde-Smith, flute; and John Underwood, viola. **Bax:** Elegiac Trio. **Ravel:** Introduction and Allegro. Robles Trio, and Jurgen Hess, violin; Galina Solodchin, violin; and Joy Hall, cello. Argo stereo, ZRG 574, $5.95.	The Trio is late Debussy (1916) and by reputation one of his lesser works, a product of musical as well as physical debility. However, as presented here by the group bearing the name of Marisa Robles, it is absorbing, communicative, and productive of much pleasure. Of next importance is the appealing if not especially original Trio of Bax, which is also impressively performed. Least satisfactory is the Introduction and Allegro of Ravel, not because it is especially deficient, but simply because there are other versions that attain a higher composite standard than this one. The commentary bearing the name of Valerie Gardner talks around the subject matter rather than about it and is, in the aggregate, of very little real use to the reader looking for informative aids to understanding.
Ravel: *Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques*; *Epigrammes de Clément Marot*; *Histoires naturelles*; *Chansons madécasses**; *Deux Mélodies hébraïques*; and *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée.* Gérard Souzay, baritone; and Dalton Baldwin, piano; with *Maxence Larrieu, flute; and Pierre Degenne, cello. Philips stereo, 839733, $5.98.	Gérard Souzay is the brave kind of singer who is not averse to challenging the standard of Feodor Chaliapin, for whom Ravel wrote the *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, or Madeleine Grey (*Chansons madécasses*, which she recorded with Ravel), or Maggie Teyte (*Histoires naturelles*), or Pierre Bernac (*Mélodies populaires grecques*), or even Nina Koshetz and Charles Panzéra ("Kaddisch"). He does, on the whole, very well by them, to the point that one is half surprised that he hasn't undertaken *Shéhérazade.* Perhaps the greatest surprise is in his artful, seemingly effortless "Nahandève" in the *Chansons madécasses.* As for the *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, there was more of the essential Ravel in Souzay's prior version with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. It is, in any case, a record that bears splendid testimony to Souzay's artistic resources, and the adaptability of his pianistic partner, Baldwin.
Satie: *Gymnopédies* Nos. 1 and 2; "Danses de travers" from *Pièces froides* No. 2. **Hindemith:** Sonata. **Wilder:** Sonata. **Jacobs:** Rhapsody. Patricia Stenberg, English horn; with Gary Wolf, piano. Golden Crest stereo, 7039, $4.98.	The English horn has few rivals for being the instrument least recorded in solo performance, a discrimination that finds no foundation in the fact of these performances. Patricia Stenberg, now a resident of Florida and a member of the Florida Gulf Coast Symphony, has an excellent command of its technical requirements, performing the works itemized at left with fluency, precision, and very good sound. What she presently lacks is the kind of interpretative imagination that would result in the meaningful modulation of the instrument's basic sound. There are in it considerable resources of color and dynamics to shape the works of Satie, Hindemith, Wilder, and Jacobs creatively, but Miss Stenberg seems ill-disposed to probe for them. The consequence is to restrict interest in the performances to those who listen for instruction rather than merely for a musical experience. Gary Wolf is an able pianist and decidedly helpful to his partner.
Schubert: Sonata in D (Op. 53). Eugene Istomin, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7443, $5.98.	Istomin's artistic objectives have always been high, which means that, unlike those performers who aim for popular success and have an almost sure chance of scoring a bull's-eye, he can come close but still miss. That is the case in this instance, with finesse, musical intelligence, and a strong sense of artistic rectitude impelling him on the way, but the guidance factor of personal involvement causing him to veer off target. For my taste, Istomin consistently underplays the zest, esprit, and vitality in this work, inclining instead toward restraint, understatement, and over-intellectualization. Such a procedure is any interpreter's prerogative, but it is also the listener's choice to accept or reject. Schubert was, of course, never altogether gay, nor was he ever altogether sad. Istomin, in my hearing, tends to overweight the outcome on the side of the serious, and inevitably leaves it out of balance. For one reason or another, neither alternative version (by Curzon or Richter) is wholly satisfactory, either—which means that another is in order from someone.
Scriabin: Eight Études (Op. 42); Sonata No. 5 in F sharp (Op. 53); Sonatas Nos. 7 and 9 (*White Mass* and *Black Mass*). Ruth Laredo, piano. Connoisseur stereo, CS 2032, $5.98.	Ruth Laredo is a likely servitress in the ranks of the new Scriabin crusade, performing the works of her choice with fervor, conscientious accuracy, and the kind of abandon that are a necessary part of the discipline these works require. The complete set of Opus 42 études is a decidedly welcome addition to the range of such works available on discs, likewise the Sonata No. 7 (Nos. 5 and 9 have already been provided in more than comprehensive versions). One conclusion that the growing quantity of Scriabin on discs has demonstrated inescapably is that the piano works wear better, show their age less than the orchestral. Such being the case, it is a blemish on Miss Laredo's effort that the results accorded to her instrument in the reproduction are lacking in ring or resonance. This may be more the fault of the piano than the recording of it.
Strauss, J.: "Komm in die Gondel" (*Eine Nacht in Venedig*). **Lehár:** "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz" and "Von Apfelblüten einen Kranz" (*Das Land des Lächelns*); "Wolgalied" (*Der Zarewitsch*). **Kálmán:** "Grüss' mir mein Wien" (*Gräfin Mariza*). **May, H.:** "Ein Lied geht um die Welt." **de Curtis:** "Non ti scordar di me." **Di Capua:** "Maria Marie" and "O sole mio." **Leoncavallo:** "Mattinata." **Cardillo:** "Core n' grato." **Denza:** "Funiculi-Funicula." Kruno Cigoj, tenor; with Christian Schmitz-Steinberg conducting. Metronome stereo, MDLP 85306, $5.98.	One glance at the Tauber-Lanza repertory would leave little doubt that it must be the province of a contemporary Tauber-Lanza tenor. A sampling of the sound leaves even littler doubt that it is the product of *the* contemporary Tauber-Lanza tenor, the Yugoslav prodigy named Kruno Cigoj, whose initial recording (mostly arias) was saluted in these pages last year [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, July 26, 1969]. If anything, the present disc is more to his collective credit, not only because the material is taken from the top drawer of popular appeal, but even more because Cigoj sounds decidedly more relaxed and at ease with his highly attractive sound than in his prior disc. It is one thing to form "Dein ist mein ganzes Herz" in the manner of a well-established model, something else to mold the insinuating "Grüss' mir mein Wien" in a manner all one's own and make it as memorable as Cigoj does. Not many performers have a sound of the freshness and sheen to bear out his advertised age (twenty-one). One can only wish that he use it in good health while he graduates from arias to full-length roles. The recording, incidentally, makes a contribution to the total of pleasure, which also includes well-played accompaniments by a sizable orchestra. —I.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hi-Fi Convenience Revolution

The emphasis in high-fidelity equipment design seems to be shifting, at an ever increasing pace, from performance to convenience. And that's exactly as it should be.

The better hi-fi components get, the harder it becomes to improve them—or rather, to improve them along the same lines as those along which they have been improved and reimproved already. The difference between an ancient amplifier of 10 per cent distortion and an inexpensive amplifier today with 1 per cent should be audible to anyone. The difference between the amplifier with 1 per cent and that with 0.1 per cent may well be audible to those with ears accustomed to hi-fi. But will the difference between today's 0.1 per cent amplifiers and tomorrow's 0.01 per cent ones be audible at all? And what about the difference between 0.01 and 0.001 per cent?

The fact is, you could buy an amplifier rated at 0.1 per cent harmonic distortion, 90 dB signal-to-noise, and a frequency response of 5 to 100,000 Hertz *nineteen years ago* (the specs I cited came from my 1952 *Radio Shack Catalog*, copyrighted 1951), and those specs would sound perfectly respectable today. Yet in today's market, the amplifier in question would seem like a wood-burning locomotive among sports cars: big, clumsy, inefficient, and esthetically appealing only to those who enjoy raw machinery for its own sake.

For the convenience revolution has taken over. Solid-state technology has given us powerful, integrated amplifiers, and sometimes even receivers, in smaller cases than some of yesterday's preamplifiers could boast. Tape connections now include front-panel tape inputs and outputs, or four-circuit DIN-plug inputs on the back panel, so one can plug and unplug portable recorders without fumbling for four cables amid a maze of sixteen or so more. Some amplifiers (TEAC's AS-201 and Sansui's AU-999, for instance, both shown to the trade last June) even accommodate two tape recorders, with internal switching that lets you dub from either deck to the other without touching one cable—and, on the Sansui, lets you listen to something else while you do it.

Even the simple selector switch has been improved: Most Sony amplifiers and receivers have two-part controls, a lever flipping between phono and tuner (the most-used inputs), with a mid-position that puts into play a conventional knob selector for the less used inputs. And Nikko's new 1101 AM/FM stereo receiver adds a separate, remote-speaker volume control to the almost omnipresent local/remote speaker selector switch.

Since we spend more time tuning than adjusting amplifier controls, tuning convenience has earned even more attention. That same Nikko receiver, for example, has FM and AM dials that light individually to direct your eye to the one scale in use, and Harman-Kardon has the same thing in its latest compacts.

Dials are getting longer, so that stations don't seem quite so crowded (especially important with today's hot tuners which pick up more stations); in some cases (e.g., Altec Lansing's new receivers and tuner/preamp combination) special attention is also paid to spacing the frequencies more evenly across the dial. Numbers on J.B. Lansing's new ST860 tuner light sequentially as the dial is scanned.

Some manufacturers would do without the dial altogether: C/M last year advertised a $1,000 tuner with a digital indicator that shows frequencies in stationary, ever changing numbers that stand out like neon signs. At the CES, Sherwood and Scott showed less expensive digital prototypes, Scott's also having automatic, signal-seeking tuning and provision for station selection by computer-type punched cards.

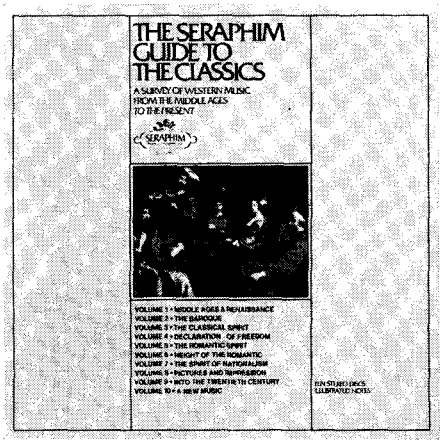
Tuning meters were a great convenience, when they first came out; now they are beginning to be superseded by lights that blink when the stations are correctly tuned. Scott's "Perfectune" light has been around, now, for a year or so; BIC/Lux, a new line, has a similar light, combined with a muting circuit that assures the station won't be audible (let alone interstation noise) until it's perfectly in tune as well—and does it on AM as well as FM. On some models from Heathkit, Kenwood, Scott, and possibly others, you can also choose to automatically silence all mono stations and hear only the stereo ones.

Tape recorders, requiring even more manipulation, have come in for an even greater share of convenience engineering. Self-reversing machines, which

HOW TO
LISTEN TO
SUPERIOR
MUSIC... listen on a TDKassette
Finally—and fortunately for all music lovers—there is now a tape cassette available that will make your cassette music sound virtually as good as your finest records. Pop, jazz, rock or classical—a TDK SD™ cassette will make your recorder sound instantly better.
The TDK SD cassette gives you clear, crisp, life-like fidelity with an incredible frequency response of 30 to 20,000 Hz, a SN ratio of better than 55 dB, an extremely wide dynamic range and practically no hiss.
TDKassettes work smoothly and efficiently, no jamming, tearing or other little tragedies. Just ask for TDK—"the cassette that is in a class by itself".
TDK SD tape is available in 30, 60 and 90 minute cassettes. At fine audio, music, department and camera stores everywhere.
TDK
World's leader in tape technology since 1932.
TDK ELECTRONICS CORP.
LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK 11103

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Seraphim Guide to the Classics: 10 stereo records, 10 eras, 1 set. $29.80.*



Here at last is the definitive guide to the classics. It brings you, in stereo, the greatest music from each age, accompanied by comprehensive notes.

For each era, an album.

Each of these 10 albums traces the evolution of one period. The set begins with "The Middle Ages and Renaissance" in Volume 1, and goes through to "A New Music" in Volume 10.

You get 10 individually jacketed albums. They cover 5 centuries. With complete works from over 60 composers, in sequence and in context.

Artists from Angel.

For these albums, Seraphim drew on the world's greatest library — that of Angel Records. So you hear unsurpassed performances by music's most illustrious artists.

A Seraphim value.

The cost? An incredible $29.80* for the complete collection in its handsome slipcase.

Examine this milestone. Once you see it, you will know you must own it.

SERAPHIM
"Angels of the highest order"

*Suggested retail. Optional with dealer.

play both sides of a tape without reel-flipping, are so commonplace they're old hat now. And self-threading, reel-to-reel recorders seem passé, now that the tape cartridge and cassette systems are here.

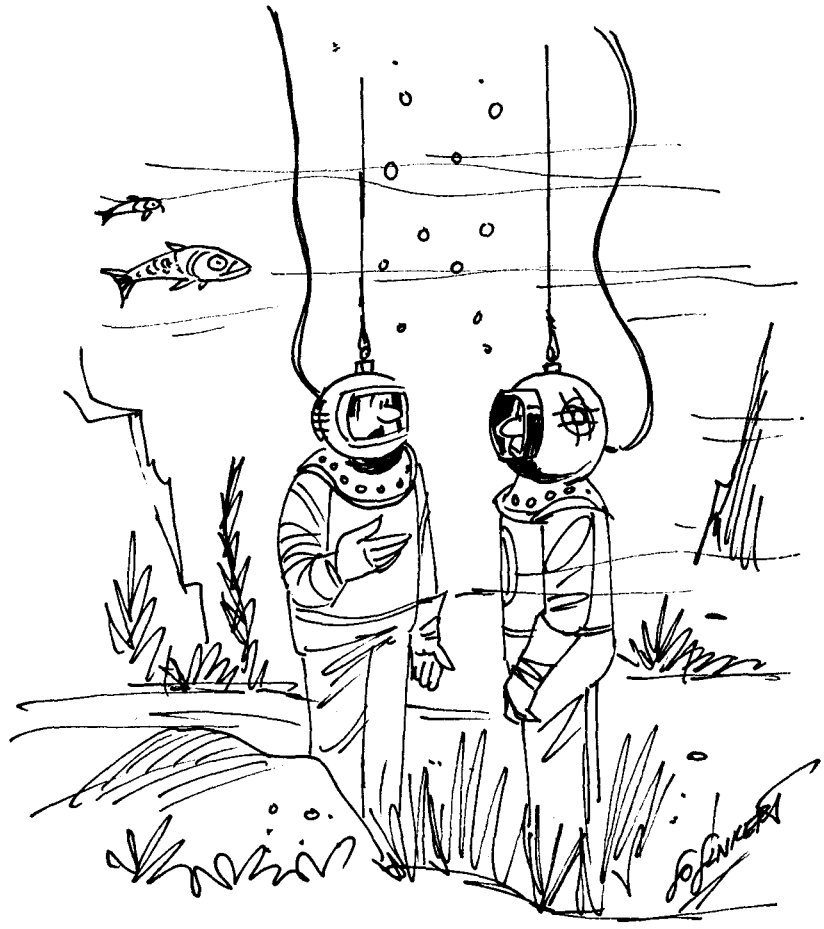
The cartridge concept, a convenience to start with, this year becomes even more so. There are now more recorders for eight-track cartridge than ever before (one trade source counted fifteen models at the CES in June), a half-size cartridge from Lear Jet, and even a carrousel-type changer for home or car, from Qatron.

But the cassette is gradually becoming the ultimate audio (and soon hi-fi) convenience. I suspect that the tape machine we'll all own or desire some years hence will take compact, easy-loading cassettes, reverse them automatically (as Astrocom/Marlux, Bell & Howell, Benjamin/Staar, Boman, Craig, Panasonic, Roberts, and others do or will do), change them automatically (Ampex, Bell & Howell, Benjamin/Staar, Craig, Denon, Norelco, Panasonic . . .), and have Dolby circuits to ensure fidelity (Advent, Fisher, Harman-Kardon, Vivitar). The same machine may well have separate reel and capstan motors for truly fast wind and rewind (shown in prototype by Acustron LWE and Astrocom/Marlux), with a scanning circuit that stops the machine at the beginning of the next selection (Benjamin/Staar). Quite possibly, such a machine will have all-relay, solenoid-operated push-button controls, too, with remote control available.

And since everything I have just described uses current technology, the odds are that by that time, someone will have developed new convenience features that I haven't even thought of yet.

As an example of engineering outrunning imagination, I cite Pickering's new cartridge mounting system: Despite years of mounting three to six cartridges per year, and losing small screws in the carpet every time, I must confess I never imagined that screws could be eliminated altogether. But Pickering cartridges now come with snap-together plastic inserts that allow you to install and align the cartridge within seconds, using no tools whatever.

And if you don't think such convenience can improve the sound, you've never heard an audiophile curse the phono cartridge screw that just rolled beneath the baseboard of his living room wall. —IVAN BERGER.



"I'm all right as long as I don't look up."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dvorak's "Requiem" by Kertesz

Few New Yorkers passing through Stuyvesant Square are aware of its associations with Dvořák and his unaccountably neglected *Requiem Mass*. St. George's Episcopal Church, which dominates the square, was the setting for the work's first American performance on February 25, 1892, a brief four months after the composer had conducted its premiere at England's Birmingham Festival—the culmination of his productive association with the British choral societies. Between 1901 and 1964, there was not a single performance in New York.

The superb new London recording of the *Requiem* (London stereo, OSA 1281, two records, $11.96), conducted by István Kertész, puts the work's great qualities into such clear focus that it is a mystery why it has not been programed more often.

More gentle and devotional than some of the other large-scale concert Requiems of the Romantic period, Dvořák's Mass poignantly carries the conviction of its subject. The mixed feelings of grief and consolation inherent within the text are successfully evoked. Dvořák's use of a simple chromatic motto (F—G-flat—E—F) serves both as a structural motif and as an emotional element as he repeats and transforms it (in the manner of Liszt) throughout the work. The tense little theme acts as a constant reminder that the subject is death; yet, at its final reappearance in the moving closing measures, Dvořák manages to have it suggest serenity and repose.

The chief glory of the work is the rich inventiveness of Dvořák's melodies: They soar toward the heavens. They are enhanced by the composer's distinctive orchestration, which features colorful use of the brass and wind instruments. Now and again there are brief reminders that this is the work of a Slavonic composer, but nationalistic elements are at a minimum. The style is Romantic-international, incorporating elements that range from suggestions of plain chant to hints of the Wagner of *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal*. The closing portions of the Mass—the "Hostias," "Sanctus," "Pie Jesu," and "Agnus Dei"—seem to have inspired Dvořák. In measure after measure of these sections he arranges the soloists, chorus, and orchestra into sound patterns that perfectly match their spirit.

István Kertész's interest in the *Requiem* is a logical extension of an established enthusiasm for the music of Dvořák, which has already been documented by his recordings of all of the composer's symphonies and some of his other works. His tender, loving performance reveals his faith in the work's greatness. He is not afraid of its Romantic emotionalism, but he never allows it to get out of control. His reading is perfectly poised and does as much justice to its quiet, meditative moments as to its energetic, dramatic ones.

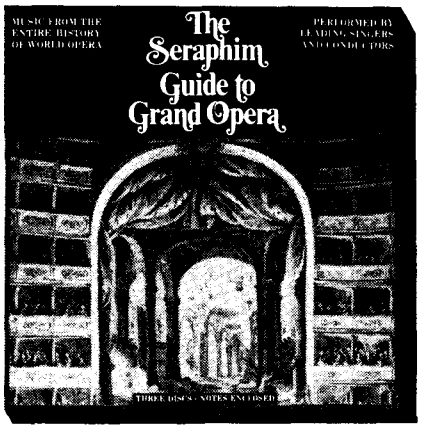
Happily, the performance is great in not only conception but realization. There is not a single weak link among the performers. The London Symphony Orchestra plays with precision and lovely warm tone. The Ambrosian Singers are no less responsive. This chorus is a perfectly balanced group with tenor and alto sections full enough to stand out with unusual clarity without being swamped by the sopranos and basses. Chorusmaster John McCarthy deserves high praise for his effective leadership. The soloists are ideally cast. Pilar Lorengar's radiant voice is perfect for Dvořák's lofty, arched soprano solos. The Hungarian contralto Erzsébet Komlóssy, who made an impressive disc debut on a Qualiton recital last year, is as adept at going below the staff with firm tone as Lorengar is at rising above it. Her fellow countryman Robert Ilosfalvy (who also has been heard to advantage on some recent discs) has the kind of clean tone and projection that dispel reminders of the opera house, always out of place in a work such as this. Tom Krause, whose singing has never failed to give me pleasure, provides the other soloists with a foundation of warm sound.

Kertész has made sure that each of these fine components has lived up to its potential. The finely detailed variations in dynamics and tempi and the artful blending of vocal and instrumental tone indicate thorough planning and painstaking rehearsal. It seems safe to assume that the recording and live performance given by these same performers in London's Festival Hall in December 1968 were coincidential.

Recording balances among soloists, chorus, and orchestra are perfect, and the resulting sound is an example of today's best. Without doubt, this recording will be remembered when the "Best of 1970" lists are compiled at the end of the year.

—GEORGE LOUIS MAYER.

The Seraphim Guide to Grand Opera: 3 stereo records. A booklet. $8.94.*


MUSIC FROM THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF WORLD OPERA
The Seraphim Guide to Grand Opera
PERFORMED BY LEADING SINGERS AND CONDUCTORS
THREE DISCS • NOTES ENCLOSED

Too many of us meet opera badly. Either in fragments or in unmanageable doses. So we never grasp the composer's intent. We never share his joy.

Help from Angel.

At Angel, we know how rewarding opera can be, how fascinating. So we have translated our fascination into a guide. It offers more than a thorough historical survey. It also opens the door to opera in all its wonder.

The guide covers 3 stereo records, beginning with "Baroque & Classical Opera" on Side 1. Side 2 considers "Beethoven & Bel Canto." Side 3, "Verdi & French Opera." Side 4, "Romantic & Wagnerian Opera." Side 5, "Nationalism & Verismo," and Side 6, "Contemporary Opera."

The Booklet.

The records are all music—34 representative selections by opera's most illustrious musicians. To discuss the art, the influences, the stories and present the libretto — a highly readable, handsomely illustrated booklet completes the set.

A rare buy from Seraphim.

Own this unique guide for just $8.94.* And get into opera as you may never have dreamed you could.

SERAPHIM
"Angels of the highest order"

*Suggested retail. Optional with dealer.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Album
by
THE WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZBAND of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart
with Billy Butterfield
Vic Dickenson
Bud Freeman
Gus Johnson, Jr.
Lou McGarity
Ralph Sutton
and Bob Wilber

Live at the Roosevelt Grill

On Atlantic Records & Atlantic Tapes
(Tapes Distributed by Ampex)
Send for FREE catalogue
1841 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023

Letters to the Recordings Editor

More on Bessie

A DISTURBING aspect of Stanley Dance's treatment of Bessie Smith's greatness ["The 'Empress' Still Reigns," *SR*, Aug. 29] is the confidence with which he places her contemporaries and successors into neat categories: They were either "more primitive," more country," or they "were, on the whole, quite conservative."

Mr. Dance has forgotten, however, the greatest rival Bessie Smith ever had: Lizzie Miles of Harlem, Paris, and New Orleans. Lizzie Miles's spontaneity was as strong as Bessie's; she was as emotionally close to her blues as was Bessie; and no one who has heard Lizzie Miles sing "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone" can deny that she was able to "dig right down" and get it. Lizzie Miles was sometimes primitive, singing with only bass accompaniment, because she was able to penetrate the secrets of pre-W. C. Handy soul. Her shouts and moans completely negate any notion that she was "conservative."

Is it because Lizzie Miles played the Paris circuit that she is remembered in the shadow of Bessie Smith? Bessie did a great deal of recording; was her greatness all the more extended because her audience was larger? Lizzie Miles sang, at times, in Creole French, but the intense, charged feelings were still there.

PATRICIA HOUSE,
New Brunswick, N.J.

TWO IMPORTANT questions were presented but left unanswered in Mr. Dance's cursive biograph on blues singer Bessie Smith that, had he discussed them in detail, would have given the reader a picture of the unusual commercial circumstances responsible for blues "race" records in the Twenties. The author observantly noted that female artists achieved the title "classic blues singer" whereas no similar designation was made for influential contemporary male artists. He added that no satisfactory explanation has answered why "the 'classic' ladies went out of fashion suddenly and almost simultaneously, at least so far as records were concerned."

Blues scholars J. Godrich and R.M.W. Dixon in *Recording the Blues* (London, 1970) provide significant information on this matter. Perry Bradford persuaded Ralph Peer, A&R man for Okeh record company, to produce 78 recordings of black artists. As a record store salesman Bradford believed music entertainment offered by females of his own race would sell as he claimed, "Like hot cakes on a Sunday morning."

Mamie Smith accepted the first recording date, though a male artist could have been chosen just as easily. However, male blues singers were generally transient and itinerant farm-labor musicians who followed the harvest seasons and made extra money playing rural fish fries, party functions, or perhaps dances on weekends. Black Americans could not easily find work in white urban centers. Domestic employment seemed to be more readily available to their women. Hence, segregation preferences created a degree of inaccessibility for the city-based studios, which might have solicited male singers. . . . When rural mail-order buyers began asking for recordings by local favorites, the major studios eventually sent field units throughout the country recording obscure male blues singers. . . .

By 1932, for example, the repertoire of male singers like Lemon Jefferson, Texas Alexander, Charley Patton, Big Bill Broonzy, Tampa Red, plus all the male washboard groups far outsold female singers. And, too, the Depression was responsible for the decline of "classic" blues because after 1939, when the bite of economic plight eased up, only the most popular country blues singers had been retained by the white-owned companies.

R. C. CAYER,
Huntington Beach, Calif.

A Hindu View of Dylan

REFERRING TO POET Bob Dylan's poetry of salvation and the almost equally mystic review of it by Professor Steven Goldberg in the May 30 issue, perhaps *SR* readers may be interested in a quotation I give below of two verses from one of the most important of the Hindu Upanishads.

> He who sees every Being in his Self and his Self in every Being drives out all revulsion by that vision. When a

RECORD MART

RATES are the same as those charged for classified advertising

ADVENTURES IN GOOD MUSIC are yours. Fascinating albums combining classical favorites and sparkling commentary by Dr. Karl Haas, famous Peabody award winner. LP, 8-track, cassette. Free catalogue. Adventures, 23434 Industrial Park Court, Farmington, Michigan.

FREE RECORD CATALOGUE listing thousands of classical, opera, folk, jazz, popular, show, spoken, religious and language records. Mono and stereo. Buy by mail and save from the largest, exclusive mail order distributor in the world. Send name, address today to Dept. SR, Chesterfield Music Shops, Inc., 12 Warren Street, N.Y. 10007.

NEW YORK'S CHOICE for classical vocal 78s, some deleted LPs. Monthly lists. Also personality, popular, jazz. Collections bought. THE RECORD ALBUM, 254 West 81st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

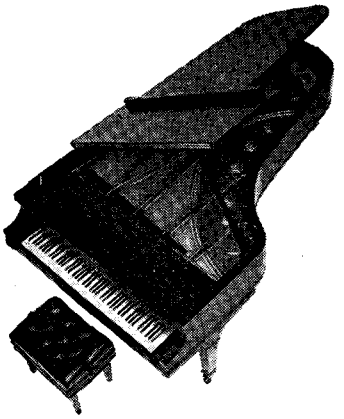
FREE 64 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. *Introductory records as low as $1.00 each!* All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-SR, New York, New York 10023.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC 10017.

TAPE RECORDERS, TAPES: blank, prerecorded. Catalogue 25¢. Tower, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Leonard Bernstein's Accompanist

BALDWIN

person who realizes his oneness with all Beings makes all Beings one with his own soul, there can for him be no delusion, and no grief.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius came to the same conclusion in his *Meditations*, a great book that ought to be read by more people than do now.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI,
Chetput, Madras, India

Concerning Karajan's Haydn

JUST A CORRECTIVE note: Robert Jacobson says in "Karajan's 'Creation'" [*SR*, June 27] that no current recording exists of the choral setting of Haydn's *The Seven Last Words of Christ*. May I point out that Hermann Scherchen's fine version (Virginia Babikian, soprano; Ina Dressel, soprano; Eunice Alberts, alto; John van Kesteren, tenor; Otto Wiener, bass; Vienna Academy Chorus and Vienna State Opera Orchestra) is presently available on Westminster's Music Guild label, MS-199.

R. A. PERRY,
Music Editor,
The Michigan Daily,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Pro Berio

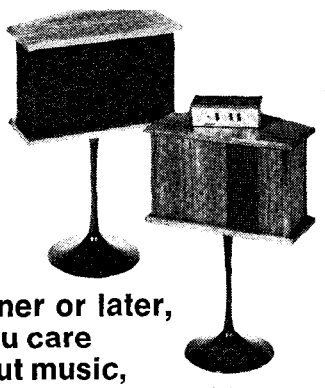
I AM SHOCKED by Irving Kolodin's review of Berio's latest work *Opera* [MUSIC TO MY EARS, Aug. 29]. *Opera* was a deeply moving psychological probe into the lives and nonlives of people. What Mr. Kolodin referred to as Berio's "hazy thesis" was painfully clear in Act I. The opera's disjointedness was an essential effect used to jar us into seeing how stupidly we talk *at* each other; how impossible it is to communicate, yet, how alike we are in our never ending attempt to justify our separateness to one another (the scene of the survivors of the *Titanic* justifying why they survived, telling us why their sons had to drown instead of themselves). Isn't this similar to all generations justifying their way of life over their children's and drowning their children out of perverted self-interest?

Kolodin complains because the drama overshadowed the music. But if he saw *The Marriage of Figaro* the next night would he have howled because the music was the only saving factor to an otherwise insipid drama? Opera is a combination of drama and music, and just because one or the other is more powerful in a given work does not justify ignoring the work itself. It is shortsighted to refuse to deal with *Opera* on its own terms.

I found *Opera* to be a moving experience that made me painfully aware of the ways in which we delude ourselves into thinking that because we move we are going somewhere; that man's greatest problem is alienation from the man next to him; and that, though we all suffer from the same things, we all seem doomed to suffer them alone.

MRS. JAMES HOGGARD,
Wichita Falls, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The thesis is clearer than Berio's embodiment of it.*



Sooner or later, if you care about music, you will own Bose 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING™ speakers.

Begin by hearing them now.

Why has this speaker had rave reviews from seven major high fidelity magazines?
Listen to the BOSE 901 in A-B comparisons with the finest speakers, regardless of their size or price, and hear for yourself.

Write for copies of the reviews and list of BOSE dealers in your area.

You can hear the difference now.

THE BOSE® CORP.
Dept. R
Natick, Massachusetts 01760

Every record you buy is one more reason to own a Dual.

If you think of your total investment in records—which may be hundreds or even thousands of dollars—we think you'll agree that those records should be handled with the utmost care.

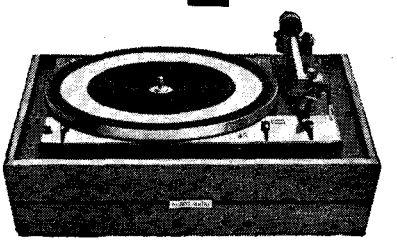
Which brings us to the turntable, the component that handles those precious records. Spinning them on a platter and tracking their fragile grooves with a diamond stylus, the hardest substance known to man.

For many years, serious music lovers have entrusted their records to one make of automatic turntable—Dual. In fact, most professionals (who have access to any equipment) use a Dual in their own stereo component systems. And not always the highest priced model.

So the question for you to consider isn't which Dual is good enough, but how much more than "good" your turntable has to be.

This question can be answered in our literature, which includes complete reprints of independent test reports. Or during a visit to any of our franchised dealers.

United Audio Products, Inc., 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, New York 10553. Dual



Dual 1209, $129.50.
Other models from $99.50 to $175.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere, miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box T-820.

CLUB, BUSINESS SPEECHES, papers by three published authors. Box T-849.

RESEARCH. Professionally done, efficient. Seneca Research, P.O. Box 74485, Los Angeles, 90004.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

WRITERS desiring latest WCS booklet and catalogue, write to Writers Craft Systems, Box 181 0, Narberth, Pennsylvania 19072.

XEROCOPIES, 5¢. Mail only. Copies Unlimited, 1403 21st Street, Nashville, 37212.

BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE—$3.00. Saturday Booksellers, 507 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

WHO'S WHO IN HORSEDOM: Biographies of great show horses and personalities. Over 200 photographs. Handsome gift. $15.00. Box 4074, Lexington, Kentucky 40504.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY. 40¢ (stamps). Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

ART

CHRISTMAS CARDS, wrappings and gift items reproduced from the collection of the Walters Art Gallery. Send 25¢ for catalogue to: Dept. SR, Walters Art Gallery, 600 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau, Margulies, Raphael Soyer. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS," 25¢. Whittemore, Box D2065. Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS — Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland 20034.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

SASSMAN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

BECHSTEIN: You'll be sure it's the best piano after you've tried them all. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

APPALACHIAN DULCIMERS—Handmade. From $40.00. Instructions. Max Wilson, Rt 3, Paoli, Indiana.

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from *North America's leading makers.* Write SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical woodwinds, brass, strings. Harps, dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, bagpipes, classical guitars, harpsichords. Catalogue $1, refunded first purchase. Classical instruments, 133 Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

KITS! Build dulcimers, guitars, balalaikas, thumb pianos, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $19.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE instruments; Thumb Pianos $10, kit $5; Dulcimers now $45 up, kits $18 up, *Psalteries, Banjos; Dulcimer book, record.* HERE, Inc., S, Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

BURTON HARPSICHORD KIT—5 octaves (61 keys), Burton Jacks (patented), Spruce Soundboard. Write: Herbert Wm. Burton, 917 "O" Street, P.O. Box 222(S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68508.

IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE: new, double manual, Hubbard-designed harpsichord. 1 x 4, 2 x 8, buff stop, manual coupler. Mahogany case, six legs. Monadnock *Harpsichords, Dublin, N.H. 03444.*

B W M BENN HARPSICHORDS, finest custom, clavichords, spinets. 4424 Judson, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55424.

MUSIC

GUITARISTS—Too busy to practice? Five minutes weekly teaches folk strums, barres, melody. Beginner—advanced. Samples 10¢. Steele's, Box 114, San Rafael, California 94902.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

STIMULATING, HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL PIANO INSTRUCTION by Viennese concert pianist in her East Side studio. 988-9898 NYC.

WASHINGTON, D.C., ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND. Christian Engleman, 301-585-0979, 301-268-5855.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

SCHOOLS

PIONEER YEARS (3rd) preparatory school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Salting Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexican village) into *standard pedagogy. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth . . . magnificent scenery . . . thirty horses . . .* all secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

THE PATHWAY SCHOOL provides effective educational and therapy programs for children with minimal brain dysfunction who have learning and behavioral disorders. Interdisciplinary team approach. Coed. Residential and Day. Entering ages 5-14. Historic Valley Forge area. Box 18A, Audubon, Pennsylvania. 215-277-0660.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "STUDIES ABROAD." Liberal Arts.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711, Dept. SR.

FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE—Four-year Bachelor of Arts Program, Independent Study, 6 foreign programs, Quaker origins, transnational. Address: Box A, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—college dropouts, transfers, undergraduates, medical, graduate, law, dental. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

FUND RAISERS! Fancy Foods and Confections. Box 296, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

PERSONALIZED "THE NOONER"—Successor to the *Bloody Mary, perfect mixer for gin and vodka, delightful* by itself on the rocks. In 15 oz. cans personally imprinted "Made Expressly For" you, your friends, clients, customers. "The Nooner" is a concoction of vegetable and other juices, Tabasco, Worcestershire and flavorings. Allows for consistent perfection. For a trial supply and ordering information, send $1.00 to The Little Kitchen, Dept. R, P.O. Box 65, Middletown, Ohio 45042. Not available at retail.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 97, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

DOG CHRISTMAS CARDS and Notes. 35¢ brings sample. State breed. Betsey Brownell, 192 Bowen Street, Providence, R.I. 02906.

EASY RIDER SHIRTS American Flag, Moratorium blue "V" hand sign, Harvard Strike red fist-black letters, Peace blue peace symbol. "T" shirts $2.50, Sweatshirts $3.50. Sizes Sm 34/36, Med 38/40, Lg 42/44, XLg 46. Prepaid. KAY 4, Box 6-SR, Glencoe, Illinois 60022.

AFROHARP THUMB PIANO—Intriguing, exotic, easily played. $12.95 postpaid. Mastercharge, BankAmericard, AmEx accepted. Classical Instruments, 124 Camp, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

BEDSIDE RUG OF YOUR DREAMS: white wool Irish handwoven—thick, firm; satisfying pattern. 27" x 48", $26.95 pp. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

ECOLOGY FLAG DECALS 5/$1.00. Ecology Flag Poster, 22" x 34", silk screen, $1.50 pp. Ecology Research, 15042 Fenkell, Detroit, Michigan 48227.

CUMBRES RESIDENTIAL PROGRAM: Challenging opportunity offered to responsible adults of all ages. Total involvement with Experiential Learning Community in conscious, relevant life. Twelve week term. Shorter programs available. Inquire: Cumbres, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

USE OUR CAMP (Art & Music) when we don't. Conferences? Workshop? Therapy groups? Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey 08318.

"HOW MANY VIETNAMESE Fought in our Civil War?" or "Vietnam—Love it or Leave it." Poster $2.00. Bumper stickers 4/$1.00. Buttons 4/$1.00. Stamps 66/$1.00. International McClelland, Dept. SR, Beverly Hills, California.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit; Soprano Recorder. Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 9-0-D, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC 10018.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, presidents, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, royalty, etc., bought and sold. Correspondences, collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 620 Bristol, Sommerville, Massachusetts 02144.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

FREE PIPE CATALOGUE—Imported British briar pipes by Dunhill, Charatan, others—from $7.50. Fine English tobaccos, complete accessories. Save to ⅓ on exclusive direct import program. Free 2-week trial privileges. 48 large pages. Write: Norm Thompson Outfitters, Dept. S 22, 1805 N.W. Thurman, Portland, Oregon 97209.

NOT REPRODUCTIONS! Now—true original prints for your wall. Cape May seascapes: salon quality black and white photography. Simple composition. 11" x 8½" mounted on 17" x 15" gallery board. Three originals, $9.95 each. Bernard Klein, Box 31, Cheltenham, Pennsylvania 19012.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

HARPSICHORDS—same as played at White House. From $895 to $7,260. Write SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

PERSONALS

WRITER desperate for one-bedroom unfurnished hotel apartment, midtown, NYC. Please write Box X-790.

CHRISTMAS CARDS from Philadelphia Museum of Art. Large selection from Museum originals, including a Feininger and an Ansel Adams. New wrapping paper from Schiaparelli and William Morris designs. 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Peaceable Kingdom: Folk Art of Pennsylvania," $3.25. Color catalogue, 25¢. Cards, Box 7646, Philadelphia, 19101.

SCULPTURED OILS—Private showing of a limited number of framed abstract paintings by renowned Polish artist. Prices start at $450. By appointment only. Dealers welcome. Call daily 212-PL 1-3191, after noon.

HARPSICHORD—Completely new design six feet long with either one, two, or three sets of strings. Kits from $175; also completed instruments. Clavichord kit from $100. Write for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

TINY HANDMADE CERAMIC blue peace pin tie tacks. $1.25. Pins, Box 638, Saratoga, California 95070.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

LINDSAY '72—Bumper stickers 4/$1.00, buttons 5/$1.00. Drum, Box 609-S, Fairfield, Connecticut 06430.

MUSIC for the High Holy Days. Commemorative 120th Anniversary Album 12" LP. Newly commissioned settings of beautiful traditional Hebrew melodies; 19th century liturgical classics. Thrilling performances by Cantor Paul Kwartin and Union Temple Choir, Joseph Hansen, Director. Composers: Rossi, Byrd, Bloch, Martens, Reik, Gerovitch, Sulzer, Lewandowski. $5.00 postpaid. Union Temple of Brooklyn, 17 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238.

INSTANT HARDCOVER LIBRARIES tailored to your space, taste. Brochure. Libraries, 3422 Linwood, Cincinnati, Ohio 45226.

METROPOLITAN OPERA POSTERS, Old Classics. Brochure free. Fiesta Arts, Inc., Greenvale, N.Y. 11548.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE, China, Glass, Silver. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

FOR WORD PUZZLE FANS—A word-building card game, Verbum Est. $4.00. P.O. Drawer B, San Francisco, 94131.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

HAND WEAVERS—Leclerc Looms available from our stock. Free catalogue. School Products Company, 312 East 23rd Street, New York, 10010.

RUBBER GARMENTS in fashion shades of LATEX and STARSHEEN (Continental) rubber. Illustrated catalogue $1.00 airmail from Kastley Limited, P.O. Box 24, Blackburn, Lancs, England.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

POSTERS (over 200, many antiwar), buttons (over 200), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIC-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

CITRUS SEASON begins November. Shipping Florida's finest Grapefruit and Oranges to 47 states, Canada and Europe. Free Brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

HEX SIGNS—20 traceable designs, $1.00. Hexaway, 3 Burke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

PERSONALS

TEN DISTINCTIVE QUALITY REPRODUCTIONS—Black and white drawings (nine African subjects) by eminent black American artist. Foreword by Ruby Dee. Complete set $15. Harvard, Columbia, Howard, Indiana, Southern California, Mississippi State Universities own them. Free Brochure. Elton Fax, Box 2188, L.I.C., N.Y. 11102.

STEINWAY PIANO WANTED. Artist teacher. Northeast —will move. Box X-933.

MOUNTAIN RETREAT CENTER: Splendid, secluded wilderness. Writers, naturalists, scholars, etc. Study, redefine, create. Balance privacy-community. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

WRITER-CAMPERS—Northeast and midwest. 2 needed. Special project, travel. Smiley, Box 1344, Decatur, Georgia 30031.

WRETCHED MESS 1971 Calendar incorporates the first revolutionary calendar reforms in 1977 years, including an improved hole for hanging up by, low-fat inspirational illustrations and over 402 brand-new lovely holidays like Scrap Your Scruples Day. $2. Wretched Mess, Route A5, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758.

YOUNG MAN, intelligent and personable, seeks international travel. Box X-906.

SITUATIONS WANTED

PROMOTION SPECIALIST—Manager-writer-editor-specialist in presentations, sales aids, brochures, newsletters. Corporate or media promotion and sales development. Free lance or permanent. NYC. Box X-920.

MALE, B.A., M.S., seeks to be of direct service to fellow man by becoming man Friday to wheel chair confined male who desires to lead other than homebound existence. Must enjoy reading, theatre and travel. Box X-489.

FEMALE COLLEGE GRADUATE in forties would like job housekeeping where there are children at home. Available after January 1st, 1971. Box X-912.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR—Army lieutenant, lawyer, seeks rewarding employment. Counseling, teaching, etc. Available January. Box X-904.

WELL-EDUCATED Italian lady seeks position NYC. Box X-922.

YOUNG, DYNAMIC, former PR director seeks international or domestic position. Box X-906.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA seeking manager for its Cultural Center. Applicant must possess unique combination of administrative skills and aesthetic background. Salary $9,500 up. Reply Carmel Cultural Commission, Box CC, Carmel, California 93921.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS, Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108 Cortez, Florida 33522.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work: Spring, Summer or Autumn. Applicants pay own fare. Send 30¢ in stamps, Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212. (Add 30¢ for work/study literature.)

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

(Continued on page 64)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 63)

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

WRITER-EDITOR—Edit, revise and rewrite text for speeches and articles and manuscripts for corporate executive. No ghost writing. Part time. Work at home. Annual fee or per diem. Must have outstanding experience. Write fully to Box SR 677, 810 7th Avenue, NYC 10019.

HEAD LIBRARIAN for town library. State qualifications and salary expected. Apply: Library Trustees, Southern Pines, North Carolina 23837.

EDITOR-NEW YORK CITY. Editor-writer for magazine concerned with family and society. First rate mind and precise writing essential. Please send resume and salary requirements to: Box X-932.

CAREER VACATIONS ABROAD—Summer jobs overseas for college students—engineering, architecture, agriculture, sciences. IAESTE/U.S.A., 866 U.N. Plaza, New York 10017.

JEWISH COMMUNAL AFFAIRS Staff Associate—National Jewish Agency, NYC, seeks individual with substantial Jewish scholarship, skills in adult education, program and writing. $13,000-$15,000. Fee paid. Jessica P. Schwarz Agency, 226 West 47th Street, NYC. 212-246-5075.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P16, Orinda, California 94563.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

AUSTRALIAN HANDBOOK—1970 Edition—Describes Government assisted transportation, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching, etc.; plus forms and employers' list. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DE, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

GET INTO FEDERAL SERVICE—Entrance examination study guide—questions/answers. How, where, what. 440 pages. $3.98, refundable. Stadrysr, Whitestone, New York.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT—The convenience of urban living in the tranquillity of a Vermont village. Custom built to owner's specifications, well below cost. Brochure. ROLAND BEERS REALTORS, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

SECLUDED PACIFIC CLIFFTOP ACRE—190 foot ocean frontage, $1,000 a foot; includes architect's own, small, contemporary award house; separate studio. P.O. Box 865, Malibu, California 90265.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Enjoy luxury of country living convenient to cities. Spacious newer 4 bedroom Colonial, 2½ baths, 2 fireplaces, large paneled library, lovely views. Superior schools. $50's. Owner, 215-968-2523.

VERMONT—8 room house, 5 minutes' walk above Lake Willoughby. Central heating. Living room fireplace, dining room, study, kitchen lavatory, sun porch. Upstairs 4 bedrooms, bath. Attic, basement, all conveniences. Large front, back lawns. Twenty minutes to skiing. About 4 acres. Box X-937.

NEW JERSEY—Rustic summer cottage near water, 50 minutes bus line to NYC. $8,000. Call 201-728-8931.

VERMONT—Lovely 3 bedroom home, heated pool, Killington Ski Area. $42,500. Call 802-422-3800 or write Box 11, Killington, Vermont 05751.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA—Villa fully furnished and staffed. 3 air-conditioned bedrooms, 2 baths. Pool, beach, Caribbean view. 1970 car. Will sell undivided, ½ ($28,000) or ⅓ ($19,000). SR Box X-915.

For Rent—Furnished

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO—Private home—main house has large living room, dining room and modern kitchen. Also 2 separate guest houses, each with 1 double bedroom and sitting room. 3 baths. Separate servants' quarters with 3 live-in servants. Heated, filtered swimming pool. Terraces and bar. All utilities. Available December 15th, 1970 to February 15th, 1971. $1,200 per month. No pets, no children. References desired. SR Box X-414.

STRATTON, VERMONT—Charming chalet. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Superb view. Available Christmas vacation. SR Box X-747.

VILLA RENTALS. Choice staffed vacation homes in Caribbean and Europe. Brochure: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th Street, NYC 10022. 212-HA 1-9165.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

GOLFERS—EXECUTIVES. Elegant home, corner hilltop setting, overlooking golf course. Best Boston suburb. 617-277-7773.

VIRGIN ISLANDS—New beachfront condominium homes that you can rent in the owners' absence. These 2, 3 and 4 bedroom homes are fully equipped in every way. Minimum five day stay. Brochure from Cowpet Bay Villas, Box D, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801 or 809-775-1111.

UNTIL JUNE, good old house in Litchfield County, Connecticut. Furnished, easy to run, books, fireplaces, brook. $250. Box X-923.

MODERNIZED FARMHOUSE. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, views, snowshoes, toboggan. Quick access Madonna skiing; Burlington airport. Thanksgiving through Easter, $1,600 plus utilities. F. Rope, Westford, Vermont 05494.

OUT-ISLAND BAHAMAS. Central Exumas. 2 bedroom house on beach—complete for easy housekeeping. $225 weekly. Maid available. Mr. Malcolm, Box 242, Fort Lauderdale, 33302.

PHILADELPHIA SUBURB, Tudor, 6 bedrooms. February-July 1971. $425 monthly. Professor Harvey Glickman, Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

JAMAICA, W.I.—Great House: 4 poster double bedrooms; 2 apartments accommodating 5. Private beach. Available from November to April. SR Box X-936.

For Fall Rental

SABBATICAL HIDEOUT; western cattle ranch owner's home. Daily mail, modern equipment; remote, parklike. Available 9 months, reasonable. Box X-925.

For Winter Rental

SUGARBUSH-STOWE AREA. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Sleeps 12. $3,000. SR Box X-775.

ARTIST'S 1836 VERMONT FARMHOUSE. Furnished, electric heat, dishwasher, washer-dryer; studio, waterfall, near ski areas. January, February, March, $300 monthly. Box 84, Marshfield, Vermont 05658.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

GRENADA OCEANFRONT—2 bedroom apartment. Fully equipped. Maid service. Three months, $1,200. No shorter rental. Box 171, Grenada, West Indies.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

WRITER desperate for one-bedroom unfurnished hotel apartment, midtown, NYC. Please write Box X-790.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT LAND. 50 very private acres. $250 per acre. Mary Mitchell Miller, Broker, Rt 100, Rochester, Vermont 05767.

EDGARTOWN, MARTHA'S VINEYARD home site—36,466 sq. ft. includes water. Adjacent to bay and ocean beach. Only 200 yards to Katama Bay Town Boat Landing, 400 yards to unspoiled South Beach, and a 2.5 mile bicycle ride into Edgartown Center. Price: $14,000. Land Court Title. Lot owner may participate in established property management program (year-round surveillance, grounds care, rubbish collection, opening and closing). Optional participation in Mattakesett rental management programs gives owner assured income, use of housekeeping and linen services and a private membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (6 clay courts). Participating owner may use the Mattakesett heated swimming pool during seasons when the ocean is cold and rough. Lot owner may choose a new home at fixed completion prices from more than 40 basic plans adapted to site and individual tastes. By appointment only through Edgartown Realtors or Fred Purrington, 617-443-9922.

LAND FOR SALE: Northern Vermont beauty available without billboards. Brooks. Views, Skiing, Lake Frontage, Timberland, Farms, Summer or year round residences. Free Brochure. Write Box X-934.

VACATION RETIREMENT INVESTMENT — Beautiful bargain. Only $300 down delivers the deed to 1 to 2 acres in select resort communities on the Maine Coast in the beautiful Bar Harbor area, with private community beaches, roads, power, telephone. Low taxes. One of the prestige oceanfront areas available on the East coast for your vacation or retirement home. Balance of $3,500, total price at $64.13 monthly for 5 years (including interest) at 7½% annual percentage rate. Call Whitecaps 207-667-5956 or Box 174S, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

A SAND BEACH IN CASTINE! Perhaps Wilson Point is most distinguished by what it isn't. Its first distinction is its almost unique sand beach. Not rock-ribbed. Then the size of the lots. 2 acres with 200 feet on the shore. Definitely not suburbia by the sea! Finally the financing. Not the typical all-cash lot purchase. Only 25% down, balance monthly for 5 years at 9.75% annual percentage rate. (The year-to-year advance in shorefront prices might more than equal the interest.) And it's not way, way, way out there somewhere. It's in beautiful Castine, the only Maine town to have lived under 4 flags. Overlooking Fort Point Lighthouse with a view, toward the Atlantic, of Islesboro and the Camden Hills, Shorefront $8,500 to $22,000. Inland 2 acres with beach privileges, $3,500. Wilson Point is a bit different. Call or write us to see it. Whitecaps, 207-667-5956 or Box 500S, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

SMALL MOTELS NOW AVAILABLE—With jungle and beach at San Blas, Nayarit, and without jungle and beach Pauma Valley, California. We can help you locate and safely acquire Mexican property, especially in Jalisco. Box X-913.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

THE BOOK STORE you always wanted: three years old, beautiful, established, 80 miles north NYC. Recent illness forces sale. Box X-935.

HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-519, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

FREE BOOK describing book, "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 428-J, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RETIREMENT LIVING

CORTEZ, FLORIDA—On Sarasota Bay—Winter home for retired Educators, Artists, Writers, Intellectuals. Good food. Brochure and rates, ALBION INN.

VACATIONS

STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks; streams; delicious meals; fall foliage; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

RELAX IN THE SUN—Luxuriously furnished 3 bedroom apartment directly on Luquillo Beach in Puerto Rico. Monthly rentals only. Write: TPI, 10705 Stanmore Drive, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $17 to $22 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

BERMUDA HOLIDAY at attractive rates. Renting holiday homes is our business. Get away from pollution—RELAX—enjoy golf, tennis or swim only minutes away from your own cottage. Write: L.P. Gutteridge Ltd., Rental Dept., Hamilton, Bermuda.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting, Rejuvenation. Organic foods. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

VIRGIN ISLANDS private home. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

WE'RE STATIA'S LARGEST INN. (We have five rooms.) Almond Tree Inn, St. Eustatius, N.A.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

CRUISE INLAND FLORIDA—Relax, 5 idyllic days on LAZY BONES plus airboat and swamp buggy jaunts in Everglades country. $149 complete—November through April. Featured on Jack Douglas TV series. Brochures, reservations, write Capt. Maurer, Shanty Boat Cruises, Box 2166SR, Ft. Myers, Florida 33902.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

SAIL WITH THE SUN—aboard a 90' Barquentine. Schedule includes Caribbean, Scandinavia, Africa. The Pride, P.O. Box 22069, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33315.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. Write for elegant, free literature. Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME, Sanibel, Florida. Private cottage; Gulf beach. Swimming, fishing, shelling. Brochure. L.I., 621-3252. SR Box A-90.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

VACATIONS

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

ST. CROIX—2 bedroom house and separate efficiency apartment. Biweekly or monthly. Charles H. Smith, Millbrook, N.Y. 12545.

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD! (if you know where you are going and why—and are happy about the whole thing). Find Direction, Purpose, Meaning for your life in a Re Creation Week on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Write Rocky Hollow Community, Hillsville, Virginia 24343.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West studies.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, for upperclassmen and Bonnigheim Castle for underclassmen. M.A. curriculum in Heidelberg; language, East-West studies and Theatre Arts in Berlin. Stimulating European Travel. American credit system. Selection of Summer Sessions 6-8 weeks: France, Germany. Write Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118 (Phone 405-842-5979), or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP year round at beautiful Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. University credit, M.A. program, also intensive nonacademic course. Internationally prominent instructors, lectures. Creative study in Mexico's most magnificent setting. Brochure.

ECOLOGY/EKISTICS Student Center. Project oriented education. January 20th semester. EARTHGAARD, Administration Office, Hammershoj, Oland, 9460 Brovst, Denmark.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship and complete field research in ports. Applications accepted now for accredited Spring 1971 semester and both semesters 1971-'72 academic year. Fall semesters emphasize Mediterranean-Latin American studies; spring semesters, Asian-African studies. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC, INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries. "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

BRITISH WATERWAYS HOLIDAYS Guide $1.00. Anshen, Box 340, Belmont, California 94002.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZGJ Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

EUROPE—SKI OR SEE by VW Campmobile. $107 week unlimited mileage. Camperent, 8 Munich 95, Postfach 950304B, West Germany.

LITTLE SPANISH GUIDE for $1.00. Comprehensive guide to Spain published by Iberia Airlines. Write: Iberia Airlines, P.O. Box 501, Dept. 99, New York, New York 10011. (Enclose $1.00.)

TRAVEL

AUTUMN IN FRANCE is beautiful. French family takes guests in modernized 18th century mansion on estate short drive Limoges. Guests met in Paris. Wonderful food. Side trips. Daily $25, monthly and winter rates. Lessons if desired. Mme. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

WHERE IN THE WORLD would you like a sailing vacation? Inquire: Sailing Cruises, P.O. Box 6504, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316.

DEATH VALLEY and Desert Areas—"Jeep" Photo/See Tours, 4225 Paseo de las Tortugas, Torrance, California 90505.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $565 land portion. Departures first Monday every month. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

65 CHARMING COUNTRY INNS from New England to California in complete Directory with location, rates, personal recommendations. 25 cents. The Berkshire Traveller, Box 286, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

VIRGIN ISLANDS YACHT CHARTER. My 41' Reliant auxiliary yawl is ready for active sailors or lazy escapists. Economy summer rates now in effect. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Adjacent to U.N., shopping, theatres, sightseeing only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations with private bath, television and air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Singles from $12; doubles from $15. Family rooms featuring 2 baths. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

A YEN TO TRAVEL? Let us help you plan where and how to go, where to stay, what to do. Over twenty years making flight arrangements worldwide, hotel accommodations, tours, cruises, for numerous Metropolitan New York pleasure and business travelers. Never a Service Charge! Contact: SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $15 daily; Double $12; Single $7. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel. 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8. 01-937-3274.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

YACHT CHARTERS in the Caribbean. Write Airmail. Blue Water Cruises, Box 758X, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $415 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building. Route 9. Parlin, N.J. 08859.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1903

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Engaging	17 29 39 53 61 115 126
B. Anger over something deemed to be base or unjust	205 209 40 58 83 92 98 104 113 120 138
C. Having a similar opinion, purpose, etc. (comp.)	184 212 37 51 129 224 228 47 64 82
D. Unsettled details (2 wds.)	90 108 128 134 142 150 156 169 196
E. Left under the care or guard of another (2 wds.)	234 11 26 36 48 66 69
F. ——— screw: device for raising water	131 137 143 149 6 152 161 176 179 218
G. *Term that has been applied to many a male dress-designer*	3 9 27 78 93 151 168 18 43 54
H. Types of headgear	162 14 30 52 73 117
I. Huge; clumsy	130 210 215 231 31 45 49 62 68 77 89
J. Town in Boeotia where the Thebans beat the Spartans in 371 B.C.	103 112 145 190 194 216 12
K. What the Circumlocution Office was first of all public departments in perceiving (5 wds.; Dickens, "Little Dorrit")	33 85 122 175 182 186 202 208 50 136 35 71
L. Confuse, bewilder	166 200 220 94 118 135 144 159 170
M. Quick outline or review (comp.)	171 102 121 160 178 225 226 201 60 63
N. Reporter's bailiwick	99 107 67 172 141 155 158 203
O. Gentility; solicitude	214 223 236 57 81 106 206 4 7 44
P. Approach, proposal	191 198 229 13 32 105 114 133
Q. English pen-and-ink artist (1823-91), esp. for *Punch*	154 181 188 22 42
R. Another epithet for "Joltin' Joe" DiMaggio (2 wds. after *The*)	189 197 41 76 97 139 237 125 74 163 180 193 25
S. To a T (3 wds.)	2 56 87 111 147 213 10 127 185
T. French resort at the foot of Mont Blanc	20 72 91 5 157 59 116 230
U. Superfluous abundance	195 23 15 233 96 75 219 28 173 123
V. *Dimwit, dolt*	101 88 21 79 140 232 65 187 34 55 100
W. Traditional founder of the kingdom of Scotland, son of Alpin (name and numeral)	207 199 19 46 235 110 70 38
X. Whom "The race is not to" (2 wds., Eccl. 9:11)	177 204 84 8 227 119 86 164
Y. Consequence	95 109 148 24 132 192 153 165 222
Z. Deadlock	124 217 183 174 16 146 238
Z¹ Characterized by healthy vigor	80 167 1 221 211

DIRECTIONS

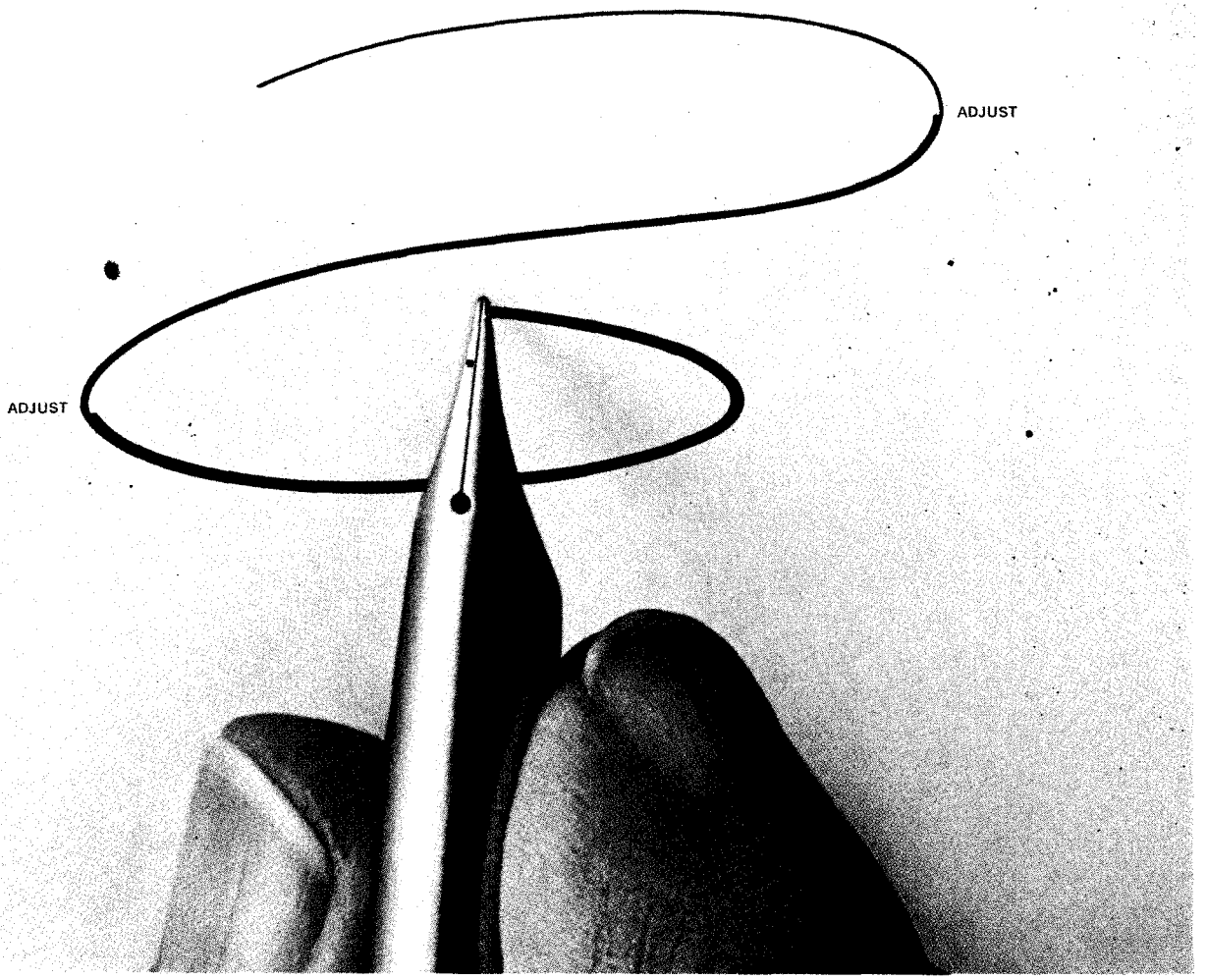
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 Z¹	2 S	3 G	4 O		5 T	6 F	7 O	8 X	9 G	10 S	11 E	12 J	13 P	14 H	15 U	16 Z		17 A
18 G	19 W		20 T	21 V	22 Q	23 U	24 Y	25 R	26 E	27 G		28 U	29 A	30 H	31 I		32 P	33 K
34 V	35 K	36 E		37 C	38 W	39 A	40 B	41 R	42 Q	43 G	44 O		45 I	46 W	47 C		48 E	49 I
50 K	51 C	52 H	53 A	54 G	55 V	56 S	57 O	58 B	59 T	60 M		61 A	62 I	63 M	64 C	65 V	66 E	
67 N	68 I	69 E	70 W		71 K	72 T	73 H	74 R	75 U		76 R	77 I	78 G	79 V	80 Z¹	81 O	82 C	83 B
84 X		85 K	86 X		87 S	88 V	89 I		90 D	91 T	92 B	93 G	94 L	95 Y	96 U	97 R		98 B
99 N	100 V		101 V	102 M	103 J	104 B	105 P	106 O	107 N		108 D	109 Y		110 W	111 S	112 J	113 B	114 P
	115 A	116 T	117 H	118 L	119 X	120 B	121 M		122 K	123 U	124 Z	125 R	126 A		127 S	128 D	129 C	130 I
	131 F	132 Y	133 P		134 D	135 L	136 K	137 F	138 B	139 R	140 V		141 N	142 D	143 F	144 L	145 J	146 Z
147 S		148 Y	149 F	150 D	151 G		152 F	153 Y	154 Q	155 N		156 D	157 T		158 N	159 L	160 M	161 F
162 H	163 R	164 X		165 Y	166 L		167 Z¹	168 Q	169 D	170 L	171 M	172 N	173 U	174 Z	175 K	176 F		177 X
178 M	179 F		180 R	181 Q	182 K	183 Z	184 C	185 S		186 K	187 V	188 Q	189 R		190 J	191 P	192 Y	193 R
	194 J	195 U		196 D	197 R	198 P	199 W		200 L	201 M	202 K		203 N	204 X	205 B	206 O	207 W	
208 K	209 B	210 I	211 Z¹		212 C	213 S		214 O	215 I	216 J	217 Z	218 F		219 U	220 L		221 Z¹	222 Y
223 O	224 C	225 M		226 M	227 X	228 C		229 P	230 T	231 I	232 V	233 U	234 E	235 W	236 O	237 R	238 Z	

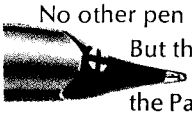
Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1971 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.



The T-1. The pen that lets you change your stroke whenever you change your mind.



No other pen lets you do it. But there is no pen like the Parker T-1.

Hidden under this point, there's a tiny dial. An adjuster—that lets you vary the ink flow to change the width of your stroke. So you can write from fine to medium. Or from medium to bold. Whenever the spirit moves you.

Pick up the T-1. Hold it. From the tip of its cap to its point—it's titanium. Hero metal of the space age. Every bit as tough as steel. But light. Twice as light. It's the metal of space ships. Now, for the first time, shaped into a pen. A pen that glows with an other-worldly luster.

Write with it. Feel it jet across paper.

The T-1 was made to hold its ink longer without evaporation. So even if you put it aside for months, you could pick up the pen and write instantly.

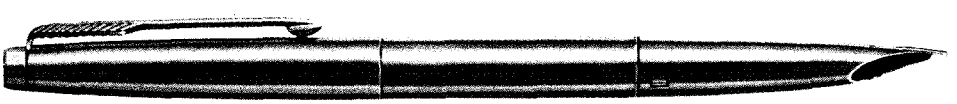
When it does need refueling, all you need is a cartridge.

Come see it. The Parker T-1.

Come write with the pen that flies.

T-1 COMING AT YOU.

PARKER T-1 $20



Other Parker pens to own or give, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Presidential Fountain Pen.

PARKER Maker of the world's most wanted pens

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

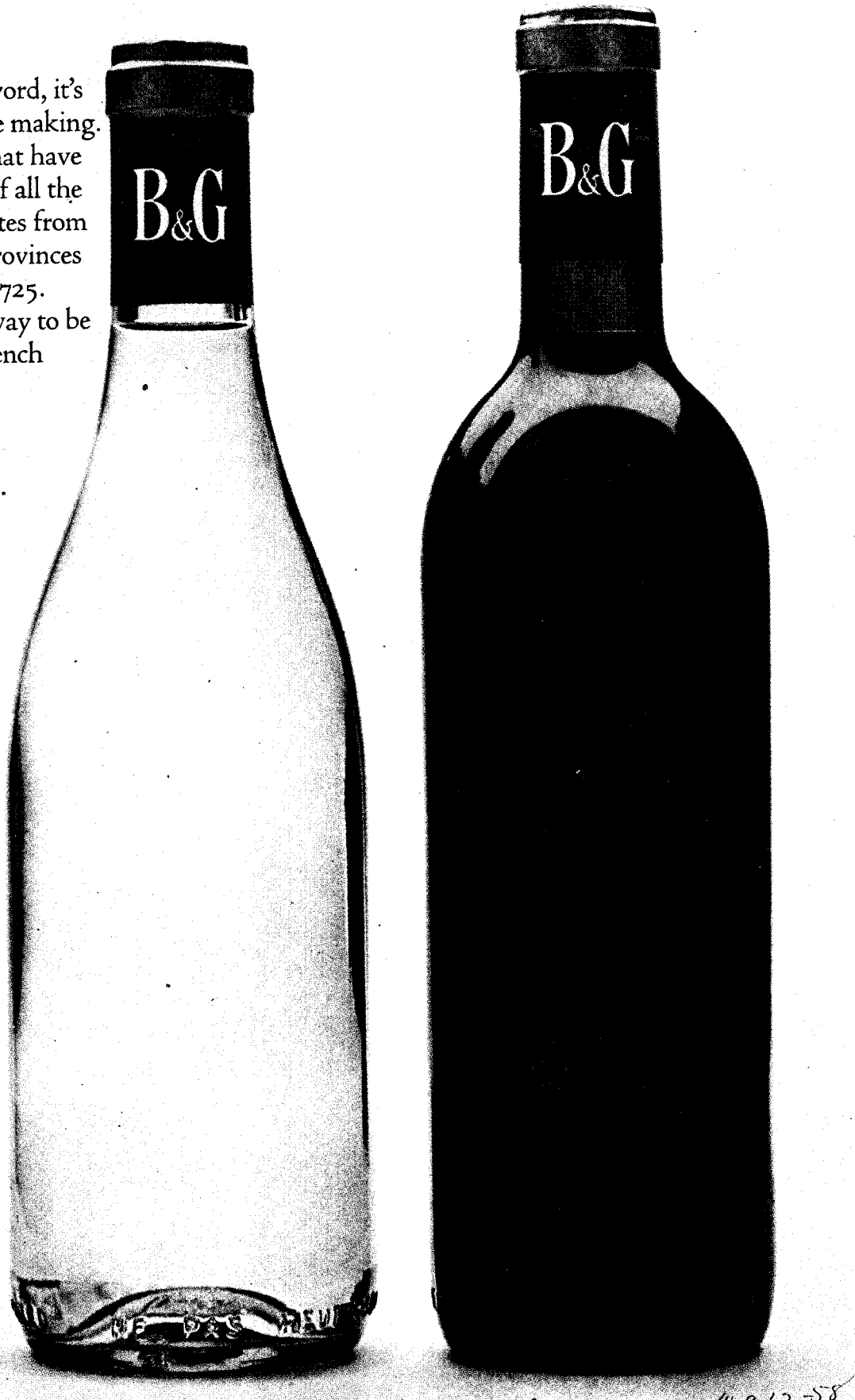
A Two-Letter Course in Fine French Wines.

B & G. In a word, it's 245 years of wine making.

Two letters that have meant the pick of all the reds and the whites from the great wine provinces of France since 1725.

It's the easy way to be choosy about French wines.

In a word.



4-9-12-58

B&G. French made easy.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, NYC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED